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On Heroes, Hero-worship, and the Heroic in History. Six Lectures. By THOMAS CARLYLE. London: Nickisson. Pp. 393.

HAVING noticed this work when it first appeared, we are only drawn to it again by the early demand for a second edition, followed so closely by a new work of the same prolific author. If our readers are of opinion that we give an undue importance to the subject, in thus departing from our usage, we can but plead our settled conviction that, in this age of loose and shallow thinking, the works of Thomas Carlyle are eminently calculated to influence the veering opinions of young and old; and that, therefore, it is impossible to overrate their importance. They are rapidly circulated—they are widely read, and greedily—they are on the tables and shelves of Catholic and Sectarian—of scholar and smatterer. Churchmen cling fondly to the hope, that even yet the voice of this new warrior may swell the battle-cry of the Christian ranks; and Dissenters, ever ready to make common cause with the enemies of the Church, find in him a present powerful ally, without inquiring too curiously into the precise nature of his religious tenets. So that, with the forbearance of one, and the gaping admiration of another, Carlyle is fast gaining an influence which, be it good or evil, will be long felt in every joint and muscle of English society. And doubtless, if earnestness and eloquence, working with the stores of a miscellaneous and unusual erudition, can alone entitle to influence, we cannot dispute his claim to eminence. But it shall be the aim of this paper to show that, in matters of more weighty moment, the whole philosophy of this writer is defective and unsatisfactory; that it would unsettle old things without settling new; that it will not brook the test of cool examination; and that when the quiet rays of reason have evaporated the froth of trope and metaphor, there is left to the student a worthless *caput mortuum*, of no use to soul or body. With this hope we shall try to place our-

selves in the position of firm, immovable critics, who are determined to try this book "on Heroes," on its scientific pretensions, not on its poetic; and to ask what practical gain or loss will accrue to our minds from adopting its views.

The first mistake we notice (not the worst) is that of believing Hero-worship to be unbroken ground. "How happy," quoth the author, "could I but in any measure, in such times as these, make manifest to you the meanings of Heroism, the divine relation (for I may well call it such) which in all times unites a great man to other men; and thus, as it were, not exhaust my subject, but so much as break ground upon it." (P. 3.) Hero-worship is, in truth, no new subject on which a thinker can break ground in these days. From Plato's *Apology of Socrates*, or earlier, to Lockhart's *Life of Scott*, or later, admiration of heroes has been a recognised element of human character. What are *Lives of eminent Statesmen*, *Lives of the Poets*, *Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties*, *Books of Martyrs* even, and *Histories of the Church*, or of Nations, but so many recognitions of, and appeals to, it? Nor can the honour of first exhibiting its developments in a scientific form be claimed so late as our times; for every ethical treatise is, or should be, an essay on the admirable or heroic in human character. Besides, the work before us, whatever its merits, does not number among them the systematic exactness which this claim would presuppose, as we hope to make appear in the sequel.

The principle of admiration of the great in others is, in truth, an inseparable part of every mind, and greatest in the greatest. Wherever there appears a young intellect apparently active, but wholly destitute of this one thing, we may safely say it will never be great. Where, on the other hand, strong admiration of what is good and worthy develops itself in attempts at imitation, no matter how lame and awkward at first, there is much hope yet: the chief element of greatness is there, and the rest may follow. May not imitation of the great be, indeed, the God-sent provision for perpetuating truths that should live and actions that should not be forgotten? May it not be as much a distinct affection as pride or sexual love, and fitted to its distinct function as much as these? For when men perish and leave their work to others, it might reasonably be expected that the conclusions and cognitions they have wrought out and come at with toilsome watchings and sore trouble, would perish too; because they only, the inventors, had that love for them, that intense overbearing sense of their truth, which led them to push them forward, and to protect them from contempt, as occasion might arise. The next generation, it would seem, will only know them with a calm, scholarly, speculative knowledge, and acquiesce in whatever views about them are least troublesome: they must needs perish. But here begins the function of admiring imitation. Some young disciple, or faithful friend, when all men else would play the stepfather to the bequeathed charge, prefers the strong claim of admiring affection to be its cham-

pion and protector. Though the labour that produced the work was never felt by him, and he lacks, therefore, that endearment to it, still the labour-pains of the first, are not more infrangible chains of love than the adoptive admiration of the second, parent. And in this way the discoveries of the testator have often been to the faithful legatee the foundation of farther discoveries and as lasting reputation. Often the most faithful imitator at the outset has ended in being the least imitative and the boldest in original conception; because in him alone the seed sank deep enough to grow: he alone had the digestion for such food as should be equal to the nourishment of a hero. The Plato that has given the world food for thought and study through two thousand years and more, began the world as an admirer and imitator of Socrates; and the future poet of Childe Harold (if Plato will forgive us for naming him here) lay hid in the author of a little volume of imitations of favourite verses, the *Hours of Idleness*, scorned of reviewers and neglected by the world. Nor is this law limited to intellectual prowess; if there had been no brave men before Agamemnon, there had been no Agamemnon neither; and in the highest matter of all, the religion of mankind, good men have, in all ages, begotten a progeny of good men, through this emulative admiration; and the martyr tied to the stake has been a picture preserved and cherished in many hearts, until it brought more martyrs thither.

Moreover, as the principle is universal and indestructible, it must either be directed by competent hands, or it will misdirect itself. "Nature is not governed but by obeying her;" and contempt of one of her infallible laws will bring its own punishment. If religion, as taught, is barren of examples, is stripped to a scientific nudity, and left unrelieved by the clothing of historic legends—then she has lost her hold on the people in great measure—she is no more popular. The appetite by which the soul takes hold upon her, (if one may speak so,) which the Bible is so benignly provided to supply, is ungratified; and it is not hard to see the end. From that time there begins to grow up quite another system in the heart of the people,—with men for its saints and heroes—with the works of men for its imitable models,—with the falls of men for its warning beacons. But what kind of men the chosen may be, none can calculate. When the clerisy of a nation have desisted from their labour, or fallen into a wrong method of doing it, what usurping teachers shall rise instead none can prophecy. Superstitious belief or lawless scepticism, the creed of Mahomet or of Thomas Paine; ascetic severity or unbounded indulgence; Pythagoreanism or Hedonism, the code of St. Anthony or of Thomas Moore, may have the best of it, according as there may be in those times men able to advocate the one or the other invitingly, and to kindle that glow of life upon it, the want of which has caused the shrines of a better wisdom to be deserted. The minds of men between twenty and thirty, it has been wisely said, determine what the mind of the age shall be—what it shall look like

to a long hereafter, in the page of history. But that period of life is also the season when the quest of models and good examples is most active; when the fancy is flying hither and thither through time and space, to find something on which she may fix herself, and by which she may live. Hence the real responsibility rests on those who are able to determine the fancy of the young to this or that model; who have power to say persuasively, "rest here and not elsewhere; here is strength, love, and hope, all that can be worth your admiration: turn hither and dwell for ever." Too often those to whom this influence is given, are unworthy to wield it. But the *power* is theirs, for good or bad: the young men are the hands of the age, doing its imperishable works; and those who move the hands—who teach the young what to prize and admire, are the head. *Nil admirari* may be good enough apathetic philosophy, but *quid admiratur?* is the key to political prophecy.

It is almost superfluous to say, that though there will be everywhere a life-guiding admiration, we are utterly without security for its direction towards things worthy. In proportion as the evil in unaided hearts of men predominates over the good, so are the chances that their heroes will be painted idols—things of putty and fucus—greater than those that they will only reverence what is worth the homage. A small number will value the valuable; the mass of mankind, told by myriads, and outnumbering the sands of the sea, will ever be deluded by the semblance of value. The few will look up only to the good among them; or, should the beggarly age furnish none such, to the good whose shadows are cast on them from other times: the many will buzz and flutter round some predominant foolish person, who has managed, in the churnings of this whirlpool of life, to rise out from surrounding scum, and float at top, himself the lightest. There is in man, in good and bad, the appetite for bowing down, and it will sate itself. Nothing is too mean for idolatry. Look at facts. A querulous Byron is followed by his hosts of imitators, with depressed collars, and foreheads high-shaven, declaring themselves (truly, if they knew all) miserable creatures. Mountebank sophists, in Greece and elsewhere, in senate and pulpit, lecture-room and platform, have had their little day of admiration. Unsexed singers have regaled their noses from jewelled boxes, the gifts of royalty; and dancing girls skilled to walk upon their toes, have gloried in autocratic diamonds. Admiration there must ever be where there is one spark of mere intellectual activity; and this fact of our nature it was not left for Mr. Carlyle to discover. We even question whether he has invented a new name for it.

The highest wisdom of all—the wisdom that made our nature first—has not left this universal appetite without its proper end and object. We turn to the Bible, with its priests and prophets, and apostles and martyrs, but, above all, with that great High Priest, like us in all things except sin; and there we see that if our constitution has made us worshippers and admirers, we are not left without

objects worthy to claim, and fitted to attract, our best admiration and worship. "Follow His steps!" This is the duty laid on us: not without a clear discernment of what our whole being yearns after; namely, an example whereto we may fashion our life, with full confidence of a blessing on the effort. And it would be easy to point out how the errors into which the Church has fallen, from time to time, have their root in a neglect of that one precept; in beginning to imitate other models instead of Him whom it enjoins we should follow. We cannot go into this now; but are content to recommend our readers to examine closely whether all heresy, all division, all neglect of the doctrines, all deviations from the practices of our religion, are not readily traceable to that one cause—the substitution of Hero-worship for God-worship—the adoption of human models in the place of our great Example, human and divine.

Hero-worship (to adopt Mr. Carlyle's nomenclature) is not, however, forbidden to the Christian. He, as well as Mr. Carlyle, looks with fond admiration on his "hero as prophet;" "hero as priest;" "hero as poet;" "hero as man of letters," "hero as king." But with how mighty a difference! His love and honour for them is bounded by *their* love and honour for their common Head and Example, even the Son of God; and thus he does but honour Christ in their persons. He admires their fidelity to the true faith: that is his mark of a hero. How did they serve our heavenly King, and push the confines of his kingdom upon earth to places before shut out from it? This is what he wishes to know. And when he arrays his heroes by the side of Mr. Carlyle's, he will not blush for them. Elisha, Cyprian, George Herbert, Robert Nelson, Charles I. on one side: and Mahomet, Luther, Shakspeare, Rousseau, Cromwell, on the other. Who will weigh the list of the Syncretist with the list of the Churchman? No reader of ours, even for a moment. We repeat, that the Christian too indulges the sentiment of hero-worship, when he commemorates a saint or martyr; when he blesses God's name "for all His servants departed this life in His faith and fear;" and that to speak of "breaking ground" on the subject now, is mere idle talk.

We have said that scientific exactness is not the characteristic of the work under notice. Nor is it. Among the author's merits—and he has great ones—we cannot number logical power. A glowing imagination, exulting in the curious grouping of its thoughts, and too proud of its strength to borrow any former style as their vehicle, sympathising warmly with energy in thought and action, yet not impartially with all energy, and pouring forth its sympathy in every form of praise and apology, lights up every page with a hue to which this generation is quite a stranger. Perhaps in no author does the same childlike abandonment of heart to the admiration of the hour, move hand in hand with the same manly power of communicating the emotion to others. With such elements of poetry,

the wonder is, that this book has taken the guise of prose lectures, instead of that of an Orphic song. Had we been to criticise the latter, we might have dispensed with a somewhat rude question, which now it is our duty to put; to wit, What does it mean? What does it tell us? What do we carry off from the perusal, besides a beating pulse and reddened cheek? From a poet, who claims the immunities of the divine *afflatus* at the hands of all well-mannered critics, we should not have sought an answer: but of a philosopher, clad in the sober russet garb of prose, we ask the question—and get no answer. In truth, there is much more of Pythian madness than of *Novum Organum* about the whole production; so, perhaps, it is unfair to push the matter.

Be it enough to say, then, that if this book be meant for a prose treatise, if it be not perhaps a translation of a German poem, done into prose after the manner of Macpherson's *Ossian*, we complain of the suspension of the author's logical faculty, and consequent defect of those scientific conclusions, which, resting on solid durable grounds, might survive the glow of passing emotion, and swell the sum total of our permanent knowledge. It is unfair to wind men up by eloquence to the action-point, without then telling them what to do. All this fine talk, and nothing to come of it! They are drawn on to admire characters they had before contemned, or at best not admired; and this on no ground of reason, but in faith of Mr. Carlyle's infallible insight: they find beauties where was barrenness—greatness, where all seemed small. But what next? They are not told what a hero is; nor how to know one if they meet him; nor how they are to become heroes; nor how to admire the heroic in others. In short, they have heard much eloquent eulogy of certain men, mostly of doubtful reputation, tending to no practical result, at variance with all they have been accustomed to hold, and settling nothing of what it has unsettled. Are they the better? Not much: when the illusion shall have faded from their eyes by time, and they reflect on it in the darkness and solitude of their inmost heart, this mode of treatment will be confessed unsatisfactory, and they will admit by degrees the conviction, that sober reason should have been there, to control the tricky sprite that has pleased them with idols and things unreal, under the emphatic and often-repeated title of realities.

The list of heroes selected for especial celebration is, indeed, puzzling. What one common mark can be assigned to them all? Real and mythic persons, sane and crazy, moral and immoral, honoured and execrated, self-restraining and wildly self-indulgent, in what common term, which shall be the note of heroism, do they coincide? Such a menagerie! Can any naturalist reduce them into one common genus? First, there is Norse Odin, a Scandinavian god, demi-god, or hero, *if ever he was anything*, which is just the point on which some preliminary scepticism might be looked for! Before we admire him as hero, let us know whether he be not a poor

shadow of a man, the Hercules of Norse fancies, the Jack Giant-Queller of some Scandinavian story-book maker. "Grimm," admits Mr. Carlyle, "Grimm, the German antiquary, goes so far as to deny that any man Odin ever existed." Not unreasonable of Grimm; but the author cannot lightly relinquish the fruitful theme. Grimm makes out that Odin is *Wuotan*, Movement; and conjectures that the title Odin was but an attribute of the highest God. Carlyle is ready.

"We must bow to Grimm in matters etymological. Let us consider it fixed that *Wuotan* means *Wading*, force of *Movement*. And now, still, what hinders it from being the name of a heroic man and *mover*, as well as of a god? As for the adjectives, and words formed from it,—did not the Spaniards, in their universal admiration for Lope, get into the habit of saying, 'a Lope flower,' 'a Lope *dama*,' if the flower or woman were of surpassing beauty? Had this lasted, *Lope* would have grown, in Spain, to be an adjective signifying *godlike* also. Indeed, Adam Smith, in his *Essay on Language*, surmises that all adjectives whatsoever were formed precisely in that way; some very green thing, chiefly notable for its greenness, got the appellative name *green*, and then the next thing remarkable for that quality, a tree for instance, was named the *green tree*,—as we still say, 'the *steam coach*,' 'four-horse coach,' or the like. All primary adjectives, according to Smith, were formed in this way; were at first substantives and things. We cannot annihilate a man for etymologies like that!"—Pp. 38, 39.

But if Grimm were to retort—we cannot *make* a man with etymologies like that! surely the burden of proof would rest on our author, where the disputed point is a piece of fabulous tradition. The retort, however, is not suggested; and Odin, among all his friends and enemies, thus proved "a reality," and no "hearsay," is passionately chanted of, through five-and-twenty pages of poetry shaken into prose. Yet, after all, Odin *is* a pitiful hearsay; perhaps there was no such man; perhaps, as is more probable, there were a dozen such. The case of Odin, *Movement*, is parallel to that of Zoroaster, *Son of stars*. Goropius Becanus, a Carlylean hero-worshipper, for aught we know, recognised but one of that name, but found no followers; the other *literati*, according to Clericus, varying from two to five Zoroasters. Similar difficulties attend the name of Hercules: and the discussion in both cases tends to the conclusion, that no one has anything better than conjecture to offer us. How privileged must be the intellect that can invest these obscure shadows of one or many with local habitation and corporal unity, and even go out from itself and dwell with them under their cloud! But then so few will care to follow.

The name of Mahomet follows that of Odin—overclouded, too, with no less obscurity of another kind. To the end of time this trisyllable is a riddle, a very symbol of the interrogative attitude of mind. An impostor or a fanatic, which, or how much of each? In the eyes of Mr. Carlyle, neither the one nor the other: by a subtle argument he is proved a true prophet, and no less. Mankind is brought to the poll for it.

"The word this man spoke has been the life-guidance now of one hundred and eighty millions of men these twelve hundred years. These hundred and eighty millions were made by God as well as we. A greater number of God's creatures believe in Mahomet's word at this hour than in any other word whatever. Are we to suppose that it was a miserable piece of spiritual legerdemain, this which so many creatures have lived and died by? I, for my part, cannot form any such supposition. I will believe most things sooner than that. One would be entirely at a loss what to think of this world at all, if quackery so grew and were sanctioned here."

Of this precious passage, we first challenge the statistics. Taking the given *computus* of the Mahometans as correct, we flatly deny that they outnumber the professors of other creeds. Those who call themselves Christians are far more. There are about two hundred millions of souls in Europe, of whom, it is mournful truth, many are not Christians: but, to supply the place of these, there are believers in North and South America, in the West Indian islands, in the East Indies, in Syria, in Africa, in Australia, in New Zealand. We think, therefore, that more Christians are in the world than the whole population of Europe, and therefore than the numbers of the Mahometans, as given by Mr. Carlyle. But as such speculations are not really to the purpose, we give them at no more than their worth. We would beg Mr. Carlyle, however, to prove that, of the four great creeds, Christianity, Hinduism, Buddhism, and Mahometanism, the last is not the *least* extensive instead of the most. He will not find it so easy, unless he is content with his own insight and bare assertion, even for statistics.

But now look at the philosophy of the argument. Might not one moment of calm thought have shown him that quackery *does* grow here? that far more than his astounding Mahometan hosts have lived and died in a faith which, practically, takes a little yellow gold for its deity, and avarice for its sole worship? How many millions thought the earth flat, and the sun eternally careering round it? How many, that the globe of earth coursed round the sun? One of these is "quackery." How many have lived and died thinking slavery right, and consonant with Divine laws as with human? There is no outrage of nature, no horrible crime, no foolish vision, no pretended religion, but what has found advocates among men. Are we to think that, because these things were done, they were therefore right? But even suppose that: still, contradictory tenets cannot be true together,—there must be quackery somewhere, and we are driven on the old problem at last,—Where is objective truth to be found? "A false man found a religion!" exclaims Carlyle, "why, a false man cannot build a brick house." True enough: he must know the laws and properties of his bricks and mortar, and build his house obedient thereto. So did Mahomet: he knew the men for whom he wrote Alcoran, conversed with angels, went to heaven. He wrought with his materials like a cunning craftsman, no doubt; it was never denied. Yet our bricklayer may be a godless, drunken, ignorant, wife-beating bricklayer,

for all his skill, and Mahomet an impostor for all his millions of dupes. Settle for us first, then, not by trumpery metaphors, but by some argument that may satisfy students of ordinary fancy and tolerable keenness in appraising evidence, the question—What was Mahomet? or we go no step farther with you. Were his preternatural communings real and credible, or were they dyspeptic visions, of the same race as the apparitions and devilries that beset Luther in his tower: or were they *mendacia salubria*, wholesome lies, used, as Plato says lies may lawfully be, by way of medicine, to make firm the feeble tottering faith of invalid adherents? It will be time enough after that to bespatter his suspended coffin with golden stars of rhetoric,—to call him “a messenger from the Infinite Unknown—sent to kindle the world—man of truth and fidelity—pertinent, wise, sincere, altogether solid, brotherly, genuine, full of wild worth, all uncultured—deep-hearted son of the wilderness—open, social, deep soul—alone with his own soul and the reality of things—earnest as death and life,” &c. &c. At present, these eulogies are simply ridiculous. Reality of things, indeed! There never was a phrase more shamelessly abused.

As for Rousseau, we will not seriously discuss his claim to walk in Mr. Carlyle's triumphal procession of heroes. Coleridge calls him “crazy Rousseau,” and our author admits that “there had come at last to be a kind of madness in him.” He describes the hero thus:—

“He is not what I call a strong man. A morbid, excitable, spasmodic man; at best, intense rather than strong.” “Rousseau has not depth or width,—not calm force for difficulty.” “He had not perfected himself into victory over mere desire: a mean hunger in many sorts was still the motive principle of him. I am afraid he was a very vain man; hungry for the praises of men.” . . . “Nothing but suspicion, self-isolation, fierce, moody ways! He could not live with anybody.”

Considerable discounts from the heroism of any mortal! But he has become a star of the heroic galaxy, “because, with all his drawbacks—and they are many—he has the first and chief characteristic of a hero: he is heartily *in earnest*.” (P. 299.) When people grow crazed, their being heartily in earnest in their delusions is reckoned decisive proof of lunacy, whereupon, in this country, they are conveyed to Bethlehem or Hanwell, not lectured on for heroes by men of genius. And for the logic of this classification, it has elsewhere been laid down by Mr. Carlyle, that sincerity is *not* constitutive of a hero without other marks.

“I should say sincerity, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic. . . . *A little man may have this*: it is competent to all men that God has made; but a great man cannot be without it.”—Pp. 72, 73.

What else, then, made Rousseau heroic? for sincerity seems his sole alleged merit.

The name of Burns may likewise reasonably arrest us for awhile. It is not ours to *condemn* any of Adam's children; nor even to blame what, unknown their strummings and temptations, are,

in the abstract, deep sins. There must be much in a mind so dangerously gifted to us inexplicable; and we cannot say but that wild, unhappy, fiery-hearted man had more given him to combat with than his strength was able for. Perhaps he struggled hard and christianly, in later days and unseen occasions, with temptations of the strength of devils, and could not cast them out. Poverty, fervent passions, intense faculties, ill-chosen employment, all these things at war one with another, and the unhappy heart of one poor man their battle-field! Presumptuous it were in any, even in one who had known the same trials, to attempt to strike the balance for or against this singular being. Let him rest in peace! lie the earth light upon him, and judgment lighter! Be his own lines never forgotten:—

"To step aside is human.
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving why they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark
How far, perhaps, they rue it.
Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord, its various tone,
Each spring, its various bias.
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it:
What's done we partly may compute,
But never what's resisted."

At the same time, to keep open our eyes to recorded facts, of which we offer no interpretation, no way compromises this sacred principle; and, in the present instance, is a positive duty. Without condemning Burns as a man, we oppose his exaltation into a hero. And if it be urged that true charity would not only refrain from judging, but also from mentioning matters whereon others will judge, we reply, that immunity of censure can only be justly *claimed* where the friends of the claimant maintain his immunity of praise; and that, though charity may enjoin silence as to the errors of another, a higher charity, even love for all men and for truth, has its claims too, which in this case cannot be satisfied by silence. Admitting, then, that Burns *may* have struggled heroically against temptations, we ask for proof positive that he did so. For blasphemous and impure verses,—for acts of slavish obedience to the lowest animal appetites, where is the atonement, what the apology? Here stand we in the place of the Romish *avvocato del diavolo*, showing cause against Burns's enrolment in the heroic canon. We ask for *some* proof that he was more than a mere blind servant of bad impulses. Mr. Carlyle cannot think that overt acts of defiance to moral law are heroic, else why exclude Jonathan Wild the Great, and the energetic Richard Turpin? "Jewelled duchesses" and "waiters and ostlers of Scotch inns" shall not judge for us: too much is involved for that. Be the former "carried off their feet," and the latter "brought out of bed" with the poet's conversation—the

matter is not yet settled. The same effect would have followed the exertions of a fiddler. "Once more a giant original man!" but in what respect a giant? "A wise, faithful, unconquerable man!" nay, rather, if facts are to speak, and they only, a man foolish in the best wisdom, unfaithful to any aim, and, in the struggle with life, bowed down, prostrated, ground into dust, and utterly conquered even to the very grave. More is the pity! but we cannot, like Mr. Carlyle, read facts backward, nor, like him, apply epithets at random, just as if written on cards, and pulled blindfold out of a bag. Does he forget the poet's addiction to whiskey, and his quarter-dozen illegitimate children? Does he know that Burns was only rescued from a disgraceful difficulty by the death of one of two women to whom he had been paying cotemporaneous addresses? "Burns, too," quoth our author, "could have governed, debated in national assemblies, politicised as few could."—(P. 310.) But how know we that? Might not the intoxications of power have changed the rustic rake and thirsty exciseman into a Nero or Caligula? Mr. Carlyle is not inspired, and his intuitions, without some arguments that may stand as their grounds to our less promptly judging minds, are unsatisfactory. Let him tell us, then, why Burns, mismanaging a few things, is to be made ruler over many things; and what *hero* means, if the Ayrshire bard be one.

Let us now examine the portrait of the "Hero as Priest." If words are to retain old meanings, the heroic man is he who exhibits all manly qualities in a larger degree than the multitude. And again, the heroic priest—"the Hero as Priest" is he whose qualifications for the priest's office are higher and better employed than those of others. "Do your thing, and we shall know you," is, we fancy, an exclamation of Mr. Carlyle's, somewhere or other: do your priest's work in the best way, and you are a hero-priest; in a worse way, and you are something else. But the priest must do his own work, if he would avoid sad jumble and confusion, inevitable consequences of intruding into another's province. An example may make our meaning plainer. When a gang of rascals attacked Lambeth Palace to destroy Archbishop Laud, he might have justifiably resisted them, by arming his retainers, sallying forth, and driving the rabble home. This supposed act might have been heroic in another man, but not *for him*; because it would have been an oblivion of the episcopal character for that time—a forgetfulness of its humility, charity, and submissiveness to personal wrong. In estimating any action, we must consider the person and position of the agent, among the other influencing circumstances. Now, in the case of Luther, as treated by Mr. Carlyle, we complain of this very sophism: we are invited to regard him as a "hero-priest," (of course we do not approve this title, though we use it for this turn) for actions in themselves, perhaps, heroic, but not for a priest to perform. It might be, he had no choice, no alternative, but (as far as man could see) the utter perdition of the Church on earth, swallowed up by tyranny and unbelief.

It was Luther's misfortune (may be pleaded) to light on times when stout resistance to ecclesiastical superiors was the one course pointed to by the finger of conscience, enjoined by the word of God, enforced by circumstance. But this is not pleading to the purpose: a plain *ignoratio elenchi*. We do not make a man a hero for his misfortunes. What we want proved is, that this resistance, in the principle of it, and the way he carried it through, make him a hero-priest, *i. e.* demonstrate him a better priest than others. And if not, what does he here, in defiance of common sense and *Novum Organum*?

Not the least notable of Luther's adventures was his marriage. We are afraid that, being a Romish priest and friar, he must have broken some solemn vows by it; and that his wife, being a nun, showed her first obedience to marital authority by following his example. It would have been more worthy a priest to have performed his vows, "though it were to his own hindrance." But, then, it may be urged, St. Paul commends matrimony to all who are tempted by that appetite which it remedies; and Luther, weighing the matter, chose the less offence. But no: he himself says, "I was not very sorely tempted therewith;" and it is pretty clear, from his own statements,* that the Frau Luther owed her matronly dignity chiefly to the good Martin's hatred for popedom. It might, or might not, be an expedient step: but it was surely a misfortune for a priest, that neither he nor his bride could come at the marriage-bed, except by breaking the chain of an oath.

The pope and Luther were not the best friends; the latter felt himself imperatively commissioned to make war upon the former—sent on earth for no other purpose. His was not the temper to err on the side of charitable silence, in pursuit of such an object. Dr. Johnson would have hugged him for an incomparable hater. "Popedom," saith our hero-priest, "hath been ruled always by the wicked wretches correspondent to their doctrine. . . . None should be made pope but an offscummed incomparable knave and villain." In another place—"Next after Satan, the pope is a right devil, as well on this Pope Clement may be proved; for he is evil, in that he is an Italian; worse being a Florentine; worst of all in being the son of a —; † is there anything worse? so add the same thereto." Page after page of the *Colloquia Mensalia*, ‡ (the only work of his we can lay our hand on just now) reeks with these fenny blossoms of rhetoric, to the prejudice of Popes Paul, Alexander, Leo, &c. with their kinswomen; so that, perhaps, for straightforward abuse, this volume would afford the best extant models. Yet, in one place he

* Luther's Table Talk, ch. 50.

† This modest omission is *not* the mild Martin's.

‡ There are circumstances in the literary history of this volume that cast a doubt on the genuineness of portions of it. We quote it without scruple after this caution, because Mr. C. admits the value of its evidence in the following words: "In Luther's Table Talk, a posthumous book of anecdotes and sayings, collected by his friends, the most interesting now of all the books proceeding from him, we have many beautiful unconscious displays of the man, and what sort of nature he had."

observes, with wonderful simplicity,—“There are many that complain and think I am too fierce and swift against popedom; on the contrary, I complain in that I am, alas! too, too mild: I would wish that I could breathe out thunder-claps against pope and popedom, and that every word were a thunderbolt.” That wish accomplished might have shortened the Reformation: yet is it a sinful wish, nevertheless. If this be Lutheran mildness, Lutheran rancour must be something sublime. But (for the present question) it does seem that horrible slander and detraction are unbecoming the mouth of a priest, a bearer of a commission from Him who, “when he was reviled, reviled not again,” who set an example of combating wickedness in high places by mildness and abstinence from insult, and left no warrant for the contrary course, under any trials, however hard to bear. No doubt much may be said in extenuation of Luther’s foulness of language; but, once more, this is not the point. Do such parts of his career permit us to rank him with those who have filled the priest’s office most worthily? We must think not. The heroism of his character is unquestionable; but it is of a brawling, unloving kind. Call him a hero, but not a hero-priest. How coarse and vulgar—and, therefore, unchristian—his demeanour shows, with that of St. Cyprian, under circumstances not wholly unlike, though far less trying, we grant. Pope Stephen, a rude, violent man, differed from many brother bishops, with whom stood St. Cyprian, on the matter of re-baptizing heretics, and went so far as to excommunicate them. Cyprian and Firmilian argued this doubtful question, made out a strong case on their side, and spoke in terms of censure of Stephen’s presumptuous conduct; but they never got the length, we think, of raking up stories against his christian conversation, nor of impugning the chastity of his female relations, nor of calling him naughty names. By this self-restraint, they were saved, perhaps, from swallowing and reproducing divers enormous, improbable untruths, such as those in which the monk of Erfurd unwittingly luxuriates, to the great detriment of what is true among his charges.

But, independent of the *manner* of the opposition, Luther thought it his duty to make, to one whom he considered his primate, (for he offered to acknowledge the pope’s claim to that title,) the *fact* of the opposition is a misfortune. Theologians of this day have to defend Luther by long arguments from the charge of being a schismatic, and cut off wholly from the Church; not merely to make good his title as a christian priest, but even as a member of Christ in any capacity. It is true the majority of our divines think it provable that Luther was a churchman; still we submit that the very need of arguing such a point makes it a suspicious step to hold up Luther as a model-priest. The arguments themselves, however, are not without difficulty. The facts are well known: in 1520, Leo X. threatened Luther with excommunication, unless within sixty days he should retract his errors; during these days of respite Luther

revolted from the pope, by an overt act of contempt for his authority, the burning of his bull, and of the decretals and canons declaratory of the pope's supremacy. Now, Mosheim argues, that, after this act, Luther was not under the pope's jurisdiction; that this open contempt for his authority emancipated him from it; and that the excommunication which followed, in 1521, was a mere "blow in the air." This is trifling enough: for, in the first place, the doctrine that a subject can throw off obedience to a king (the very illustration Mosheim uses) is nowhere recognised, and would evacuate all laws of the power of punishment: in the second place, an excommunication can never be a "blow in the air," for even if the object of it have withdrawn for a time, it is in force to prevent his return: and, in the third place, Mosheim only rescues Luther from the stigma of a decreed excommunication, by pleading that he excommunicated himself. That a learned man should be driven to such arguments shows the difficulty of the subject. Others* defend the heroic reformer on the more tenable ground that he displayed on all occasions a reluctance to separate from the Church, and that this papal excommunication, unsought by him, only separated him and his adherents from the outward communion of the German Church, but not from the Church Catholic. To make this good, and to prove his separation involuntary, they do not regard the foolish freak of burning the bull in the same light as Mosheim. It is looked on as a blameable extravagance, without any direct consequences to the ecclesiastical position of the chief actor. But they cannot help feeling that this incrimination of an edict of one whose primacy he had volunteered to recognise, wears an unhandsome appearance of insubordination. To Mr. Carlyle it does not indeed seem to present any difficulties:—"I, for one, pardon Luther for now altogether revolting against the pope." We do not doubt it; you, for one, would pardon far wilder acts of rebellion than that, as we hope to show. What the opinion of "I, for one," may be worth, in matters canonical, will probably appear at the same time.

Luther, then, a brave, wise, naturally peaceful man, had a mighty work cast upon his shoulders, and carried it through to the end; and perhaps it was the fault of the work, not his own, that he could not do it with clean hands—that he somewhat forgot the priestly duties of faith in promises, government of the tongue, submission to superiors. But having forgotten them, by misfortune or fault, we contend that he can be an example of heroic priest no more. It is hard to come to such a decision with respect to one whose character presents so much that is admirable. When we think how Luther, after setting the elements of revolution at work, achieved the far more difficult task of coercing them within bounds of his own defining; so that, as Carlyle well notices, "the controversy did not get to fighting so long as he was there;" when we discover how much that was catholic in doctrine he retained, in spite of his pre-

* See Palmer on the Church, vol. ii. p. 277.

judices, because it was *true*,—to the immortal shame of those who, in our days, pretend to be the chief champions of what he did; when we observe his anxiety to preserve that Church discipline and government, which some "friends of the Reformation" are so willing to be quit of, we willingly own that here was a heroic soul, which only a false position, and its consequences, prevent from being held up for an example. A heroic man, if Mr. Carlyle will, but, for the reasons already assigned, not a hero-priest,—not the best specimen of what the priesthood could produce. Where is Polycarp, the lover of peace; where Cyprian, the friend of the wretched; where Ridley, the brave and faithful; where are these and other soldiers from the ranks of the noble army of martyrs? Could not the Church, from the affluence of her glorious archives, have furnished priests on whom human discernment has failed to affix a stain,—whom admiring love, forgetting for an instant the unseen in the lustre of the spotless seen, might almost suppose immaculate? Yes, yes; and of such, if calm judgment had been allowed to seek aright, the hero-priest would have been chosen; from the men who, sent of Christ, as Christ was of the Father—imitated Christ, as Christ obeyed that Father's will; only indeed in a human measure, yet still having fair shadows of all the virtues whereof the Son of Man possessed the substance—meekness, humility, charity never-failing, submission to wicked outrage from lawful rulers. But there is a rainbow film before Mr. Carlyle's eyes, investing whatever he looks on with false colours; vain then it is to bid him paint truly.

The concluding Lecture, on the "Hero as King," though less distasteful, is open to many objections. One only remark we have space to make. In defending Cromwell, great stress is laid on the mature age at which he first launched on the turbulent sea of politics; an argument used before, in pleading the cause of Mahomet. It seems an axiom with our author, that to be orderly until forty is security for man's future soberness and honesty. Is it not, however, more near the truth, that ambition and fanaticism are not the vices of the young, but of the mature? Bravery and the pride of hot blood may carry a young man along the path of ambition; but real ambition, that calm fixedness of eye which singles out from the shadows of the future the object whereto it shall press, and from that time shapes its course thither through good and evil, prosperity and adversity, belongs, we think, to the season of life when "the hey-day of the blood grows cool and waits upon the judgment." Assuredly no plea for Mahomet and Cromwell will stand on that ground alone. They say the tiger may be reared a sort of quiet, prodigious, tom-cat, till he tastes blood; but after that, he becomes a changed nature.* Something of the same kind may be true of Cromwell: when he first tasted what he might do, he bethought him how to do it. And for Napoleon, it is perhaps possible to under-

* χρονισθεὶς δ' ἀπέδειξεν
ἑὸς τὸ πρὸς τοκέων. — κ. τ. λ.

stand him without the hypothesis of his being a hero at all. Plato has laid down the formula of creating such heroes—given an atmosphere of general lawlessness, a tyrant will not fail to spring up there. Born under another aspect, in a well-governed country, the "little corporal" might have risen to be a respectable colonel and member of the clubs.

But let us now attempt to pierce deeper into the philosophy of the work under notice—to ascertain Mr. Carlyle's esoteric conception of a hero. From what has been brought forward, it appears that of each class he has produced, for the most part, either irrelevant instances, or not the best. What, then, is the inner principle on which the selection has been made? We have been able to discover one mark only, common to all the examples adduced, which we beg permission to name, but not disrespectfully, *radical pugnacity*. True heroism, it seems, is a nearer relation to chartism, and corn-law-leaguerism, than most persons suspect. It is not enough to be fearless of men, as was Laud; nor to work out with the vigorous hand the plannings of the sagacious head, as did Strafford; nor to "stand by the dangerous-true at every turn," as many have done. Mr. Carlyle insists farther, that these qualities shall be exercised on a certain subject matter. What is courage in Luther is flat "pedantry" in Laud, because the former resisted his lawful rulers, the latter only resisted the resisters. Cromwell claims a blazoned banner in this cemetery of the great; and Strafford goes without memorial into the arms of austere oblivion; and reason good! the former was essentially a radical, the latter the faithful representative of a lawful king. It is so through the whole work, which is no more, after all, than the poetry of radicalism. Radicalism, made conceivable to most minds, either in the shape of the figures of Hume, the poetry of Wakley, the sordid vulgarities of Corn-law Leaguers, or the torch-light meetings and broad pikeheads of Frost and O'Connor, needed embellishment sorely; even Elliott, the inspired smith, a true bard on some ground, droops to a mere rhymester here, nor can coax a single well-tuned chord from his harp when this is the theme. It remained for Thomas Carlyle to fit radicalism with the cestus of beauty, and cleverly he has achieved it. The name Odin, he tells us, is *Wuotan*, Movement, i. e. *agitation*, the very watchword of a true radical; and it seems to stir the ground of our author's heart to find that in the Norse mythology the very gods have a fighting time of it. We are told how Thor belaboured Skrymir with a hammer; and wrestled with an old woman. Mahomet led a life of warfare; and, probably, had he borne the olive-branch instead of the sword, would have found no hymn from this bard. Of Dante* we learn—

* We need hardly say, that among the heroes of this volume there are many we value as highly as Mr. Carlyle can. He does not so invariably take us to contemplate false heroes, as he puts them in a false light; he is like an artist, who, being to paint noble mansions, invariably draws them from behind, so as to bring into his foreground, stables, kennels, a dung-heap, a wall with scarecrows nailed cruciform. He calls our notice to the very points of character which detract from real heroism.

"His property was all confiscated, and more; he had the fiercest feeling that it was entirely unjust, nefarious in the sight of God and man. He tried what was in him to get reinstated; tried even by warlike surprisal, with arms in his hand: but it would not do; bad only had become worse. There is a record, I believe, still extant in the Florentine archives, dooming this Dante, wheresoever caught, to be burnt alive. Burnt alive; so it stands, they say: a very curious civic document. Another curious document, some considerable number of years later, is a letter of Dante's to the Florentine magistrates, written in answer to a milder proposal of theirs, that he should return on condition of apologizing and paying a fine. He answers with fixed, stern pride, 'If I cannot return without calling myself guilty, I will never return, *nunquam revertar.*'"—P. 142.

The greatness of Shakspeare, it seems, may all be traced to a piece of law-breaking. "Had the Warwickshire squire not prosecuted him for deer-stealing, we had, perhaps, never heard of him as a poet!" Luther's claims to notice as a radical have been discussed. How Carlyle must love him for saying, "if I had business at Leipzig, I would go, though it rained Duke Georges for nine days running!" Knox finds a glowing vindication for speaking strongly to Queen Mary. Johnson forgot the respect due to Bishop Percy, and set the law of assault at defiance by thumping a bookseller: claims that cannot be denied. For Rousseau—"the French revolution found its evangelist (!) in Rousseau:" sufficient credential of heroism. The "rugged downrightness" of Burns is doubtless not prized the less, that it took, to use his own words, a "priest-skelping turn." Cromwell killed a king; and Napoleon was but a huge wave on the wild sea of French radicalism. So ends Mr. Carlyle's catalogue, down which we have passed without one single omission. It is at least a curious coincidence, that his heroes all offend against magistrate, priest, or law; and agree in no other respect. Is not, as we said, a degree of radical pugnacity the leading feature in his conception of heroism? He seems never sure of his man till he sees him fighting, and the kind of battle he prefers is that waged against things having an *a priori* claim to be held sacred.

Against this little theory of ours may be brought our author's own words:—

"May we not say, moreover, while so many of our late heroes have worked rather as revolutionary men, that, nevertheless, every great man, every genuine man, is, by the nature of him, a son of order, and not of disorder? It is a tragical position for a true man to work in revolutions. He seems an anarchist; and indeed a painful element of anarchy does encumber him at every step,—him to whose whole soul anarchy is hostile, hateful. His mission is order; every man's is. He is here to make what was disorderly, chaotic, into a thing ruled, regular. He is the missionary of order. Is not all work of man in this world a *making of order*? The carpenter finds rough trees; shapes them, constrains them into square fitness, into purpose and use. We are all born enemies of disorder: it is tragical for us all to be concerned in image-breaking and down-pulling; for the great man, *more* a man than we, it is doubly tragical."—P. 328.

Having cited this fine passage, it contents us to refer it, with the evidences of a contrary way of thinking, just cited, to those who can reconcile the inconsistencies of genius.

But it is idle to insist on minor errors, when one predominant error poisons the whole book. *It is not a Christian book.*

Mr. Carlyle will probably not object to this statement as explained by his own words; but some of "the accomplished and distinguished, the beautiful, the wise," who, he says, made up the audience in his lecture-room, will be surprised that the eloquence to which they listened with rapt attention through six days, can by no tolerable stretch of courtesy, be styled other than unchristian. They will, perhaps, wonder, as we do, that he who so highly valued the outspoken earnestness of a Dante or a Johnson, should be so far from imitating what he admires as to manage to leave an auditory in some doubt of the prime fact about him, his religion, from first to last. Reserve on this head seems quite at variance with the whole philosophy (?) of the volume; and it is in truth one great cause of the difficulty of getting at the author's real meaning. Here and there drops out a reverential mention of Christianity; and the expressions of a contrary kind, though there is no mistaking them when considered, are so quietly edged in as to escape consideration, amid the wealth of eloquence that goes before and after. Thus he writes—

"Of a man or of a nation we inquire, therefore, first of all, what religion *they (sic)* had? Was it heathenism, plurality of gods, more sensuous representation of this mystery of life, and for chief recognised element therein physical force? Was it Christianity; faith in an Invisible, not as real only, but as the only reality; Time, through every meanest moment of it, resting on Eternity; Pagan empire of force displaced by a nobler supremacy, that of Holiness? Was it Scepticism, uncertainty, and inquiry whether there was an unseen world, any mystery of life except a mad one;—doubt as to all this, or perhaps unbelief and flat denial?"—P. 4.

Here we do not stop to quarrel with the unaccustomed name* for Christianity, nor with its position between Heathenism and Scepticism, like an honest man tyrannically chained between two hardened gaol-birds; but we do protest against such a definition of the faith by which we strive to live, in which we hope to die. Christianity is not merely "faith in an Invisible," it is not mere Platonism or Mahometanism; but faith in *the* Invisible, whose attributes and dealings with men are recorded in the Bible. We protest against the despicable reservation which, by the equivocal syllable *an*, seeks to confound Christians with Turks and Heathens, yet at the same time to deprive them of cause of complaint. We should not know that by *an* Invisible he means *any*, not *one*, Invisible, except by comparing other passages; as this—

"Mahomet's creed we called a kind of Christianity; and really, if we look at the wild, rapt earnestness with which it was believed and laid to heart, I should say a better kind than that of those miserable Syrian sects, with their

* *Christianismus* is as old a word as Tertullian's time; and, did we not suspect that *Christianism* only stands in the text for the sake of matching better with *Heathenism* and *Scepticism*, we might, perhaps, allow it to be as good a designation of our faith as *Christianity*.

vain janglings about *Homoiouision* and *Homooouision*; the head full of worthless noise, the heart empty and dead."—P. 101.

Vain janglings, indeed! How can this man appraise the worth of the efforts made to exclude heresy from the fold of Christ? How, whilst with eyes fast closed against the true peculiarities of our religion, the once-offered Sacrifice, the one Baptism, the communion with Christ, and through Him with all Saints, he persists in assigning to the true faith a definition which may as well stand for Platonism, Gnosticism, Mahometanism, or Mormonism, how can he be taught to feel with those who struggled for the word and letter of the faith committed to them, resolved to part with neither jot nor tittle? In his detestable system of compromise, that pretends to see truth in all creeds, he evacuates every creed of its truth: and the habit of viewing all the race of men as deluded by shadows, awed by spectres, has ended very congruously in a contempt for the efforts made by the Church in defence of what he thinks her one form of delusion.

It is the natural weapon of an infidelity that dares not speak out, to endeavour to pervert words from old uses, and thus, by confounding the boundaries of right and wrong thinking, to prepare an easy way for the latter. No wonder that we are asked, "May we not call Shakspeare the still more melodious priest of a *true* Catholicism, the 'Universal Church' of the Future and of all times?" (P. 180.) And again; "Is not every true reformer, by the nature of him, a priest first of all?" (P. 188.) No wonder we are told, "Johnson was a prophet to his people; preached a gospel to them, as all like him always do;" and "the French Revolution found its evangelist in Rousseau." "I many a time say," we read, "the writers of newspapers, pamphlets, poems, books, these *are* the real working effective Church of a modern country." (P. 263.) The editors of the *Satirist* and *Weekly Dispatch* have been called many names, but surely they are now first called Churchmen! With like contempt of dictionary, Mr. Carlyle speaks elsewhere of finding in Byron, Rousseau, Shakspeare, Goethe, Milton, Burns, "fragments of a real Church liturgy and body of Homilies." (P. 264.) Those who are *less* charitable, may give this writer credit for enough Latin and Greek to know the meaning of the words he so sedulously mistakes: for our own part, having seen him assigning to *Aristotle* Plato's well-known "Myth of the Cave," and to Phalaris the "Brazen Bull" of poor Perillus, we will give him what credit we can for ignorance. But such ignorance! Ye who fancied that "Catholic Church" denoted the assemblage of faithful men, wherever on earth the pure word was preached, and the sacraments duly administered, know now that it stands for the holders of a poetical pantheism, painted in play-books and approved by Carlyle! Ye who understand from the word *Priest*, an ordained Presbyter of the Catholic Church, learn that it means "a worshipper, in one way or the other, of the divine truth of things," (p. 188,) whatever that may be! Ye who would confine the sense

of the word "Gospel," to certain specified revelations of God's will, preserved in your Bibles, know now, that any Samuel Johnson—teacher of "Moral Prudence," thumper of booksellers, talker for victory—may preach a gospel too! Learn, moreover, that the miserable, cracked, and worthless harbinger of anarchy and bloodshed may claim the name Evangelist, as well as the sainted Four! Or at least, if not, say with us that the author of Hero-Worship is an enemy, not over courageous, to the true religion of the Cross. Give us an avowed opponent, and we know how to meet him: but what shall we say to one who uses our watchwords to enter and fire our temples; who comes among us to preach the word of devils, arrayed in the cope and stole?

After this grave accusation, to descend to minor faults will be scarcely tolerated. Yet we cannot finally dismiss our subject without a remark or two that may help to throw light on the author's habits of thought. The trouble might have been spared, if only he had spoken out, told us what his creed was, and what he meant by what he said. As he has left us the riddle, we must be at the pains to solve it. Here is a passage that has been more than once quoted for admiration: let us see how much meaning the words cover. It speaks of Johnson.

"Yet a giant, invincible soul; a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford: the rough, seamy-faced, raw-boned, college servitor, stalking about, in winter season, with his shoes worn out; how the charitable gentleman commoner secretly places a new pair at his door; and the raw-boned servitor, lifting them, looking at them near with his dim eyes, with what thoughts,—pitches them out of window! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger, or what you will; but not beggary: we cannot stand beggary! Rude, stubborn, self-help here; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal."—P. 289.

A giant, invincible soul! a true man's! so we think Johnson's was. But why, pray? Because he would not case his feet in unsought charitable leather! We grant that the great man sitting down to try on these impostor-shoes were a hateful picture; or rather an inconceivable one. But on this very ground we cannot wonder that he *did* not; nor find heroism in a sort of honourable pride, the commonest form of independence in man, which often survives station and wealth, and illuminates wrecked and ruined morals. The quivering drunkard, the pale gamester, would throw such intruding shoes out of window too; but we will not call them "giant, invincible souls," who are mere wrecks of honest men. Besides, even to prove this very common virtue or weakness predicable of Johnson, the experiment was not fairly tried. The shoes were worse than alms, they were a hoax; and no man relishes a hoax, least of all one reminding him of his poverty. Then *such* a hoax! It never succeeded, that we know, except in the fabulous case of Dominie Sampson. New shoes are not so like old: and Johnson probably, thought as much of the insult to his wits as to his poverty. The fact was, he had holes in his shoes, and could not well pay a St. Aldate's shoe-

maker to cobble them. Fondly imagining, as people do in like cases, that the rents so conspicuous to him, were unseen by others, he continued to make them serve; until, by rude surprise, he found his poverty known, and mocked with gifts. The shoes met their fate: and so ended a piece of clumsy kindness, if kindness it were at all. But the thing needed no notes of admiration, no "giant, invincible souls." And with what hidden meaning an *old* pair of shoes is called, just after, a *reality and substance*, and the new ones a *semblance* (p. 290), we cannot pretend to say. *Bad* shoes should be the semblance, if words have a meaning.

This is one among many evidences of Mr. Carlyle's enormous "organ of wonder." Mahomet in tears, and Cromwell asking an old comrade to shake hands, are equally miraculous. Nothing about his heroes is unheroic, their tears are crystallized into diamonds, their smallest motions noted in a book. Their lightest act is precious as the nail-paring of the Grand Llama.

Contrast with this exaggeration of trifles his magnanimous indifference to what other men feel in their hearts to be incalculably great and precious; and you have an outline of his philosophy, dim and shadowy enough, but all that he will vouchsafe to show you, or we can gather from him. The most trifling vagaries of his heroes have a worth in his eyes, which belongs not to the religious hopes and feelings of other men. A great intellectual system, of which Christianity and Mahometanism are alike but component portions: a world hastening on to unblemished perfection, to a halcyon time, when she shall be peopled with heroes, believers in one great creed, of which we can discover no more than that it will widely differ from all now held: a consequent belief, that the insight of no man is final; that is, that what a man believes is only true for him, and others may without shame or wrong reject it; these are the chief points of Mr. Carlyle's philosophy, as we read it. If wrongly, the fault is partly his, in not having shown his colours more bravely to all comers. The following passage, with our comment, will point out whither this wretched syncretism tends; and shall conclude our notice.

"And, on the other hand, what a melancholy notion is that, which has to represent all men, in all countries and times except our own, as 'having spent their life in blind condemnable error, mere lost Pagans, Scandinavians, Mahometans, only that we might have the true ultimate knowledge! All generations of men were lost and wrong, only that this present little section of a generation might be saved and right. They all marched forward there, all generations since the beginning of the world, like the Russian soldiers into the ditch of Schweidnitz fort, only to fill up the ditch with their dead bodies, that we might march over and take the place! It is an incredible hypothesis."—P. 193.

If Mr. Carlyle aims this at Christianity, we must tell him that its misrepresentation of the fact is of a piece with the philosophic courage which prescribed its guarded reserve of names. The Christian does *not* hold a truth confined to one country or time, to one "section of a generation." There has been a witness, more or less outspoken, to

his religion, ever since the days of Eve; and for eighteen centuries, fifty-four generations, it has been received truth, not in one country, as is insinuated, but in great nations differing in language, in habits, in previous belief. For much of that time the wide-seeing sun itself could not take in all Christendom at one glance; and the believer in our day is bound in the girdle of a common brotherhood with men whose way of life history will not describe for him,—of whom scarce a mouldering bone or funeral urn, withstanding the wreck of ages, gives token.

And now for the metaphor of Schweidnitz fort. It will be found, like the rest of its tribe, but sorry logic. If it have an application at all, it applies to Mr. Carlyle only. Men enough have fallen into the ditch of error, and there hopelessly perished; but as for their filling up the chasm and making it passable, who expects it? In science, the greatest labourers have been readiest to confess that *their* labour was not final, that they had only been picking up, as it were, stones and shells on the confines of an ocean of truth, that the only lesson of wisdom they had learnt certainly, was "graciously to know they were no better." They never fancied they were marching over dead bodies to assured success: the inferior souls who did, we give up to the hero-worshipper's mercy. But in religion the simile fails more signally. What marching over dead bodies there? The Christian moves on over a secure bridge of his own, even over the bow of God's promises, whose top is in the clouds; the only passage for him, unsafe as it may seem to others: whilst the latter are leaping blindly into the ditch, led by lusts and fancies, neither help nor hindrance to the former. In plainer English, there is no progression, no advance of science, no march of intellect, in Christian truth. That revelation came forth complete; and the humble inquirer might be as clearly informed upon it in the days of Nero or Constantine, as of Victoria. So this "incredible hypothesis," aimed at the Christian, glances harmlessly from his shield.

If it can touch any, it is the thinker who, receiving the milk of the wisdom of ages on a sour, arrogant stomach, has found in the history of mankind—that tells how they sorely struggled after truth,—how they failed to find it from lack of eyes—how, when it was propounded to them, they had not ears to hear it;—only a ground for the sceptical conclusion that truth *is not*, that the belief in an objective, unalterable standard of truth, which men have battled for as for a necessary of their spiritual life, is a mere delusion, for that the sincere belief of a man is true as far as human things can be, but, *because* all men's contradictory tenets are equally well-grounded, there can be no truth external to men, and at the same time possible for them. Such a thinker, under the pretext of universal tolerance, is universally intolerant: any other mind sides with somebody—he with nobody; the race are all on one common footing;—good, honest, earnest men, but, forsooth, "thinking their own insight final," and therefore sadly mistaken. Does Mr. Carlyle

suppose that any sect of men, blindest idolaters, or Cyprian of Carthage, would have accepted his comprehensive system, and borne with his tolerance? Absurd! they would have said—"Do not tell us that we are in earnest; we know *that*: even maniacs are in earnest. Either confess that we have fast hold on an *outward* truth—that we are doing and speaking in conformity to it, or we have no part nor lot with you." To tell a Christian that what he maintains is a "devout imagination," but "not final," will hardly be made palatable to him by the assurance that his earnestness is a sort of truth. It is not which truth that he contends for. The man whose supercilious scepticism thus makes the differences of his fellows the *ground* of his theory, is the true despiser of his race. He is walking over their dead bodies, if any ever so stepped; and it is our sole comfort that he has but a soft, slippery gangway, and will not reach the fort of truth by that road.

A Visit to the East, comprising Germany and the Danube, Constantinople, Asia Minor, Egypt, and Idumea. By the Rev. HENRY FORMBY. London: Burns. 1843.

STEAMBOATS and railroads have so accelerated animal progression, that we are here, there, and everywhere in less time than our grandfathers would have passed from the family mansion in the west, to the town-house in the once fashionable Lincoln's-inn-fields. We now journey to India with less preparation than the subjects of the first of the Georges passed from Scotland to the metropolis of England. We are become "a floating capital" on the earth, and we condemn as slow and behind the age a steam-engine that fails of making less than twenty miles in the hour. Well, well, doubtless we have gained something; but was not the world quite as good, quite as happy, when it was not in such a hurry? "Vagabond and rogue," said the late laureate, in his "Doctor," "are convertible terms; and with how much propriety any one may understand who knows the habits of the wandering classes." Still, wander as we will, change clime for clime, and nation for nation, the better part of our nature will hardly be stifled, and still, despite of all disadvantages, the most sacred spot on earth will be our father's hearth. The Rhine, the Danube, the Indus, or the gigantic Maranon of South America, will affect the traveller less permanently than the muddy stream of his native village, or the brawling brook in which he captured his first trout, or whose gentle murmurings were the first which he heard in the morning and the last at night, in his boyhood. And if he do but call one field, one acre, his own, not by purchase, but by descent from sire to son; if

he can but say, Here have we lived and died, age after age; his love for this small spot comes to the traveller as his birthright.

"It is one of the peculiar features of the American and English character," says Mr. Formby, "that, with or without reason, 'they are invariably in a hurry to advance. It would seem as if the chief pleasure of reaching any distant point consisted in the power thereby gained to leave it immediately for some other. As a people, we are confessedly the most erratic of all the nations upon the earth; for, though a portion of the same inquiring spirit exists in some measure among the Germans, and leads them a good deal from home, it is certain to exhibit itself with them in a far simpler and more patient form. But there is no other country which sends forth its private individuals upon their own resources into all corners and nooks of the earth, to the same extent as we do. We are the only people who seem to consider it a point of national ambition to hoist our flag on the north pole. We are the only people that ever conceived the idea of climbing to the top of Pompey's pillar; and, what is more, have *bonâ fide* climbed up. We are the only people who ever think of attempting to cross the passes of the Himalaya mountains, simply because it is dangerous, and the natives abstain at such times; and none but an Englishman would climb up the smooth surface of the lower of the two pyramids of Gizeh, for the sake of the risk of slipping, and because of the possibility of breaking his neck."—Pp. 54.

And yet, starting on our travels in a blind adventurous spirit and search after difficulties, we gather more useful information, we open more channels of commerce, to our own and others' benefit, than many a *savan* sent out with a special object of discovering something—the main reason why these latter travellers always do or say that they *have* discovered something. The mighty *savans* who followed the army into Egypt were ordered to discover something—so they did: *ex. gratia*, that the temple of Denderah dated back some thousands of years before the Mosaic creation. All France rang with this wonderful and useful discovery, until one day, the discovery of the hieroglyphical cypher, to the great annoyance of the infidels, placed the said foundation some time about the later Ptolemys, about as much after, as it had previously been before the creation. To take one contrast: Mungo Park went to seek the fountains of the Nile to solve a problem; he reached Timbuctoo, and from that visit date our commercial relations with the interior of Africa.

With the last few years the stream of travel has set towards the East, and the Holy Land has been traversed by many an exploring party. Without going out of our way to defend the ancient pilgrimages to the Holy Land, can we fail of remarking the difference of feeling with which those shores were sought of old, and with which they are traversed by the men of these days? Doubtless there was much of exaggeration in the feeling, but yet much of religion, that sent the armed and the unarmed as pilgrims to the sacred sepulchre. Why go we now, partly out of curiosity, partly to investigate geographical questions, in a frame of mind little suited for such holy precincts?

"By the way, I would remark," says our traveller, "that, before one undertakes this journey, he would do well to examine himself upon the soundness of his belief. It made Volney, the shrewdest traveller France ever had, an infidel; Prince Pückler Muskau, a well-known wit of Germany, returned an infidel; and even the Jews themselves turned to idolatry immediately after they had seen the very miracles of which we only read. And, generally, a visit to all sacred places is a severe trial of faith, under which many fail. The human mind is naturally but too well disposed to recoil from the visible evidences of Him to whom vengeance belongeth, and too ready to veil from itself the fearful unseen Majesty, in whose presence Moses trembled exceedingly. The sight, therefore, of Mount Sinai, and other holy places, is, in the matter of faith, one of those trying tests which, to use a familiar expression, must be either a kill or a cure; and we cannot think too often upon that maxim of the gospel, which says, 'Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet believed.' These begin from the point where they who have seen do but end, and in the attainment of which they risk the concerns of eternity. The late influx of scientific travellers to the hallowed portions of our earth may be a sign of the centuries upon which we are entering. They have been, as it were, sealed for many generations; and it is now, for the first time, that the finger of science seeks to lay its puny and unholy grasp on them. Maps and surveys are made of them, miracles are confounded in hypotheses, and levelled at will to suit their exigencies. The learned world, tired of Greece, is extending the range of its antiquarian dominion to holy ground; and when Scripture has received all the confirmation that thence can bestow, and for the most part it is but a questionable confirmation, when we look at the insidious defences put forth in favour of the Scripture by many recent authors, we shall at last have to search in vain for any sense of that most high, mysterious, and awful majesty of the Almighty, that suffereth not the prying, sceptical, curious gaze of his creatures."—Pp. 210, 211.

The majority of travellers think it their duty to write Guide books; to gather together at any one locality every atom of minute information: who built the round tower, and who battered the west gate? how many fell in the action on the Lion's Mount, and what countesses were imprisoned or poisoned by some high German baron? Some set down every day's march, and relate the number of their attendants, and write down every most trifling incident; and then, if the book is not quite large enough, recompose the descriptions of some older guide, and call their work "Travels." Mr. Formby has, perhaps, erred on the other side. Through an anxiety of not reproducing scenes and landscapes told and described oft before, and by persons far more qualified than he confesses himself to be, he has rendered his progress in his journey far from clear, and here and there overlaid his travels with disquisitions and reflections.

Entering on his travels by the way of Germany, on his course to the Danube, our traveller opens his book with some clever remarks on the Germans. Truly it may be said that knowledge is the god of that people. With unceasing toil they labour and study, and when they know much, they do but yearn to know everything. Universal knowledge is the grand social maxim of their national life. Mark the effects of this system. Men's minds are led away from the hereditary ways and simple habits

of their fathers, and the ancestral character is dying away, and scepticism is all but universal.

"Four faculties—theology, jurisprudence, medicine, and philosophy—maintain their respective professors and proselytes; and within each there is a system of rivalry perpetually at work that is scarcely credible. The professor maintains a crowded audience by his popularity alone; and when this fails, his assembly leaves: he has no moral power of control or rebuke whatever, and, for the most part, knows scarcely so much of his pupils as to be certain that their names are on his list. Now students in philosophy, jurisprudence, and medicine, having a tolerably practical course before them when they enter life, do either really learn their vocations or else sink into obscurity. *But theology is the refuge city of the very refuse of the whole body.* If there is a student whose reckless braggadocio air, stunted cap, and uncommon dress distinguishes him from others, he is 'a student of theology.' None so fond of low haunts, immoral songs, beer drinking, smoking, and brawling, as the student in theology; and from these elements in due time rises the future professor, whose usual course is to recommend himself by some talent or aptitude of speech to the notice of the government minister. A cautious statesman will be studious to provide proper variety upon so exciting and dangerous a topic as religion. The new professor, therefore, is chosen expressly for some eminent points of difference in his system of teaching from that of his colleagues; in short, the object especially sought for is variety, with a view to practise the student's mind in judging for himself. The professor is selected and appointed that he may differ from his colleagues, and unless he does differ, he fails to fulfil the design of his appointment." Pp. 9, 10.

Of course the old excuse is set up, that difference of opinion elicits truth. It may be that, amid all this discussion, truth has risen to the surface; but it is very doubtful if any one of the disputants saw her, and very certain that not one of them laid his hands upon her. All this reacts on the people, even to the poorest among them, through parochial ministers, and school-masters, the progeny of these divinity-schools. What a constitution to cry up, and imitate! A royal licence confers ordination, a patron gives the cure, and the military power of the government continues that scanty service-book which the former monarch imposed, if indeed the name of a ritual can be given to a meagre hymn, preceding and following a lengthy philosophical discourse, varying, of course, in its doctrines, according to the professor under whom the pastor learnt.

It is not until the Bosphorus comes in sight that true Turkish life is to be seen by the traveller, though glimpses of it have been caught by him on his downward passage, at Widdin, Routschouk, and Varna. There is far more truth in the following few observations than in all the imagery of Lamartine or the laboured praise of Miss Pardoe:—

"I am not in any degree exaggerating the charms of the scene, in saying that it would be difficult for the human imagination to conceive a view of more pleasing and varied beauty. And yet, with all its gay and lively appearance, there arises in the midst of its beauties an odd sense of a mixture of ruin and decay blending with the fresh-looking ornaments and busy, stirring movements of the whole scene. It seems as if Neglect and

Taste were at declared war with each other; or rather, being at war, had agreed to divide and parcel out their possessions. A light, airy, handsome house, with its knot of towering cypresses, its neat garden on the hill side, above and below, foliage and verdure of the most luxuriant growth, will often have close beside it a ruined hovel, its fences overgrown with brambles, trodden under foot, its windows falling out, to all appearance deserted and valueless. Again, which is the peculiar charm of the Bosphorus, its clusters of taper minarets, pointing to heaven from the midst of dense groves of dark foliage, that hardly allow the chief dome of the mosque, and its gilt crescent, to appear, the whole intimating a deep reverence and solemnity in the Turkish worship of God; yet, in the very next spot may be often seen the broken wall of some deserted enclosure, an idle assemblage of dirty people, as if enjoying the prospect of a time soon to come, when the mosque and its precincts would be in the same condition. But, taking the whole scene together, it is justly to be praised; the number of light caïques, the various rigs of the little craft, their white sails glistening against the deep blue water, which a fresh breeze deepens to something approaching an Euxine blackness; the beautiful little clusters of houses, gardens, mosques, minarets, cypress trees, combined with varieties of rock and woodland, hill and dale, craggy banks on each side, and deep blue-peaked distant mountains: these are some of the first objects which gratify the stranger upon his entrance into the gate of the eastern and western worlds. When the noble city herself bursts on the view, occupying the heights of the hill, crowned with her tall minarets, and shining white in the sun, her buildings interspersed with dark foliage, one is almost prepared for an eastern paradise." Pp. 39, 40.

The first step on shore dispels the illusion; in a few steps you are in the midst of dirt and squalid misery, intermingled with splendour and dignity scarcely less miserable. Narrow, crowded, dirty, un-paved or ill-paved streets, snarling, snapping dogs, to be insulted at the risk of your life, and the certainty of the resentment and bad wishes of the people, barns or pigsties instead of houses, compose the leading characteristics of the city of the sultaun. We fear we shall find ourselves in a minority in agreeing with our author in his condemnation of the European improvements, so called, of Turkish habits and feelings. Few things have had a greater tendency towards the decline of the Mahometan power than the aping of European manners by its rulers. They have lost by these changes the respect of the world, which ever admires the nation that adheres to its ancestral habits and manners; they have incurred the hatred of their own people, who cannot but feel that the intercourse with the Giaour is inconsistent with the pure profession of Mahometanism. The old Turkish feeling is gone from the government, and though it still lingers among the lower classes, infidelity is every day poisoning it, through the fountain of power, the government of the young sultaun.

"Now it is impossible," says Mr. Formby, "not to be struck with the exceeding devotion and faithful service of God, which the true Turk of the old school everywhere exhibits. His word may be implicitly trusted, his life is simple, he never neglects his prayers; he is polite, dignified, hospitable, and ever kind to strangers. For the Christian, who is sincere in his faith, he has the greatest respect; and Giaour and Nazarene are rather

terms of contempt for those who disgrace, as we do, our Christian profession, than for those who live in the practical fear of God, though they avow the Christian covenant. Such a man is brave, courteous, not impatient, dignified, sober, and is a character that would do honour to any people.

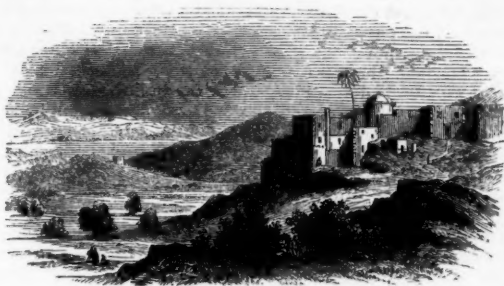
"Judging from the history of the Turkish and Christian wars, the same materials of character may be traced in them, urged on by the enthusiastic Moslem spirit, which met with a corresponding antagonist in the devotion of the Christian knighthood. Such was certainly the character of the first century of their European career; for the government of the sultaun allied itself to the faith of the people, and Christendom felt the scourge sent upon it for want of faith. The first sultauns were warriors and subsisted by conquest, and the religious enthusiasm of the people was fed and kept alive by religious war; they fought for their faith, and maintained and extended it." Pp. 73, 74.

Whence, then, do we draw the corresponding decline in the Mohametan empire, which the last two centuries has so plainly exhibited? Is it not partly due to the nature and constitution of the book to which they look for their religion and their daily life? In the Koran is the creed of a conquering nation, but no element of permanence or duration. It has nothing to prevent the gradual inroad of infidelity, nay, the unitarianism of its system leads towards infidelity, and it is this that has sapped the vitals of the Ottoman empire. It is the spirit of ridiculing the ways and thoughts of those ancestors by whom the empire was erected, the endeavouring to pare down the faith of Mahomet to the standard of European infidelity. On Mahometanism alone does the empire of the Ottoman rest; every European application, every attempt to humanize and Europeanize the Turkish government is to break the national respect and devotion to that faith, and to drive out the exaggeration of a good feeling, without providing any other in its room.

Among the islands by which our traveller sailed in his passage from Constantinople to his quarantine at Jaffa, none is more interesting than Patmos, the scene of St. John's banishment, one of the few spots, according to professor Schubert, which the Christian religion does yet possess, unknown to the world, and not as yet blown upon by its treacherous commendation. The following account of this isle, to which we add a sketch from Mr. Formby's work, of the grotto assigned by old tradition to St. John, cannot fail of interesting every Christian reader:—

"The island is full of little chapels scattered all over the island, and possesses a population little exceeding four thousand, of whom more than three parts are females. As the island is a complete rock, this industrious people live principally by petty trade at sea; and it is no uncommon thing for the mother and daughters to occupy the paternal cottage, while the father and sons are seeking, elsewhere, on the Asiatic coast, a subsistence for their family by trade and labour. Domestic peace, virtue, happiness, and simple arts of life, all centre round a deep attachment to their church, founded by the apostle who was banished there; and most justly do these men boast that not one of their number, during the convulsions that ensued among the islanders, during the great Greek rebellion against the Turks, became

a pirate, or was known to commit a single act of violence. Their chief characteristic is the simple retirement of their lives, without ostentation,



living up to the faith they profess in word and deed, and bringing up their children to better things than the knowledge of the nineteenth century—as the apostle directs, in the fear and admonition of the Lord.”

This grotto, where tradition reports that the Revelation was vouchsafed to St. John in his exile, is carefully preserved by the inhabitants of the isle; and the school of the Apostle, which adjoins it, has been well known in modern Greece as educating more useful clergymen and good scholars than almost any other place of education in that kingdom.

In the next chapter we find our traveller, how or why he is not pleased to tell us, making for the mouth of the Nile in a rather perilous open boat. He entered by the Damietta branch, and proceeded, with his companions, to engage a country boat to take the whole party to Cairo. The scenery on the banks of the Nile is far from interesting, and, to use Mr. Formby's words, often subjects the visiter to ocular impalement, from the tall, meagre forms of the bordering palms. The captain of their boat was a surly fellow, evidently in his own mind disgraced by the society of Giaours, and only quieted by the prospect of his two hundred piastres. After various preparatory grumblings, he broke out into open rebellion, and actually cut off their morning's supply of fresh milk. To what extent the captain might have pushed his obstinacy, our travellers were not forced to experience, after a chance reception of them by the Bey of Messourah Abdul Hamet, who was too glad to show his respect for Europeans to care for either the dirt or the holes and tatters of their travelling costume. The protection of the second in rank to the pasha himself worked wonders in their favour. How this was obtained is worth reading—

“At last we came into a large ante-room, where was assembled a large miscellaneous crowd of dependents and different persons, waiting for audience, or possibly for justice. After remaining here for a short time, that the announcement of our being come might take effect, we were ushered into the hall of audience, and found the bey in full divan. We were

made to sit down by the side of his excellency, close to him, and he commenced a discourse concerning the latest news from the head-quarters of Ibrahim's army, the countries we had passed through, and many other such matters; and, amongst others, the project of navigating the Nile by steam, and the success of the pasha's attempt. Pipes were now served round with most splendid amber mouth-pieces, set with diamonds, together with coffee; and B——, observing the bey's eye to be inflamed, asked him about it. I ventured to recommend a lotion, with a little warm milk and water—a simple remedy which they seemed to despise from its very simplicity. B——, however, going much more nobly to work, rose from his seat, and, to my great astonishment, took hold of the bey's hand, felt his pulse, looked grave, asked his patient several questions, with the most perfect medical propriety, and concluded by saying how much he regretted not having more medicines with him than he had brought on this journey; but that if the bey would trust to him, he would send him some pills that he had no doubt would do him a great deal of service. The bey gratefully and with perfect submission accepted the offer, and, accordingly, the dragoman was directed to accompany us to the boat, in order to bring away the medicinal treasure. As we pursued our way to the boat, we took occasion to inform the dragoman quietly respecting the conduct of the captain, and requested him to give him a few intimations from head-quarters, as to the ultimate issue of such incivility towards the intimate friends of his highness the bey, if they should have any further reason to complain; and forthwith I was commissioned to pack up a dozen common pills in a packet of writing paper, tied up with a little brownish thread, and labelled in English, for the sake of a more mysterious appearance, and when this was done, we parted with our friend the dragoman with mutual obeisances, but from that time we had not one word of complaint against the captain."—Pp. 92, 93.

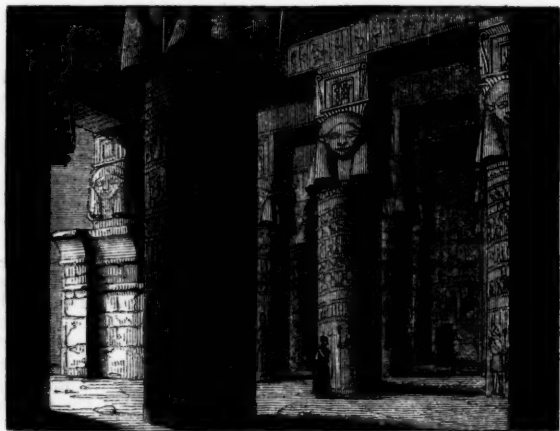
We heard once of an English traveller in Egypt who had to complain of a native for the dilatoriness with which he performed his stated carrying of the party across the desert. The village sheikh said he could not interfere, but that the Frank might thrash the fellow if he offended again. Next day the offence was repeated, and, finding remonstrance useless, the traveller leaped from his horse, horsewhip in hand, and pursued the fellow through the sand, gave him a sound thrashing, according to the sheikh's advice, and never had occasion afterwards to do more than hold up his weapon to enforce obedience.

As far as we have been permitted to judge, partly from the specimens preserved in the museums of this country, and partly from the elaborate drawings with which so many of the English and French travels in Egypt have been illustrated, we cannot feel that contempt for the massive architecture and colossal sculpture of that country, which is too evident in the disparaging remarks of Mr. Formby. We cannot realize the author's mixed feelings of respect and levity when regarding the two wondrous statues of Memnon, the only remains of the great city, on whose site they look down in solemn majesty. The ruined halls of Karnac and Philoe, seem to us,—the latter we may judge from Mr. Roberts's picture in this year's exhibition,—to impress too powerful respect to render the "harlequin adjustment" of the hieroglyphics, or "the queer attributes and dresses of the

figures," a source of unseemly mirth. The Temple of Denderah,



the work of the later Ptolemy, before the images of which the Hindoo troops of our Indian army bowed down, as recognising the pictures of gods similar to those of their own mythology, surely deserves some little more praise than as giving "the best impression of the capabilities of the Egyptian style."



The pasha is too well known to us, from late events, not to make any remarks on the success or failure of his schemes other than interesting to the general reader. He, too, would be the regenerator of his country, by engrafting European innovations upon a stock where they will never grow, save at the expense of

old habits and it may be better feelings : he regards the arts and sciences as the end, not as the means—as civilization itself, not as mere indexes of it ; and it is under this idea that he is surrounding himself with symptoms of the art and science of the Frank, to the daily oppression of his people, and the exaltation of his and his satellites' dominion. The hollowness of this state will be shown on the death of its originator. "But see what he has done!" is the universal cry. "Has he not put down all robbers?" Certainly, except himself. "Has he not a camel-post from one end of his kingdom to the other? has he not imported workmen, physicians, philosophers, and mechanics, raised a great fleet, and a greater army, built palaces and mosques, made a board of agriculture, put down all civil commotions, and made his name a passport over what was once a lawless country?" Doubtless ; and for whose glory and benefit? That of the pasha, and the pasha alone : he has raised Mehemet Ali, not Egypt, in the eyes of the world. His manufactures entail a loss ; his schools educate hundreds, to send out a dozen fit for the pasha's service, and to return the rest as useless to their friends ; his hospitals are for his soldiers, so are his physicians and surgeons. The poor Arab fellah may still seek the Arab doctor, though in the next village lives a refined garrison surgeon. Agriculture is improved at the expense of the peasant and the farmer ; his imported artizans come, do the work, go away, and the people learn not. The revenue is raised by violence ; the revenues of the mosques, the sources of constant charity, absorbed into the state, and the colemas made state pensioners.

"Not a peasant in the land can call his rough wool-shirt his own for two days. As an instance of what daily happens, a boatman, in the crew of a friend's boat, had earned 70 piastres, 14s. while in service at Cairo. He asked leave, on passing the village where his parents lived, to land and see them, as they had not seen each other for years, and the son wished to give his earnings to his parents. The captain warned him of his danger, but he was determined to go ; he knew his parents were poor, and they had not met for some time. He was accordingly allowed to go, under a promise to rejoin his boat, higher up, at a certain village fixed on ; but, when the boat came to the village, the man was missing ; nor was he there on the return of the boat, some weeks afterwards. At last, at a village lower down, they found him, and took him on board. He had hardly gone to sleep at all, from keeping watch, lest the boat should pass him in the night ; and the story he told was, that, on entering the village, he was seized by the sheikh, put in prison, bastinadoed, his money taken from him, and compelled to leave the village, without seeing either his father or mother. There was no redress : the money was wanted for the Pasha's service."—P. 119.

So much is levied on the district, for which the sheikh is answerable, *ergo* he must bastinadoe, to save his own heels and his own coffers. Again, the pasha is lord of the soil, and his Committee of Agriculture are his farming stewards. They put their heads together, and order how much cotton, sugar, and

corn each district shall raise in the year. Perhaps the fellah has sown corn,—the Board orders cotton; consequently, the farmer's corn crop is rooted up, and the cotton sown. Again, the farmer wants some of his crop for himself. To obtain this, he must take his entire crop to the pasha's warehouse, sell it all at the pasha's buying price, and redeem what he wants for his own use, at his highness's selling price. With such a system can we wonder at the poverty of the land?—and when we read of the expeditions of the pasha's captains to sack villages, in order to gather recruits for the army, can we wonder that the children are made cyclopes from their youth, in order to escape from the pasha's military service? The pasha prides himself on his Europeanized young men;—let us see what they are like:—

“Again, the pasha is very much commended for sending youths to Europe to learn European sciences. But what kind of characters do they come back? They have a smattering of French, of sciences, and other matters, of all which they have a magpie knowledge. They return, not Christians, but despisers of the Prophet, with their faculties only the more sharpened to avail themselves of every iniquitous mode of rising in the world. They learn a curious sort of apish politeness, very different from either European gentility, or Turkish reserve. In a word, whatever they may be besides, they are generally finished scoundrels, with scarce one single principle of right. I consider a strict Mahometan, setting aside his contempt for others, to be a moral, estimable character; but the new race of Arab-Europeans are real infidels, not even understanding the sciences and arts, by means of which the ancient glory of Egypt is expected to revive. I have seen the style of these semi-Frenchmen in our visit to the different schools; and I confess I think the few that have come back from England, though destitute of the mannerism of the others, are both all the better for it, and have acquired some tolerably solid and useful accomplishments.”—Pp. 120—122.

And yet, with all his defects, he is a master-mind, affable, yet keen; resolute, but mild; dignified, yet bold and fearless in his cunning, especially in the opening years of his eventful career. Doubtless he is a great man, but not because he has taught his ministers to sit on chairs, drink wine, speak French, and despise the mosques.

One of the most curious chapters in the “Visit to the East,” is that entitled “Buonaparte in Egypt;” in which the author gives some extracts from a French translation of the private journals of two natives, during the invasion of Napoleon. Abdarshahman Gabarti, the chief of these journalists, was a man of some weight and reputation among his people, and a member of Napoleon's divan, before the revolt of Cairo; the other writer, Mou Allem Nicholas el Turki, was a Maronite Christian, and a poet of some fame, at the court of the Emir Beschir. The extracts show how consistent Napoleon was, in “doing at Rome as they do at Rome,” and in building up his own power on the ruins of true religion. The birth-day of the prophet gave Napoleon an opportunity of showing his

reverence for Mahomet and his faith. He paraded his troops through the streets of Cairo, with bands playing, and kept high festival in honour of the prophet. Soon after, the sheikhs wrote thus of their new conquerors:—

“The French are the friends of the Sultaun of the Osmanlies, and the enemies of his enemies. Prayer is said in the name of the sultaun. The coin bears the letters of his name. Religion is duly honoured. The French are true believers; they revere the prophet and the Koran; they have treated the pilgrims to Mecca with distinction; they have celebrated the rising of the Nile; and have contributed to the splendour of the birthday of the prophet. The French command us to inform you, that they are taking measures to secure all that is needed for the two sacred towns.” *

Not long after, the people of Cairo revolted against the house-tax, and other grievances, and caused some loss to the invaders before the revolt was quelled. The sheikhs were again ordered to write a letter to the people; in which they spoke of the charity of the great man to the poor, his respect for the religion, and concluded with the advice, “Attend to your business, and do your religious duties, and pay the taxes.” Napoleon himself addressed a proclamation to the people, which we extract entire:—

“In the name of God, the Giver of mercy. Buonaparte, General-in-chief of the French army, to the inhabitants of Cairo, great and small.

“Stupid and foolish men, who have no foresight of the end of things, have excited the inhabitants of Cairo to revolt. God has punished their wicked intentions and actions. The Holy One and the Almighty has commanded me to have mercy upon His creatures; submissive to His will, I have pardoned, although in an excess of anger, and much pained at this revolt. As a punishment, I have abolished the divan I had formed, and which would, in two months, have established order in the city. Your tranquillity since then has made me think no more of the crime of the guilty instigators of the revolt, and I meditate the creation of a new divan.

“Ulemas and sheriffs, inform the people, that no one betrays me with impunity: he that conspires against me, rushes to his own destruction; no one upon earth being able to save him, he will not escape the wrath of God, whose decree he will not observe. The man that is wise understands that all I have done has been put in execution by the order and will of God alone. A man must be blind, and a fool, to doubt it.

“Inform your people, also, that the Almighty has long ago destined me to annihilate the enemies of Islam, and to destroy the cross. The Holy God has announced that I should come from the west, to Egypt, to exterminate those that commit injustice: the wise man sees in all the fulfilment of His designs. Inform your people that the Koran has predicted to many what has just happened, and that it contains predictions of what is to happen. The word of God, in His book, is true and just; the proof of this truth is, that the Mussulmen return to me with pure intentions and sincere friendship. Should any among them, through fear of my arms and power, dare to curse and to hate me, they are fools, that know not that God reads the heart, and discerns there what the eye cannot perceive. God will curse and punish the hypocrite, who shall betray me in secret, as well as openly.

“Inform them that I penetrate into the most hidden folds of the human heart. I know, at a glance, what men think, though they keep silence; a day will come, when all secrets shall be revealed. All that I have done, you know, has been

done by the will of God, which none can resist; a man may in vain seek to oppose what God has done by my hands. Happy such as are united in heart with me! Farewell.—Pp. 133, 134.

Such was the beautiful compound of pomposity and blasphemy with which Napoleon prepared his new subjects for his departure to the Syrian campaign. When he returned from before the walls of Acre, he told the oolemas that, much as they then hated the government of the French, "the time would come when they would unbury the bones of the French, to water them with their tears." All Napoleon's declarations in favour of Mahomet and his religion, failed in making the oolemas dupes of his words. "They are lies," said they, "which he propounds to establish himself in Egypt. Is he not a Nazarene, and the son of a Nazarene?"

The illustrated books of the *savans*, their pictures of seas, of plains, of mountains, and all living things, filled with astonishment the mind of the journalist Gabarti; nor could he understand why the French, "if they find an animal which is not in their country, put it in a water which they know, which keeps it a long time from decay." The chemists, with their detonating-powder, Leyden-jar, and gases, were high magicians in Gabarti's eyes.

"The chemist lives in the house of Hassan Kiachef, the Georgian. I have seen there surprising things. They poured into a cup a water prepared, and then a few drops of another water; a smoke of different colours came out of the cup, and afterwards there remained no more water, but a yellowish stone, which they allowed us to touch. They took a quantity of white powder, and, striking it lightly on an anvil with a hammer, it produced a noise like the report of a gun; the chemist laughed at the fear which this caused us. He took a bottle, and, putting it empty into the water, he caused some air to enter it, and afterwards applying a lighted match, it caused an explosion. In short, we saw many curious results of the combination of elements. The physician turned round a wheel, which made sparks; on touching the bottle, there resulted an explosion; when the tip of the bottle is touched, a shock is felt; and if another person touches it, he feels it also. We have witnessed things quite incomprehensible to us."—P. 133.

There is so much truth in the following extract from the chapter on missionary schools in Cairo, that we must make room for it, previous to accompanying the writer across the desert to Petra:—

"Pagan religions, as now existing, are transmissive sacerdotal systems which, in some inadequate measure, do interest the affections of the people, and, by force of hereditary associations, absorb successive generations of people into them. Now, the existing pagan systems are evidently in the way of the Gospel, and they must be combated. There is an evident power of fascination in them which firmly retains the mass of the people; and this must be broken. In order to do this, the modern missionary principle is, to educate children in schools in the usual scholastic attainments; let them once become proficient in school knowledge, and they will learn to despise the priestly yoke of their country and kindred. Hence a writer

upon modern missions, on being compelled to confess, with respect to the whole progeny that has passed through the mission schools, 'that they have not, it is true, become Christians,' comforts himself with saying 'but these their prejudices have been shaken, and the ground has been prepared.' That is, they have come out of the mission schools neither Hindoos, Mahometans, Parsees, or Christians, but a young fry without any religion at all. Now if this is to turn out, hereafter, to the glory of the Christian faith, one thing at least is clear, that the Apostles and their successors did not thus prepare the way for Christ's religion, by leading one generation through an introductory course of atheism, in order to the breaking up of the prejudices which might stand in the way of the Gospel's being received in the next. As if the fool who said in his heart, There is no God, were nearer to the Christian religion than the ignorant worshipper who, according to his light, feels after God, if haply he may find him."—Pp. 163, 164.

In March, 1840, Mr. Formby and his party placed themselves under the guidance of a fine weather-beaten and tolerably-honest Arab sheikh, one Suluman Meughyn, who was to convey them across the desert to the convent of Mount Sinai, the rendezvous of the intended party to the tombs of Petra. The desert through which the caravan route to Suez lies, the now so well-beaten road to the East, presents many features of that peculiar beauty with which the scenery of the desert is characterized. The desert is not the monotonous place we are apt to believe it to be. The confusion of rocks and ravines, of all hues and outlines, here and there the open cavities, dotted with palms, and ending in undulating slopes, tinged with green,—nay, even the very desolateness of the scene is far from monotonous, and, like a Skye terrier, is beautiful in its ugliness. The travellers passed the famous Hadji's Tree, on the borders of the sand, where the portions of the pilgrim's garments, hung up to celebrate their safe return from the holy city, recall the custom of the shipwrecked pagan of hanging up his reeking garments in the temple of the Ocean God.

"Me tabulâ sacer
Votivâ paries indicat, uvida
Suspendisse potenti
Vestimenta maris Deo."

It is a curious tree, in every respect,—a tree of innumerable small dry branches, on which not a green leaf has been seen for years, and annually blossoming with the parti-coloured tatters of the returning pilgrims. On arriving on the banks of the Red Sea, whilst the caravan went round the head of the water, the party, with the old sheikh, and some of his men, sailed across, and landed on the beach opposite Ain Mousa. The poor Bedouins were quite sea-sick, and, as a wave crested a little whiter than usual, looked grave, and muttered "Howadji el djemet taieeb,"—the camel is better.

The convent of St. Catherine, where the travellers united their party, is imbedded, as it were, in the valley of Sinai, amid almost countless relics of the eventful wanderings of the

children of Israel. At the very entrance of the valley, tradition points out the rock on which Aaron stood when Israel would not wait for Moses, and murmured—"As for this fellow, we know not what has become of him." Near this is the traditional burying-ground of those whom the pestilence slew for this their rebellion; whilst a little further, a stone, naturally hollowed out, is regarded as the crucible in which Aaron melted down the gold of the Israelites to form the molten calf. Within this valley, too, is the traditional stone on which Moses cast down the tablets of the law, in his anger.

"We then advanced," says the writer, "and, leaning still to the left, entered an entirely different valley, in which there seemed to be an abundance of water, from the unusual luxuriant growth of both the olive and palm-trees. In a little time we came to a large mass of stone, about



which a number of small fragments were lying, which, we were told, was the stone from whence Moses obtained the water. If this, therefore, be true, we were in the Valley of Rephidim, where was gained the first victory over the Amalekites, the first battle fought by the people after they had left Egypt. I am always sorry to doubt an old tradition, which, in this instance, is supported by the concurrent testimony of the Arabs, who greatly venerate this spot, and does not, therefore, rest entirely on the sole credit of an old monastic legend. But, as you will see hereafter, there is too much reason to question it. It is quite true that the orifices pointed to as those from which the water flowed, are remarkable enough: and, whatever becomes of the tradition respecting it, as the rock in the Valley of Rephidim, I question whether another stone, so remarkably consonant to the history assigned to it, could be found in the whole world. I certainly never saw one."—Pp. 231, 232.

Doubtless there is much credulity, and more error, in the monkish legends, especially in the East; still there is seldom any harm, and, generally, much piety in this belief. Now-a-days

we can believe nothing. Not content with this as applied to modern facts, we are never satisfied until we have rooted up all old traditions, and proved their error, by $\tau\epsilon$ and $\gamma\epsilon$ criticism, or by proving the spot in question to be actually a hundred yards or so out of its place. Every book of travels slaughters some old tradition or theory, and where is the benefit? Does it benefit us to prove that a black stone in the valley of Sinai was not the judgment-seat of Moses? Are we one whit the better Christians for all our accurate biblical geography, than our ancestors, who almost believed in Sir John Mandeville? These traditions, it is replied, have been perverted to a bad end; pilgrimages sprang from them, and the devotee risked life and happiness to reach a spot where the traditional event never could have occurred. Be it so. The pilgrim's devotion was not lessened by the traditional error. His object may be a mistaken one—at least it deserves, it commands respect. The modern traveller seeks the same places to while away his time, or to cavil at the traditions of the place. His is a different mode of seeking happiness to that of the pilgrim; both are equally successful,—the one dispels his *ennui*, the other satisfied his devotional feelings. The scientific traveller is also but a pilgrim, his god is knowledge, and the shrines of his god are everywhere, and in all places, so are his wanderings and pilgrimages. To the monks, who generally reside near these traditional localities, our curiosity-prompted wanderings are inexplicable; and there was much truth in the monk's objecting to the travellers entering the convent church, because the service was performing, as if it was something utterly uninteresting to the curiosity-seeking Frank.

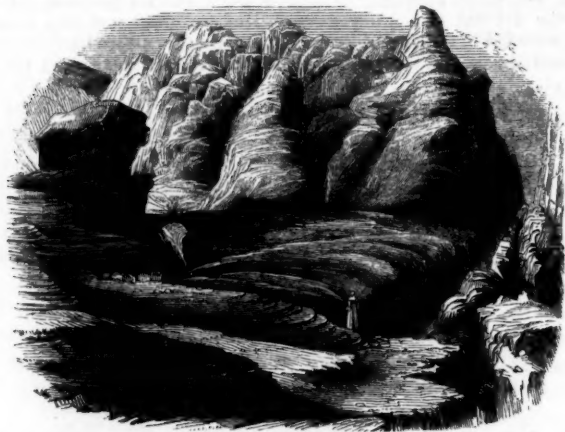
On their arrival at Akaba, the travellers had a specimen of Arab cunning, owing, perhaps, to the attempt, on the part of their messenger, to deceive the sheikh, who was to be their guide and protector to Petra. The messenger represented the party as that of an European consul; but, as no one was prepared to accept the sheep which the sheikh humbly led into the encampment, the old Arab discovered the trick, and recompensed them for their folly. The consequence was, most exorbitant charges, and less respect than they otherwise would have experienced. We have already occupied so much space, that we cannot follow Mr. Formby on his route to Petra, or ramble with him in that Enigma of Enigmas, the city of the tombs. To give, however, some idea, not of the tombs themselves, for they have been so often sketched and described since Burckhardt first visited them, but of the scenery of this locality we will extract two engravings, and a short description of the new track struck upon by one of the travellers, in his wanderings about the valley of Wadi Mousa:—

"In a short time, away we started to the eastward, passing the great tomb on our right. At first the ground was tolerably open, but as we advanced, the valley appeared to narrow itself, and we followed, for some time, the dry bed of a water-course. Had we continued this course, it would have led to the foot of the hills that form the eastern barrier between Petra and the desert; but at less than half a mile to the east of the great



tomb, the guides pointed out a path, by which we scrambled up to a small table-land of rock, commanding a fine view of the western rocks; and, crossing this, we came in view of a solitary archway, thrown over a chasm in the rock, in a position more singularly wild and majestic than any we had yet seen, in the midst even of Petra. We were here entirely out of the region of tombs. Indeed, this solitary arch was the only visible trace of human labour having approached the spot. Underneath it, at a great

depth below, trickled a stream, so weak, that a little further on it expired in the porous sandy bed of its own course. We were for some time under



the mistake that this was the archway described by M. Laborde, as crossing the main entrance; but on descending into the ravine, and scrambling under it, it was clear that no beast of burden,—much less a camel—could ever come here, or, if brought here, could ever move away.”—Pp. 276, 277.

Every traveller who has inspected the excavations in the rocks of Petra, has given in to the opinion that it is, as it now appears, a city of sepulchres; whilst, in order to provide for the immense population that would have required these tombs, not a few have given in to the theory, that in the open spaces of the valley, there were once the buildings of the city of the Edomites, and that Time, who has spared the sepulchres of the nation, has long since destroyed their dwelling-houses. Doubtless, as but one generation can be alive at one time, and yet each generation might choose to erect its own tombs, the sepulchres of a city might very much exceed the dwellings of its inhabitants; and that the excavations of Petra are the work of successive generations, the detail of the remains is no mean evidence. Still this is a cumbrous theory—and we much prefer that of Mr. Formby—which would people the excavations themselves with the inhabitants of the city, and unite in close neighbourhood the living and the dead. To our western notions it seems impossible that a nation should live in the rocks, in an immense track of perforated precipices, rather than on the level plain, or the rich valley; but is it so inconceivable to an Eastern mind? Is not the rock-dwelling a familiar part of the domestic economy of the people of the East?—

“In the village of Siloam, near Jerusalem, the greater part of the inhabitants live in rooms cut out of the rock. In the wilderness of Engaddi are numerous caves, which local tradition relates to have been the

abodes of hermits. Indeed, St. Jerome himself spent some part of his life in that kind of solitude. The early monks, who chose these retreats, did not make them themselves; a race, of whom we know nothing, made and, doubtless, dwelt in them. The so-called Cave of Jeremiah, near the Damascus-gate of Jerusalem, is now partly a dwelling-place. Again, the caves in the rock of Upper Egypt and Nubia were, in St. Anthony's time, favourite retreats of the Egyptian monks; and yet they did not make them. Mr. Hope, a well-known traveller and architect, is of opinion that the excavated temple, as found in Egypt and parts of Asia, was the first original form of temple that the human race has possessed, and anterior to any edifice, the first attempts of which, when they began to be made, were in imitation of the excavated form. If so, why may not a rock-dwelling have preceded any attempt, on the part of man, to build himself a house, notwithstanding that the Roman poet forgot to enumerate this, as one of the stages of civilization through which he considers mankind to have passed."—Pp. 211, 212.

That the people of the East were familiar with the notion of a rock-habitation, is seen in the language of Scripture, where our own life is represented as dwelling in a tent, God's mercies, "as a dwelling in a rock." "Be Thou to me as a rock of habitation," says the Psalmist, to whom the rocks of Maon and Engaddi were more than once a refuge-house. "What hast thou here," says Isaiah, "and whom hast thou here, that thou hast hewed thee out a sepulchre, as he that heweth him out a sepulchre on high, and graveth a habitation for himself in a rock?" (xxii. 16.) Again, Jeremiah says, "Oh ye that dwell in Moab, leave the cities, and dwell in the rock." (xlviii. 28.) But these passages might be increased, even beyond what appear in Mr. Formby's chapter.

"From these and similar passages," says that writer, "it would appear that the idea of rock-dwellings was once familiar to those times. It prevails, as we have seen, in the Scripture, and is so interwoven into the genius of its imagery, as almost to become a special feature in its language. With this view of the case, then, it is difficult to refuse assent to the literal meaning of the words of the prophet? but if a strong proof be still needed, a very remarkable one is afforded in another passage of Scripture. The wilderness of Engaddi, and the whole range of rocks bordering upon the western bank of the Dead Sea, are remarkably like the rocks of Petra, and abound in excavations of a similar, but a much ruder form. This tract of country was known to have been, in former days, the settlement of the people of the Kenites, respecting whom the prophecy of Balaam speaks as follows:—'He looked upon the Kenites, and took up his parable, and said, 'Strong is thy dwelling-place, and thou puttest thy nest in a rock. Nevertheless, the Kenite shall be wasted, and Ashur shall carry thee away captive.' Now the two people, whose countries, to this day, exhibit the strongest vestiges of these supposed rock-dwellings, are precisely those people who are addressed by the inspired prophets, the one as putting his nest in the rock, the other as dwelling within its clefts. It may be almost superfluous to add, that St. Jerome, the catholic father of Bethlehem, who had himself travelled in this country, in a work which treats geographically of the cities of Palestine, after stating the boundaries of the territory of Edom, goes on to say, "This is the land that was in the possession of Esau: they had their simple dwellings (*habitationunculas*) in the caves of the rock."—Pp. 215, 216.

The objection of uniting, as it were, under one roof, the dead and the living, as this supposition would, to a certain extent, necessarily involve, however repugnant the custom may be to our notions, is refuted by the custom of Eastern nations, and particularly of the Egyptians of old. In the minds of the Eastern people, death and the tomb have nothing repulsive in them; they regard the one as a release from the miseries of this world, the other as an earnest of a happier life. As the children of Esau became gradually mixed up and leavened by the encroachments of their neighbours, new manners and new buildings would necessarily arise, and the Roman tombs and theatres are, equally with the remains of the very few dwellings that exist in the valley, the memorials of an age centuries later than the rock-excavations among which they stand.

There are many more most interesting and valuable chapters in the work which we have been endeavouring to review, especially those on Primeval Theology, and the Parallel Testimonies of the Egyptian Monuments, and Books of Holy Scripture considered as Sacerdotal Records; on Egypt and the Jewish Prophecy; on the Prophecies relating to Edom, and the Wanderings of Israel in the wilderness of Sinai; but we cannot now do more than mention them, and close this our notice with earnest commendations of the book, from which we have drawn so much sound sense and information, as well in the way of text as in the form of extract. The engravings speak for themselves.

Twelve Lectures on the Connexion between Science and Revealed Religion. Delivered in Rome by NICHOLAS WISEMAN, D.D.
Second Edition. 8vo. London: Dolman, Bond Street. 1842.

THE motto prefixed to these lectures shows their nature and design:—"Science should be dedicated to the service of religion." Religion supplies those "poles of truth," as Lord Bacon finely calls them, around which the human mind revolves; sustains and guides it in its planetary course, and subordinates its varied movements to the great "FATHER OF LIGHTS, in whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Religion is the living root from which all lawful intellectual enterprises spring, and through which they draw the vital sap that nurtures even their minutest branches, adorning them with foliage and crowning them with fruit. Theology is the queen of literature and science, whose highest glory is to bear her train and cast their richest offerings at her feet. This is the theme here chosen by Dr. Wiseman.

"My purpose in the course of lectures to which I have invited you, is to show the correspondence between the progress of science and the development of the Christian evidences. . . . And when I use the word 'evidences,' I must

be understood in a very wide and general signification. I consider that whatever tends to prove the truth of any narrative in the sacred volume,—especially if that narrative, to merely human eyes, appears improbable, or irreconcilable with other facts,—tends also essentially to increase the sum of evidence which Christianity possesses; resting, as it essentially does, upon the authenticity of that book. Any discovery, for instance, that a trifling date, till lately inexplicable, is quite correct, besides the satisfaction it gives upon an individual point, has a far greater moral weight in the assurance it affords of security in other matters. And hence a long research, which will lead to a discovery of apparently mean importance, must be measured according to this general influence, rather than by its immediate results.”—Vol. i. pp. 6, 7.*

It is not pretended that every individual Christian is required to make himself master of the whole mass of evidences. One of our privileges, as members of a body corporate, is, that while we ourselves simply discharge our own individual and limited functions, and are, it may be, the least honourable parts of the body, we derive knowledge and wisdom and strength, from the exercise by other members of their peculiar and loftier functions. “If they were all one member, where were the body? But now are they many members, yet but one body.” The great majority of good men must always be men of imperfect intellectual attainments, and inferior argumentative skill. But while these may safely repose upon those broad grounds which have sustained, for eighteen centuries, the faith of holy men innumerable, it is the duty of those who have received the ability boldly and patiently to examine the objections advanced against religion, and to convert, as they may, the alleged hostile facts into additional defences of the faith.

“Causa jubet melior superos sperare secundos.”

“If we are firmly convinced that God is as much the author of our religion as He is of nature, we must be also thoroughly assured, that the comparison of His works, in both these orders, must necessarily give a uniform result. *An essential part of my task will therefore be, to show how the very sciences, whence objections have been drawn against religion, have themselves, in their progress, entirely removed them.*”—Vol. i. p. 8.

This being Dr. Wiseman’s design, his method of treating each science is necessarily historical. He first traces its history through successive periods, and then draws out his results.

“We shall see how the early stage of each science furnished objections to religion, to the joy of the infidel, and the dismay of the believer; how many discouraged these pursuits as dangerous; and then, how, in their advance, they first removed the difficulties drawn from their imperfect state, and then even replaced them by solid arguments in favour of religion. And hence we shall

* Our extracts from Dr. Wiseman’s Lectures, with their paging, are taken from the 1st edition, in 2 vols., 1836, which we happened to have by us. The second edition, which we have named at the head of our article, is merely a reprint of the former. In the “advertisement” to this edition, Dr. Wiseman says, “In presenting this second edition of my Lectures to the public, it may naturally be expected, that considerable alterations and emendations will have been made. They have, however, been merely reprinted; and I propose rather, in a Supplement, which may be joined to either edition, to add such new matter, or make such corrections, as recent researches may suggest.”

feel warranted in concluding, that it is essentially the interest of religion to encourage the pursuit of science and literature in their various departments."—Vol. i. p. 9.

The Christian Faith has no interest in repressing their cultivation, as though they were covert enemies, or, at best, but doubtful friends. Yet there have not been wanting, in every age, well-meaning, but ill-informed and timid disciples, who have looked upon these sister-studies as incompatible with more sacred pursuits. In our own day, a few there are,—whose learning kindles our admiration, whose judgment commands our respect, whose piety subdues even the most reluctant heart, and wins our humblest love,—who seek for refuge in the still and silent haunts of christian antiquity from the restless activities of modern science; and even do violence to their gentle natures, for conscience sake, by denouncing, often in no measured terms, philosophical, or, at least, all physical, inquiries, as uncatholic in their tone and unchristian in their tendency; hoping thereby to arrest their progress and destroy their influence. We fairly meet these good but mistaken men on their own grounds, when we oppose to them the venerable authority of many of the Fathers of the early Church.

St. Clement of Alexandria has devoted several chapters of his *Stromata* to the vindication of secular learning. "Varied and abundant learning recommends him who proposes the great dogmas of faith to the credit of his hearers, inspiring his disciples with admiration, and drawing them towards the truth." And again he says:—"Some persons, having a high opinion of their good dispositions, will not apply to philosophy or dialectics, nor even to natural philosophy, but wish to possess faith alone and unadorned; as reasonably as though they expected to gather grapes from a vine which they have left uncultivated. Our Lord is called, allegorically, a vine, from which we gather fruit, by a careful cultivation, according to the eternal word. We must prune, and dig, and bind, and perform all other necessary labour. And, as in agriculture and in medicine, he is considered the best educated who has applied to the greatest variety of sciences, useful for tilling or for curing, so we must consider him most properly educated, who makes all things bear upon the truth; who, from geometry, and music, and grammar, [from geology and chemistry, we may add, and from every branch of physical science,] and from philosophy itself, gathers whatever is useful for the defence of the faith. But the champion who has not trained himself well, will surely be despised."

St. Basil earnestly recommended the study of literature, as an elementary discipline of the mind in graceful and generous virtue. And for this he has gained the warm and earnest commendations of St. Gregory of Nyssa. "Many," writes this Father, "present profane learning as a gift to the Church; among whom was the great Basil; who, having in his youth seized on the spoil of Egypt and consecrated it to God, adorned with its wealth the tabernacle of the Church."

St. Basil's schoolfellow at Athens, St. Gregory Nazianzen, in his funeral oration over his friend, expresses the same sentiments. "I think," he says, "that all men of sound mind must agree that learning is to be reckoned the highest of earthly good. I speak not merely of that noble learning which is ours, and which, despising all outward grace, applies exclusively to the work of salvation and the beauty of intellectual ideas; but also of that learning which is from without, which some ill-judging Christians reject as wily and dangerous, and as turning the mind from God."

To argue from the abuse against the use, is the common fault of men of timid and of hasty minds; and St. Basil had to defend the cause of universal truth against this perverse objection. After observing that the abuse by the heathens of "that learning which is from without" is no reason for its rejection, any more than their substitution of matter for God as the object of worship, debars us from its legitimate use, he does not hesitate to say, "Therefore must not erudition be reproved, because some men choose to think so; on the contrary, they are to be considered foolish and ignorant who so reason, who would wish all men to be like themselves, that they may be concealed in the crowd, and no one be able to detect their want of education."

This theme kindles St. Jerome: "*Responsum habeant non adeo me hebetis fuisse cordis, et tam crasse rusticitatis, quam illi solam pro sanctitate habent, piscatorum se discipulos asserentes, quasi idcirco sancti sint, si nihil scirent.*"

St. Augustine claims truth, "wherever found, as the property of Christ's Church." And among the qualities requisite for a well-furnished theologian, he enumerates secular learning. "If they who are called philosophers have said any true things which are conformable to our faith, so far from dreading them, we must take them for our use, as a possession which they unjustly hold." The stream of human learning often flows over golden sands, carrying the precious ore in its rolling waters. These scattered grains the Christian should take "for the rightful purpose," says this distinguished ornament of the Western Church, "of preaching the Gospel." "Have so many of the best faithful among us," he continues, "acted otherwise? With what a weight of gold and silver, and precious garments, have we not beheld Cyprian, that sweetest doctor and most blessed martyr, laden as he went forth from Egypt? How much did Lactantius, Victorinus, Optatus, Hilary, bear away? How much, innumerable Greeks?"

It is true that passages of apparently a different tendency may be found in the lettered stores of christian antiquity; but let us hear what Dr. Wiseman says on this point:—

"It is not difficult to reconcile with such passages as these [those above-cited, and others,] those many places where the Fathers seem to reprobate human learning; as where St. Augustine himself, in one of his letters, speaking of the education he was giving to Posidius, says, that the studies usually called

liberal, deserve not that name, at that time honourable, which properly belongs to pursuits grounded on the true liberty which Christ purchased for us: or where St. Ambrose, to quote one passage out of many, tells Demetrius, that 'they who know by what labour they were saved and at what cost redeemed, wish not to be of the wise of this world.' For it is plain that they speak, on these occasions, of the foolish, vain, and self-sufficient learning of arrogant sophists and wily rhetoricians; and of that science, which, void of the salt of grace, and of a religious spirit, is insipid, vapid, and nothing worth. And how can we, for a moment, think otherwise, when we peruse their glorious works, and contemplate the treasure of ancient learning therein hoarded; and trace in every paragraph their deep acquaintance with heathen philosophy, and in every sentence their familiarity with the purest models of style? Who can doubt, or who will dare to regret, that Tertullian and Justin, Arnobius and Origen, were furnished with all the weapons which pagan learning could supply, towards combating on behalf of truth? Who can wish that St. Basil and St. Jerome, St. Gregory and St. Augustine, had been less versed than they were, in all the elegant literature of the ancients? Nay, even in the very letter to which I have alluded, St. Augustine, if I remember right, speaks without regret, and even with satisfaction, of the books on music which his friend had expressed a wish to possess."

"There are two principal services," says Lord Bacon, "besides ornament and illustration, which philosophy and human learning perform to religion; the one consists in effectually exciting to the exaltation of God's glory; the other, affording a singular preservation against unbelief and error." It is the duty of the Church to contend earnestly for truth in every field where there are enemies to be subdued, or conquests to be won; to fight the good fight of faith in defence of every particle of universal truth; to employ in the service of the sanctuary every legitimate weapon, whether drawn from her own peculiar armoury, or borrowed from the rich and varied stores of literature and science. "We must take all pains," says St. Chrysostom, "that the doctrine of Christ dwell abundantly within us. For the preparations of the enemy's battle are not of one form; for the war is in itself various, and waged by divers foes. All use not the same arms, nor conduct their assault on the same plan. He, therefore, who undertakes to fight them all, must understand the arts of each. He must be at once an archer and a slinger, subaltern and commander, soldier on horseback or on foot, equally able to fight in the ship and on the bulwark. For, in ordinary warfare, each one opposes his adversary after that manner whereunto he hath been trained; but in this conflict it is far otherwise; since, should he who must gain the victory, be not intimately acquainted with every separate art, the devil well knows how to take advantage of some unguarded point, and introduce his despoilers to seize and tear the flock. This is not the case where he knows the shepherd to be provided with every acquirement, and aware of his deceits. It behoveth us, therefore, to be prepared on every side."

St. Jerome writes to the same effect. Commenting on Eccles. ii. 8, "I gathered me also silver and gold, and the peculiar treasure of kings and of the provinces," he says; "By the wealth of kings we may understand the doctrines of the philosophers and profane

sciences, which the ecclesiastic, understanding by his diligence, is able to catch the wise in their own toils." And, although we should hardly agree with St. Jerome in this interpretation of the text, yet his sentiment stands as an evidence that he, in common with many other great lights of the Church, believed that there is a real harmony between revealed and natural truth, and that the sciences are never more nobly employed than when engaged in ministering as handmaids to religion.

The great end of knowledge is, as Lord Bacon teaches, "the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate." St. Bernard has expressed this sentiment with singular beauty and force. "Sunt namque qui scire volunt eo tantum fine ut sciant, et turpis curiositas est. Et sunt qui scire volunt, ut sciantur ipsi, et turpis vanitas est. Et sunt item qui scire volunt, ut scientiam suam vendant, verbi causa pro pecunia, pro honoribus, et turpis quæstus est. Sed sunt quoque qui scire volunt ut ædificent, et charitas est. Et item qui scire volunt ut ædificentur, et prudentia est." This passage has been paraphrased by Lord Brooke, in his "Treatise of Humane Learning:"—

"The chief use then in man of that he knows,
Is his paines-taking for the good of all;
Not fleshly weeping for our own made woes,
Not laughing from a melancholy gall,
Not hating from a soul that overflows
With bitterness breathed out from inward thrall;
But sweetly rather to ease, loose, or binde,
As need requires, this fraile fallen human kinde.

"Yet some seeke knowledge, meerely to be knowne,
And idle curiosity that is;
Some but to sell, not freely to bestow:
These gaine and spend both time and wealth amisse,
Embasing arts, by basely deeming so;
Some to build others, which is charitie;
But these to build themselves who wise men be."

In making his selection from the numerous sciences, for the purpose of showing how their progress has ever been accompanied by the accession of new light and splendour to the evidences of Christianity, Dr. Wiseman has proposed to himself to avoid such exemplifications as have already found their way into elementary books upon the subject; and has drawn his materials, as much as possible, from works not directed by their authors to the defence of Christianity. The first science of which he treats is the science of ethnography, or the classification of nations from the comparative study of languages; a science of very recent origin.

From the eleventh chapter of the book of Genesis, we learn that, immediately after the Deluge, "the whole earth was of one language and of one speech;" that upon the occasion of the building of the tower of Babel, God confounded their language "that they might not understand one another's speech;" and that this confusion of

tongues led to a general dispersion: "from thence did the Lord scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth."

"Commentators upon this passage have generally considered that this confusion consisted, not so much in the abolition of the common tongue, as in the introduction of such a variety of modifications in it, as would suffice to effect the dispersion of the human race. In fact, it was only on this hypothesis, that the long and useless search after the original language could have been conducted."—Vol. i. p. 11.

Every variety of conjecture has been hazarded on this subject. Speculation has run riot. Almost every existing language has found an advocate in its turn.

"The Celtic language found a zealous patron in the learned Pezron; the claims of the Chinese were warmly advocated by Webb and several other writers. Even in our own times—for the race of such visionaries is not yet extinct—Don Pedro de Astarloa, Don Thomas de Sorreguieta, and the Abbé d'Iharce-Bidassouet-d'Aroztegui, have taken the field as champions of the Biscayan, with as much success as the very erudite and unwieldy Goropius Becanus brought up his native Low Dutch as the language of the terrestrial paradise."—Vol. i. p. 16.

The Semitic languages—the languages of Western Asia—have gained the greatest number of suffrages in their favour; and among these, Hebrew has asserted claims which have been generally acknowledged as superior to all others that have contested the field.

"From the Antiquities of Josephus, and the Targums, or Chaldee paraphrases of Onkelos and of Jerusalem, down to Anton, in 1800, Christians and Jews have considered the pretensions of Hebrew as almost definitely decided; and names of the highest rank in literature—Lipsius, Scaliger, Bochart, Vossius—have trusted the truth of many of their theories to the certainty of this opinion."—Vol. i. p. 17.

But subsequent investigations have shaken this certainty; and the opinion, that Hebrew was the antediluvian language, can no longer be maintained.

"The learned and judicious Molitor acknowledges that 'the Jewish tradition which makes Hebrew the language of the first patriarchs, and even of Adam, is, in its literal sense, inadmissible; though, he adds very judiciously, that it is sufficient to acknowledge the inspiration of the Bible, for us to be obliged to confess that the language in which it is written is a faithful though earthly image of the speech of paradise; even as fallen man preserves some traces of his original greatness.'"—Vol. i. p. 17.

All these conclusions, whatever their relative merits, are vitiated by two grand errors in the method of investigation by means of which they have been worked out. The first is, that hardly any relation between languages seems to have been admitted but that of filiation.

"Parallel descent from a common parent was hardly ever imagined. The moment two languages bore a resemblance, it was concluded that one must be the offspring of the other."—Vol. i. p. 18.

The second error followed from the first. Instead of comparing words, so as to ascertain whether any, and what affinities existed between the several languages containing them, the labourers in the

field of ethnography have endeavoured to establish among words an etymological connexion.

"Similarity of words or forms could only have established an affinity between the languages in which it occurred; and therefore it was preferable to find in the favourite language a supposed original word which contained in itself the germ, as it were, or meaning of the term examined, rather than trace the affinities through sister languages, or even condescend to derive it from obvious elements in its own native language."—Vol. i. p. 20.

We have all heard of the derivation of "King Pepin" from "diaper napkin;" and Dr. Wiseman has given more than one amusing example of the absurdities into which zealous etymologists have actually been led. We have room for one only.

"Goropius Becanus, whom I must once more quote as representative of the older school, accounts for the occurrence of the word *sack* in so many languages, upon the ingenious ground, that no one at Babel would have forgot his wallet, whatever else he might leave behind. This valuable psychological surmise he confirms from his own observation. Our learned doctor was once on a time called in to attend a German in a brain fever, who had stabbed himself during a paroxysm of his complaint; but, though suffering dreadful pain, the patient would not allow him or any of his brethren to approach him. 'The wretched man,' says he, 'did not remember that we were physicians, ready to put his disorder to flight.' Yet, in spite of this manifest exhibition of madness and delirium, there was one object which he never forgot, and about which his reason seemed to be perfectly unclouded—a bag of dollars, which he kept under his pillow. 'No wonder, therefore,' exclaims our philosopher, cunningly transferring his argument from the contents to the container, and from the object to its name—'no wonder, that at Babel none should forget the term for so interesting an article.'"—Vol. i. p. 30.

These two errors having been at last exploded, and the premature adoption of unverified theories abandoned, a new race of philologists struck into a new path and entered diligently upon the collection of materials. In addition to existing stores, travellers and others drew up vocabularies of the languages of the countries they visited, many of which they deposited, on their return, in public libraries.

"The judicious Reland, whose labours in this department of literature have been very much overlooked, published, from manuscripts of this sort, preserved in the Leyden library, vocabularies of the Malayalim, Cingalese, Malabaric, Japanese, and Javanese. He also took particular pains to collect from travellers specimens of American languages. In like manner, the collections of Messerschmidt, made during a seven years' residence in Siberia, and deposited in the Imperial Library at St. Petersburg, were of signal service to Klaproth, in compiling his *Asia Polyglotta*."—Vol. i. p. 23.

Collections of the Lord's Prayer, in a variety of languages, were made by Schildberger, Postel, and Bibliander; which prepared the way for the *Mithridates* of Gesner, published in 1555, and the germ, we may fairly say, of its magnificent namesake, the *Mithridates* of Adelung and Vater. Subsequent collections were made by Müller, Ludeke, Stark, and others; all of which were superseded by the more extensive series of Wilkins and Chamberlayne, published at Amsterdam, in 1715.

Such was the nascent state of ethnography when Leibnitz directed

his brilliant and searching mind to this, among many other,—we might almost say, among all other,—departments of human learning and inquiry. It was Leibnitz who moulded these irregular and disconnected materials into a science, by enlarging the object of ethnographical inquiry, and laying down the fundamental principles upon which that inquiry was to proceed. He pointed out its usefulness in tracing the migrations of early nations, penetrating even beyond their earliest records, and bringing historical truth to light from behind the mists of unauthentic tradition. “Je trouve,” he says, “que rien ne sert davantage à juger des connexions des peuples que les langues. Par exemple, la langue des Abyssins nous fait connaître qu’ils sont une colonie d’Arabes.” And again: “Nihil majorem ad antiquas populorum origines indagandas lucem præbet quam collatio linguarum.” Notwithstanding the previous collections, he complains of the want of materials: “C’est un grand défaut que ceux qui font des descriptions des pays, et qui donnent des relations des voyages, oublient d’ajouter des essais des langues des peuples, car cela servirait pour en faire connaître les origines.” He therefore exhorted his friends to collect words into comparative tables, to investigate the Georgian, to confront the Armenian with the Coptic, to compare the Albanese with German and Latin.

“This was the critical moment of the study, in regard to religion as well as ethnography; and the reason is plain. The old tie which had hitherto held all languages in a supposed affinity—their assumed derivation from Hebrew—was now broken or loosened, and no other substituted for it. The materials of the study, whence the modern science had to issue in fair proportions, were now in a state of fusion, without form or connexion. In the search for new materials, each day seemed to discover a new language, independent of all previously known, and consequently to increase the difficulty of reconciling appearances with the narrative of Moses.”—Vol. i. p. 28.

Meanwhile the collection of further materials went on. Vast additions were made by Don Lorenzo Hervás y Pandura, 1784—1787, who published, year after year, at Cesena, his numerous quartos upon language, which were translated and republished by his friends in Spain. This industrious Jesuit, however, dreaded the tendency of his favourite pursuit.

“At every step he seems to fear that the study he is pursuing may be turned to the prejudices of revelation. He evidently labours under a great anxiety to prove the contrary; he opens some of his works, and concludes others, with long and elaborate dissertations on this subject.”—Vol. i. p. 32.

While this learned and indefatigable Jesuit was thus labouring in the south of Europe, no less a person, in the north, than Catherine II. encouraged this study by her patronage, and even prosecuted it in her own person. The east also contributed its aid. In 1784 the Asiatic Society was established at Calcutta, and greatly promoted the study of the languages of eastern and southern Asia. Sanscrit was cultivated by our countrymen with ardour and success; while Chinese yielded to the sagacity and diligence of the French orientalists. The *Mithridates*, begun by John Christopher Adelung in 1806, and

completed by Vater and the younger Adelung in 1817, brings down ethnography to our own day; and at this point Dr. Wiseman passes from the historical part of his subject to draw out his results, and to show the confirmation which the latest developments of ethnography have afforded to the scriptural history of man's dispersion.

"You have seen how, at the close of the last century, the numerous languages gradually discovered, seemed to render the probabilities that mankind had originally possessed a common tongue, much smaller than before; while the dissolution of certain admitted connexions and analogies among those previously known, seemed to defy all proof, from comparative philology, of their having separated from a common stock. Every new discovery only served to increase this perplexity; and our science must at that time have presented, to a religious observer, the appearance of a study daily receding from sound doctrine, and giving encouragement to rash speculations and dangerous conjecture."—Vol. i. p. 39.

And yet amid all this chaos, a principle of order was secretly at work, and lasting harmony was about to evolve out of temporary discord.

"The affinities which formerly had been but vaguely seen between languages separated in their origin by history and geography, began now to appear definite and certain. It was now found that new and most important connexions existed among languages, so as to combine in large provinces or groups the idioms of nations whom no other research could have shown to be mutually related. It was found that the Teutonic dialects received considerable light from the language of Persia; that Latin had remarkable points of contact with Russian and the other Slavonian idioms; that the theory of the Greek verbs in use could not well be understood without recourse to their parallels in Sanscrit or Indian grammar.

"In short, it was clearly demonstrated that one speech, essentially so called, pervaded a considerable portion of Europe and Asia; and stretching across, in a broad sweep, from Ceylon to Iceland, united, in a bond of union, nations professing the most irreconcilable religions, possessing the most dissimilar institutions, and bearing but a slight resemblance in physiognomy and colour."—Vol. i. p. 40.

This family of languages is called the Indo-Germanic, or Indo-European. Its great members are the Sanscrit or ancient and sacred language of India; the Persian, ancient or modern, formerly considered a Tartar dialect by Pauw and Hervas; Teutonic, with its various dialects, Slavonian, Greek, and Latin, accompanied by its numerous derivatives; and to these must be added the Celtic dialects. The territory occupied by this family of languages embraces the whole of Europe, excepting only the small tracts held by the Biscayan and by the Finnish family, including the Hungarian; and from Europe it extends and sweeps over a great part of southern Asia, with the occasional interruption of insulated groups.

We see at once how the formation of this vast family greatly diminishes the number of independent original languages; and other great genera have been equally well defined. The intimate relationship between the different dialects of the Semitic family—the Hebrew, Syro-Chaldaic, Arabic, and Gheez or Abyssinian—has been long acknowledged. The Malay is another interesting family,

less known, and tending, in its history, to establish the conclusion at which Dr. Wiseman proposes to arrive.

"In all the languages composing this group, there is a great tendency to the monosyllabic form, and to the rejection of all inflexion; thus approximating to the neighbouring group of Transgangetic languages, with which, indeed, Dr. Leyden seems to unite them. 'The vernacular Indo-Chinese languages on the continent,' he writes, 'seem to be, in their original structure, either purely monosyllabic, like the spoken languages of China, or they incline so much to this class, that it may be strongly suspected that the few original polysyllables they contain, have either been immediately derived from the Pali, or formed of coalescing monosyllables. These languages are all prodigiously varied by accentuation, like the spoken language of China.' Now among these languages he reckons the Bugis, Javanese, Malayu, Tagala, Batta, and others, which are allied, not only in words, but in grammatical construction.

"Crawfurd, confining his observation within rather narrower limits, comes to the same conclusion. Javanese he considers as presenting most elements of the language which forms the basis of all in this class; and it is peculiarly deficient in grammatical forms; which may be said no less of the Malayan dialect. Indeed, he, too, has recognised so strong a resemblance, not only of words, but of structure, in the languages spoken all through the Indian Archipelago, as to warrant their being classed in one family.

"Marsden is still more explicit, and extends the limits of the group a good deal further. 'Besides the Malayan,' says he, 'there are a variety of languages spoken in Sumatra; which, however, have not only a manifest affinity among themselves, but also to that general language which is found to prevail in, and to be indigenous to, all the islands of the eastern sea, from Madagascar to the remotest of Captain Cook's discoveries; comprehending a wider extent than the Roman or any other tongue has yet boasted. . . . In different places it has been more or less mixed and corrupted; but between the most dissimilar branches an evident sameness of many radical words is apparent; and in some, very distant from each other in point of situation, as, for instance, the Philippines and Madagascar, the derivation of the words is scarcely more than is observed in the dialects of neighbouring provinces in the same kingdom.'

"Thus, again, we have an immense family stretching over a vast portion of the globe, and comprising many languages which, a few years ago, were considered independent. . . . And it would almost appear as if some affinity might be allowed between the Transgangetic and Malayan groups."—Pp. 47—49.

By this great step in modern ethnographic science, instead of being perplexed with a multiplicity of languages, we reduce them to certain very large groups, each comprising many languages, formerly regarded as independent, but now proved to belong to a single family. Further researches disclose both wider and more intimate relationships.

"For example, the march of the Indo-European family was supposed by Malte-Brun, in 1812, to be completely arrested in the region of the Caucasus by the languages there spoken, as the Georgian and Armenian; which, to use his own words, 'formed there a family or group apart.' But Klaproth, by his journey to the Caucasus, has made it necessary to modify this assertion to a great extent. For he has proved, or at least rendered it highly probable, that the language of one great tribe, the Ossetes, or Alans, belongs to the great family I have mentioned. Again, Armenian, which Frederic Schlegel had formerly considered a species of intermediate language, rather hanging on the skirts of the same group than incorporated therewith, has been by Klaproth, upon grammatical, as well as lexical examination, proved fairly to belong to it. The Afghani, or Pushtoo, has shared the same fate."—P. 50.

While the Indo-European family has thus been extending its homes and increasing its relations, other languages, scarcely yet redeemed from barbarism, are found to be governed by the same law, and to exhibit among themselves an unquestionable family likeness.

"In Africa, the dialects whereof have been comparatively but little studied, every new research displays connexions between tribes extended over vast tracts and often separated by intermediate nations. In the North, between the languages spoken by the Berbers and Tuariks, from the Canaries to the Oasis of Sieva; in Central Africa, between the dialects of the Felatahs and Foulas, who occupy nearly the whole interior; in the South, among the tribes across the whole continent, from Caffraria and Mozambique to the Atlantic Ocean."—Vol. i. p. 62.

Such are the great facts,—so numerous, so minute, so diversified, ranging through the whole of time since the Deluge, spread over all lands, yet all so explicit and accordant in their testimony,—which prove that many nations and tribes, covering vast tracts of country, and not unfrequently widely separated, are as only one people; and that as many languages thus compose, after all, but one group, so these groups are included in some wider generalization.

Having thus seen that languages, in their present state, though at first view independent, are in reality related, it becomes a further most interesting subject of inquiry, whether they have ever been in closer connexion than at present.

Two methods of investigation have been pursued by modern ethnographers, dividing them into two schools, which are designated by Dr. Wiseman, the lexical and the grammatical. Those who pursue the lexical method of comparison, seek the affinity of languages in their words; while those who belong to the grammatical school compare languages by means of their grammar. The former, to borrow an expression from Klaproth, consider words to be the stuff or matter of language, and grammar only its fashioning or form. In Germany, Von Hammer, and perhaps Frederic Schlegel, may be enrolled among the members of this school; but its chief members are to be found in France, England, and Russia; of these it is sufficient to name Klaproth, Balbi, Abel-Rémusat, and the younger Adelung. The second opinion has its principal supporters in Germany; W. A. von Schlegel, and the late Baron W. von Humboldt, being among its most distinguished chiefs. W. A. von Schlegel has strongly denounced the principles of the lexical school. "*Viri docti*," he says, "*in eo præcipuè peccare mihi videntur, quod ad similitudinem nonnullarum dictionum qualemcumque animum advertant, diversitatem rationis grammaticæ et universæ indolis plane non curant. In origine ignota linguarum exploranda, ante omnia respici debet ratio grammatica. Hæc enim à majoribus ad posteros propagatur; separari autem à lingua cui ingenita est nequit, aut seorsum populis ita tradi ut verba linguæ vernaculæ retineant, formulas loquendi peregrinas recipiant.*"

Dr. Wiseman, having stated the principles of these two schools,

proceeds to advance certain considerations calculated to narrow the difference between them.

"Nothing," he in the first place observes, "is more common than to find in very judicious writers, the idea that there is in language a tendency to develope and improve themselves."—P. 73.

Thus Horne Tooke would lead us back to a time when every auxiliary verb had its real meaning, and when every conjunction was an imperative. In like manner, by analyzing the conjugational system of the Semitic languages, especially the Hebrew, we can resolve it into the mere addition of pronouns to the simple elementary form of the verb. We can discover in their words the traces of monosyllabic roots, instead of the dissyllabic roots they now present. From these and similar phenomena in other languages, many learned men,—among whom may be mentioned Adelung, Klaproth, Michaelis, Genesius,—have concluded that languages have acquired their present state by a gradual development from some more simple state during an extended course of years. Dr. Wiseman strongly dissents from this conclusion:—

"From this opinion, which I confess I once held, I must totally dissent; for hitherto the experience of several thousand years does not afford us a single example of spontaneous development in any speech. At whatever period we meet a language, we find it complete as to its essential and characteristic qualities. It may receive a finer polish, a greater copiousness, a more varied construction; but its specific distinctives, its vital principle, its soul, if I may so call it, appears fully formed, and can change no more.

"If an alteration does take place, it is only by the springing up of a new language, phoenix-like, from the ashes of another; and even where this succession has happened,—as in that of Italian to Latin, and of English to Anglo-Saxon,—there is a veil of secrecy thrown over the change; the language seems to spin a web of mystery round itself, and to enter into the chrysalis state; and we see it no more, till it emerges, sometimes more, sometimes less beautiful, but always fully fashioned, and no farther mutable. And even there, we shall see that the former condition held already within itself the parts and organs ready moulded, which were one day to give shape and life to the succeeding state.

"The two languages which I have just mentioned, are as perfect, as to their essential features, or rather their personality and principle of identity, in the oldest as in the latest writers. Of Dante, or the Guidos, I need not speak; but our Chancer, too, assuredly found in his native tongue, as fully-stringed, and as sweetly-attuned an instrument wherewith to sing his lay, as Wordsworth himself could desire. So it is with the Hebrew. In the writings of Moses, and in the earlier fragments incorporated into Genesis, the essential structure of the language is complete, and apparently incapable, in spite of its manifest imperfection, of any farther improvement. The ancient Egyptian, as written in hieroglyphics upon the oldest monuments, and in the Coptic of the Liturgy, after an interval of three thousand years, has been established by Lepsius to be identical. The same will be observed upon comparing the oldest with the latest Greek or Latin writers. The case of the last is particularly striking, if we consider the opportunity of improvement afforded it by coming in contact with the former. But though the conquest of Greece brought into rude Latium sculpture and painting, poesy and history, art and science; though it rounded the forms of its periods, and gave new suppleness and energy to its language, yet it did not add a tense or declension to its grammar, a particle to its lexicon, or a letter to its alphabet."—Pp. 74—76.

This opinion of Dr. Wiseman is confirmed by the judgment of William von Humboldt, who, in a letter to M. Abel-Rémusat, says: "Je ne regarde pas les formes grammaticales comme les fruits des progrès qu'une nation fait dans l'analyse de la pensée, mais plutôt comme un résultat de la manière dont une nation considère et traite sa langue." And again: "Je suis pénétré de la conviction qu'il ne faut pas méconnaître cette force vraiment divine que recèlent les facultés humaines, ce génie créateur des nations, surtout dans l'état primitif, où toutes les idées, et même les facultés de l'âme, empruntent une force plus vive de la nouveauté des impressions, où l'homme peut pressentir des combinaisons aux quelles il ne serait jamais arrivé par la marche lente et progressive de l'expérience. Ce génie créateur peut franchir les limites qui semblent prescrites au reste des mortels, et s'il est impossible de retracer sa marche, sa présence vivifiante n'en est pas moins manifeste. Plutôt que de renoncer dans l'explication de l'origine des langues, à l'influence de cette cause puissante et première, et de leur assigner à toutes une marche uniforme et mécanique, qui les traînerait pas à pas depuis le commencement le plus grossier jusqu'à leur perfectionnement, j'embrasserais l'opinion de ceux qui rapportent l'origine des langues à une révélation immédiate de la divinité. Ils reconnaissent aux moins l'étincelle divine qui luit à travers tous les idiomes, même les plus imparfaits, et les moins cultivés."

Regarding the grammatical structure of a language not merely as its outward form, but as its most essential element, Dr. Wiseman controverts Schlegel's opinion, that under no circumstances can a language undergo change; and maintains, that under the pressure of peculiar influences, a language may be so changed, as that its words shall belong to one class, and its grammar to another. Thus, as Schlegel himself allows, Anglo-Saxon lost its grammar by the Norman Conquest. Thus, Italian has sprung out of Latin, more by the adoption of a new grammatical system, than by any change of words. Sir William Jones has observed with regard to the ancient Pehlevi or Pahlavi, that the words are Semitic, but the grammar Indo-European. "Were I to offer an opinion," says Mr. Crawford, "respecting the history of the Karvi, (a language of the Indian Archipelago,) I should say that it is Sanscrit, deprived of its inflexions, and having, in their room, the prepositions and auxiliary verbs of the vernacular dialects of Java." Abel-Rémusat has found that the Tartar languages have departed from the original type of their grammatical construction. And, once more: the Amharic language, which at first was supposed to be a dialect of the Gheez, (Abyssinian,) and then to be Semitic, is now alleged, by the most recent inquirers, to be of African pedigree, and only to have imitated Semitic inflexions.

Guided by these and other facts of a similar nature, Dr. Wiseman is led to lay down the following rule for examining verbal affinities;

so as not to lose the good of the lexical method, while coming nearer to the severer requisitions of the grammatical school:—

“This rule is, not to take words belonging to one or two languages in different families, and, from their resemblance, which may be accidental or communicated, draw inferences referable to the entire families to which they respectively belong; but to compare together words of simple import and primary necessity, *which run through the entire families*, and, consequently, are (if I may so express myself,) aboriginal therein.”—P. 88.

By means of this rule, Dr. Wiseman succeeds in tracing a closer grammatical connexion between the Indo-European and Semitic languages than has as yet been detected. We must refer our readers to his own pages for some copious passages from certain letters, 1835 and 1836, of Dr. Lepsius; who has closely applied himself to the study of Coptic, with a view to discover its relations with other languages, seeing that it has hitherto been considered an isolated and independent tongue. The conclusion to which these investigations have led is,—

“That the ancient Egyptian, now fully identified with the Coptic, is no longer to be considered an insulated language, void of connexion with those around it; but presents very extraordinary points of contact with the Indo-European and Semitic families; not, indeed, sufficiently distinct to make it enter into either class, but yet sufficiently definite and rooted in the essential constitution of the language, to prevent their being considered accidental, or a later engrafting thereupon.

“The effects of this intermediary character, according to Lepsius’ expression, is to group together, in a very remarkable harmony, this cycle of languages; so that instead of any longer considering the Indo-European and Semitic as completely insulated families, or being compelled to find a few verbal coincidences between them, we may now consider them as linked together, both by points of actual contact, and by the interposition of the Coptic, in an affinity grounded on the essential structure and most necessary forms of the three.”—P. 101.

Thus far we have pursued our course among the languages of the Old World. But here a long train of civilization,—which, even if migratory, has left visible traces of its influence in every country it has visited,—must have done much towards the assimilation of forms and the amalgamation of dialects. Let us, then, cross the Atlantic, and extend our inquiries to the native languages of the Western Hemisphere.

The number of dialects spoken by the natives of America is so great as almost to exceed belief. Indeed many persons did refuse to give credit to Humboldt’s reports on this subject when they were first published. It appeared to them to be utterly inconsistent with the scriptural narrative of the lineal descent of the whole human race from a single pair, that such numerous insignificant tribes should have migrated so far, and should each speak a language of its own, wholly unintelligible to its neighbours. And while believers in revelation on the one hand, rejected Humboldt’s account, unbelievers, on the other hand, did not hesitate to assert that America had an aboriginal

population of its own, independent of that of the eastern world. To meet this objection, the defenders of religion had recourse to various hypotheses with regard to the source from which America had received her population, and the means by which the inhabitants of more eastern regions had been transported thither.

"Campomanes patronized the Carthaginians, Kircher and Huet the Egyptians, De Guignes the Huns, Sir William Jones the Indians, and many American antiquaries the ten tribes of Israel."—P. 121.

Ethnography has grappled with this problem. Smith-Barton was the first who made any progress in the attempt to trace an analogy between the American dialects and the languages of northern and eastern Asia. The subject was carried on by Vater in his *Mithridates*. Malte-Brun attempted a further step in advance, and endeavoured to establish what he calls a geographical connexion between the American and Asiatic languages.

"After a minute investigation, his conclusions are these:—that tribes connected with the Finnish, Ostiack, Permian, and Caucasian families, passing along the borders of the Frozen Ocean, and crossing over Behring's Straits, spread themselves in very different directions towards Greenland and Chili; that others, allied to the Japanese, Chinese, and Kowrilians, proceeding along the coast, penetrated to Mexico; and that another colony, related to the Tungoses, Mantcheous, and Mongols, passed along the mountain-tracts of both continents, and reached the same destination. Besides these, he supposes several smaller emigrations to have borne over a certain number of Malay, Javanese, and African words."—P. 123.

We must not lay much stress on these conclusions. The resemblances between American and Asiatic languages, from which they are drawn, are too slight for this purpose; and the above-mentioned migrations are not supposed, even by the authors themselves, to do more than add to a population already existing.

"But there are conclusions drawn by ethnographical science from the observation both of general and local phenomena, which bear most materially upon this point, and have completely removed all the difficulties arising from the multiplicity of American languages.

"And, first, the examination of the structure pervading all the American languages has left no room to doubt that they all form one individual family, closely knitted together in all its parts by the most essential of all ties—grammatical analogy. This analogy is not of a vague, indefinite kind, but complex in the extreme, and affecting the most necessary and essential parts of grammar; for it consists chiefly in the peculiar methods of modifying conjugationally the meanings and relations of verbs by the insertion of syllables; and this form led the late W. von Humboldt to give the American languages a family name, as forming their conjugation by what he called *agglutination*."—P. 125.

Nor is this analogy partial. It extends over both North and South America, binding together the languages of the most civilized nations and of the most barbarous tribes, impressing a family character on the tongues spoken under the Torrid and the Arctic zones.

"Secondly, the more attention is paid to the study of the American languages, the more they are found subject to the laws of other families, inasmuch as this one great family tends every day to subdivide itself into large groups,

having closer affinities with themselves than with the great division of which, in their turn, they form a part."—P. 126.

Thus missionaries have found that certain languages are keys to many dialects; so that whoever possessed an acquaintance with those comparatively few languages, could easily master the rest.

Although it may partake of the nature of a digression, we cannot avoid noticing the effect of barbarism upon language. The first public and signal act of Him through whom the one vast Universal Society is being mystically built, until all nations shall flow into it, and all the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of our Lord, was to confer upon the Apostles the gift of tongues: and St. Paul, whenever he adverts to the subject of language, speaks of diversity of tongues as an evil which is eventually to be done away in Christ. As christian and catholic influences possess a uniting quality, so barbarism,—which is one of the prime fruits of sin, and, of all the states in which our race is found, the most *unnatural*,—dissolves the bonds of language, disintegrates society, and resolves the great human brotherhood into elements mutually repulsive and warring.

"In instances where no doubt can exist of savage hordes having been originally united, there has sprung up among them so endless and so complete a variety of dialect, that little or no affinity can be therein discovered. And hence we have, as it were, a rule, that the savage state, by insulating families and tribes, raising the arm of each one ever against his neighbours, has essentially the contrary influence to the aggregating, unifying tendencies of social civilization; and necessarily introduces a jealous diversity, and unintelligible idioms, into the jargons which hedge round the independence of different hordes."—P. 128.

Turn, for example, to the Polynesian tribes. "The Papuans, or Oriental Negroes," says Dr. Leyden, "seem to be all divided into very small states, or rather societies, very little connected with each other. Hence their language is broken into a multitude of dialects, which, in process of time, by separation, accident, or oral corruption, have nearly lost all resemblance." Crawford, in his History of the Indian Archipelago, notices the same fact. "Languages," he says, "follow the same progress. In the savage state they are great in number, in improved society few. The state of languages on the American continent affords a convincing illustration of this fact; and it is not less satisfactorily explained in that of the Indian islands. The negro races who inhabit the mountains of the Malaya peninsula, in the lowest and most abject state of social existence, though numerically few, are divided into a great many distinct tribes, speaking as many distinct languages. Among the rude and scattered population of the island of Timor, it is believed that not less than forty languages are spoken. On Ende and Flores we have also a multiplicity of languages; and among the cannibal population of Borneo, it is not improbable that many hundreds are spoken."

We are now in a condition to draw a conclusion from all the pre-

ceding facts,—which, it will be remembered, do not even approach to exhausting the subject, but are merely a few of the more striking examples,—as to the bearing of the science of ethnography upon the Sacred Records. From the foregoing review of its history, it appears that in its first rise it threatened to become a destructive torrent, bearing away, in its turbulent waters, much which the pious mind holds dear. It broke down the connexion that had hitherto bound languages together, and hurried them in wild confusion down its headlong stream. But, as it advanced, the real affinities of languages, favoured by this state of solution, began to operate; and instead of the amorphous conglomerate which “illicit anticipation” had formed, an orderly crystallization commenced, moulding the facts into shapes of beauty, regular in form, and vivid with the reflected light of heaven.

“Let us look back for a moment,” says Dr. Wiseman, “at the connexion between our study and the sacred records. From the simple historical outline which I have laid before you, it appears that its first rise seemed fitter to inspire alarm than confidence, inasmuch as it broke in sunder the great bond anciently supposed to hold them all together; then for a time it went on still farther severing and dismembering; consequently, to all appearance, ever widening the breach between itself and sacred history. In its farther progress, it began to discover new affinities where least expected; till, by degrees, many languages began to be grouped and classified in large families, acknowledged to have a common origin. Then, new inquiries gradually diminished the number of independent languages, and extended, in consequence, the dominion of the larger masses. At length, when this field seemed almost exhausted, a new class of researches has succeeded, so far as it has been tried, in proving the extraordinary affinity between these families; affinities existing in the very character and essence of each language, so that none of them could ever have existed, without those elements wherein the resemblances consist. Now, as this excludes all idea of one having borrowed them from the other, as they could not have arisen in each by independent processes, and as the radical difference among the languages forbids their being considered dialects or offshoots from one another, we are driven to the conclusion, that, on the one hand, these languages must have been originally united in one, whence they drew these common elements essential to them all; and, on the other, that the separation between them, which destroyed other no less important elements of resemblance, could not have been caused by any gradual departure, or individual development,—for these we have long since excluded,—but by some violent, unusual, and active force, sufficient alone to reconcile these conflicting appearances, and to account at once for the resemblances and the differences. It would be difficult, methinks, to say what farther step the most insatiable or unreasonable sceptic could require, to bring the results of this science into close accordance with the scriptural account.”—Pp. 102—104.

And in this conclusion all the most distinguished ethnographers agree. “However insulated,” says Alexander von Humboldt, “certain languages may at first appear, however singular their caprices and their idioms, all have an analogy among them, and their numerous relations will be more perceived, in proportion as the philosophical history of nations and the study of languages shall be brought to perfection.” Goulianoff enthusiastically maintained the original unity of languages. Merian, in his *Tripartitum*, gives in

his adhesion to the same conclusion. Even Klaproth, although an unhappy disbeliever in the Mosaic history of the Dispersion, flatters himself in his *Asia Polyglotta*, and other works, that "the universal affinity of languages is placed in so strong a light, that it must be considered by all as completely demonstrated." In support of his position, Dr. Wiseman records the sentiments of Frederic Schlegel, whom he characterises as—

"A man to whom our age owes more than our children's children can repay—new and purer feelings upon art and its holiest applications; the attempt, at least, to turn philosophy's eye inward upon the soul, and to compound the most sacred elements of its spiritual powers with the ingredients of human knowledge; above all, the successful discovery of a richer India than Vasco de Gama opened unto Europe, whose value is not in its spices, and its pearls, and its barbaric gold, but in tracts of science unexplored, in mines long unwrought of native wisdom, in treasures, deeply buried, of symbolic learning, and in monuments, long hidden, of primeval and venerable traditions."—P. 109.

Schlegel considered language to be an individual gift to man, and, consequently, in its origin only one. In his *Philosophy of Speech*, he says:—"With our present senses and organs it is as impossible for us to form the remotest idea of that speech which the first man possessed before he lost his original power, perfection, and worth, as it would be to reason of that mysterious discourse whereby immortal spirits send their thoughts across the wide space of heaven upon wings of light; or of those words, by created beings unutterable, which in the unsearchable interior of the Deity are spoken, where, as it is in holy song expressed, depth calleth upon depth,—that is, the fulness of endless love upon eternal majesty. When, from this unattainable height, we descend again unto ourselves, and to the first man such as he really was, the simple, unaffected narrative of that book which contains our earliest records, that God taught man to speak, even if we go no farther than this simple, unaffected sense, will be in accordance with our natural feelings. For how could it be otherwise, or how could any other impression be made, when we consider the relation which God therein holds—of a parent, as it were, teaching her child the first rudiments of speech."

"But under this simple sense there lieth, as doth through all that book of two-fold import, another, and a far deeper signification. The name of any thing, or living being, even as it is called in God, and designated from eternity, holds in itself the essential idea of its innermost being, the key of its existence, the deciding power of its being or not being; and so it is used in sacred speech, where it is, moreover, in a holier and higher sense, united to the idea of the Word. According to this deeper sense and understanding, it is in that narration shown and signified, according as I have before briefly remarked, that together with speech, entrusted, communicated, and delivered, immediately by God to man, and through it, he was installed as the ruler and king of nature; yea, more rightly, as the deputed of God over this earthly creation, unto which office was his original destination."

Our readers will remember that we drew out two propositions touching language, from the Mosaic narrative ; first, that language was originally one ; and, secondly, that the present multiplicity and variety of languages is due to a sudden and violent cause. The first proposition has been confirmed by those ethnographical researches and reasonings which we have in this paper presented to our readers ; and the second almost necessarily follows from the first. This is acknowledged by the best ethnographers. Abel-Rémusat, after expatiating on the manner in which such pursuits as those of his *Recherches sur les Langues Tartares*, may be brought to bear upon history, thus concludes :—" It is then we should be able to pronounce with precision, what, according to the language of a people, was its origin, what the nations with which it has stood in relation, what the character of that relation was, to what stock it belongs ; at least, until that epoch when profane histories cease, and where we should find among languages that confusion which gave rise to them all, and which such vain attempts have been made to explain." The fact recorded by Moses is the simple and ultimate key to these phenomena. Niebuhr, again, in one of the later editions of his History, admits that such a miracle as the confusion of tongues, at some given date, " offends not reason." To Abel-Rémusat and Niebuhr we may add Balbi. In the preparation of his *Atlas Ethnographique du Globe*, he was assisted by the ablest ethnographers of Paris ; and hence to his own acquaintance with the science to which he has devoted himself, he adds a knowledge of the views entertained by those who have prosecuted this study with hardly less diligence than himself. In the first of his charts, classifying languages according to ethnographic " kingdoms," as he calls them, he thus expresses himself :—" The books of Moses, no monument, either historical or astronomical, has yet been able to prove false ; but with them, on the contrary, agree, in the most remarkable manner, the results obtained by the most learned philologists and the profoundest geometers."

We have now brought our readers to the conclusion of Dr. Wiseman's first and second lectures. In the third he enters upon a related but separate science,—the physical history of man ; and by a course similar to that he has pursued in the preceding lectures, confirms, from this science, the declaration of holy Scripture, that all mankind, notwithstanding their wide and deep physical differences, are descended from a single pair, are the offspring of one common stock. We reserve this highly interesting subject to a future occasion.

Throughout the foregoing discussion, we have treated generally of the resemblances and differences of languages, without entering into any consideration of their special nature. This, indeed, is a distinct topic ; full of interesting matter, but too extensive to be entered upon in our present paper. Dr. Wiseman has glanced at it in the conclusion of his second lecture, and has pointed to one of the

ulterior purposes of wisdom and goodness which have been worked out by means of what appears, at first sight, to be an exclusively penal dispensation. Thought governs language; but it is no less true, though not, perhaps, so often felt and acknowledged, that language re-acts upon thought; so that the mind of a nation must, in a great measure, correspond to the language it possesses.

Now there is this remarkable difference between the two great languages that have been so often mentioned,—the Semitic, and the Indo-European; that while the former is “destitute of particles and of grammatical forms suited to express the relations of things, unyielding in its construction, and confined, by the dependence of its words on verbal roots, to ideas of outward action,”—the Indo-European enjoys “a wonderful suppleness in expressing the inward and outward relations of things, by flexions in its nouns, by conditional and indefinite tenses in its verbs, by the tendency to make or adapt innumerable particles, but principally by the powerful and almost unlimited faculty of compounding words; joined whereunto is the facility of varying, inverting, and involving the construction, and the power of immediately and completely transferring the force of words from a material to a purely mental representation.”

And may we not see in this an adaptation of the peculiar qualities of these languages to the successive dispensations of revealed religion? So long as divine truth was to be preserved rather than propagated, it was embodied in a language admirably suited for simple historical narrative, for positive precept, for sententious proverb, for “sensuous” poetry; and it was entrusted to a people who, amid all the trying mutations of their national fortunes, clang, with stern tenacity, to the traditions of their fathers. But no sooner does that mighty epoch arrive, when the stationary oracles,—increased by new and peculiar elements of truth, replenished and invigorated with fresh light and life from heaven itself, and so thereby transformed from a local and temporary code into the catholic and everlasting Gospel,—are destined to spread from land to land, “to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people;” no sooner is this transformation effected, than a corresponding transfer takes place as regards the family of languages whose myriad tongues are to carry the “glad tidings” from pole to pole: and that family is selected which possesses a peculiar ability to pierce the heart, to trace the finest lines of human thought, to depict the most delicate shades of human feeling; a mighty instrument, yet gentle as the breathed air, equal to all the demands made upon it by the philosopher, the historian, the orator, and the poet.

We must not suffer ourselves to enter, at present, upon any of the topics of Dr. Wiseman’s succeeding lectures; but we will borrow the beautiful conclusion of his twelfth lecture, for our own.

“It is in every one’s power so to order his literary occupation as to render it subservient to his religious improvement, to the strengthening of his own solemn convictions; even though he be not blessed with talents sufficient to add unto

the sum of general evidence for the public benefit. For, if few are destined by Divine Providence to be as burning lights in His Church, yet hath each one a virginal lamp to trim; a small but precious light to keep burning within his soul, by feeding it ever with fresh oil, that it may guide him through his rugged path, and be not found dim and clogged when the bridegroom shall come. . . .

"When learning shall once have been thus consecrated, it will assume a calmer and more virtuous character than mere human knowledge can ever possess. An enthusiastic love of truth will be engendered in the soul, which will extinguish every meaner and more earthly feeling in its pursuit. We shall never look with a partizan's eye upon the cause, nor estimate it by personal motives; but, following the advice of the excellent Schlegel, we shall 'eschew all sorts of useless contention and uncharitable hate, and strive to keep alive a spirit of love and unity.' We shall consider the cause as too sacred to be conducted under the influence or with the aid of human passions. In the words of the poet it will seem to address us; inciting us indeed to seek victory, but only in the power of God:

Βούλου κρατεῖν μὲν, ξὺν Θεῷ ὅδ' αἰ κρατεῖν.*

"But these motives will have a still stronger power; they will ensure us success. For if once a pure love and unmixed admiration of religion animate our efforts, we shall find ourselves inflamed with a chivalrous devotion to her service, which will make us indefatigable and unconquerable, when armed in her service. Our quest may be long and perilous; there may come in our way enchantments and sorceries, giants and monsters, allurements and resistance; but onward we shall advance, in the confidence of our cause's strength; we shall dispel every phantasm, and fairly meet every substantial foe, and the crown will infallibly be ours. In other words, we shall submit with patience to all the irksomeness which such detailed examination may cause; when any objection is brought, instead of contenting ourselves with vague replies, we shall at once examine the very department of learning, sacred or profane, whence it hath been drawn; we shall sit down calmly, and address ourselves meekly to the toilsome work; we shall endeavour to unravel all its intricacies, and diligently to untie every knot; and I promise you, that, however hopeless your task may have appeared at first, the result of your exertions will surely be recorded in the short expressive legend, preserved on an ancient gem, which I trust I may consider as the summary and epilogue of these my lectures;

'RELIGIO VICISTI.'

RELIGION, THOU HAST CONQUERED!"

1. *Sulla Morale Cattolica Osservazioni di Alessandro Manzoni.*
2. *Tragedie ed altre Poesie di Alessandro Manzoni, Milanese.*
3. *Storia della Colonna Infame, di Alessandro Manzoni. Parigi: 1843.*
4. *I Promessi Sposi, Storia Milanese del secolo xvi.*

To a religious mind, it affords a delightful satisfaction to see a person, who is able to command the admiration of the world, submitting himself, with child-like faith, to the teaching of the Church. We would not, for a moment, be supposed to sympathize with the wretched modern notion that religion is honoured

* Sophoc. Ajax, 764.

by such a sacrifice; far from it. We believe (and are not ashamed of the belief,) that the gospel is preached to the poor, and received by the poor in spirit only. We believe that the rich, and the learned, and the powerful-minded, in ranging themselves with the humble men of heart, do honour to themselves, and therefore it is a matter of rejoicing. We do not think that religion is praised by their being religious; but we do think that they are benefited; and we think this a peculiar subject of joy.

Men of deep and vigorous intellect, possessed of the power of communicating their thoughts and feelings to the world, naturally command the admiration and respect of those less exalted than themselves; they are those to whom many talents are committed. They do (in one or other manner,) exhibit their endowments to their fellow-labourers, and it cannot but be that, regarding the present state of things alone, they should be looked up to with more than common interest. The pleasure, then, of seeing them using their talents towards the end for which they were given, is great, in proportion as the pain would be great of seeing them misuse them to their own condemnation, and the harm of others. One rejoices that they are laying up for themselves never-ending glory, equivalent to their faithfulness in a greater trust. It is pleasing to *man* to see human powers in their highest developments sanctified and consecrated, as it were, for a purer state, by being devoted to Him who gave them. The first step towards such a devotion of great powers, is the submission of reason to faith; the next is, their employment in furtherance, or defence, of the faith; and the latter will flow almost as a matter of consequence from the former. Submission, or passive obedience, will issue in obedience of action—the devotion of a man's whole powers to the cause of truth.

The works which stand at the head of this article, will illustrate, as they have suggested, these remarks.

Manzoni is a layman, long known, and very deservedly celebrated, in his own country, and in Germany and France, as the originator of a new era of dramatic composition. His deep feeling, his power of understanding and developing character, the manly vigour, at the same time, and sweet simplicity of his style, the clear and interesting disposition of his plots, and the noble manner in which he spurns the narrow boundaries of *worldly* poetical justice, have succeeded in gaining him the admiration and love of his countrymen, notwithstanding their prejudice (strengthened by long habit, and great authority,) against the peculiar characteristic of his tragedies, compared with those of his predecessors and contemporaries. He boldly broke through the two unities of time and place, demanded to be judged according to his own rules, and succeeded. His first tragedy, "Il Carmagnola," soon made its way over the Alps, and, in addition

to an ordinary popularity, obtained an attentive perusal, a patient analysis, and a warm panegyric, from Goëthe, who wishes that "all the admirers of Italian literature may read this piece of M. Manzoni's with the same care as himself, appreciate it with the same candour, and rest as well satisfied with it." "Adelchi," the second of his tragedies, met with an equally brilliant and wide-spread popularity. The choruses which are interspersed in these two tragedies discover a like power of excellence in lyric pieces; but, perhaps, in none of his works does the author show himself more wonderfully endued with imagination, discrimination of character, power of description, purity of taste, and elegance of style, than in the story of "I Promessi Sposi," a work of which we shall say but little at present, because we hope, at some future time, to be able to give it a place by itself.

All these works are pervaded by a nobleness of sentiment, and an acuteness of moral judgment, which, while they inspire respect and love for the author, assure one that they spring from some deep fountain of good within. "*La Morale Cattolica*" discovers to us the hidden source of these refreshing waters. Here we see a deep reverence for holy things; a bold profession of unhesitating, unquestioning faith in the doctrines of a religion known once for all to be revealed;* a sincere love for truth, shown, not in a profane trust in his own powers, (great though they be,) but in a willingness to be taught by an authorized teacher. Nothing, it seems to us, is more absurd than to call that common-place compound of curiosity and self-trust, which goes under the name of philosophical inquiry, a love of truth. It would be much better named, love of one's own way. If a person really loves truth, he will seek it where it is most likely to be found; he will be diffident of his own limited range of inquiry, and still more limited experience; he will ask of those who are most likely to know; he will trust those who are best informed; *i. e.* he will be teachable—he will bow to authority. Manzoni is a noble example of this temper of faith; it shines out in every page of his book in defence of the "*Moral Teaching of the Church*," and is there beautifully allied with an energetic employment of his deep powers of reasoning, and happy clear-

* "Certainly faith includes the submission of reason: this submission is required by reason itself, which acknowledging certain principles, is reduced to the alternative of believing certain inevitable consequences not understood by reason, or of renouncing the principles. Reason having acknowledged that the christian religion is revealed by God, cannot afterwards throw doubt upon any portion of the revelation: doubt would be not only irreligious, but absurd."—*Morale Cattolica*, p. 2. It is astonishing how often this truth has to be repeated to people; and yet many never take it in. No one, indeed, could deny it theoretically, (except, perhaps, a latitudinarian—it is hard to say what he *could not do*,) but practically men forget it or put it aside every second or third day of their lives;—witness the fear many persons have of an objection.

ness of argument, in behalf of the moral influence of "the truth once delivered to the saints."

It has been objected to Manzoni, that, for a long time, he has been so swallowed up in religious contemplation, that he has quite withdrawn from the literary world. This is only what we should expect from the author of the "*Morale Cattolica*." We look to see one so humble, so faithful, and withal so great, go on unto perfection. Every page of his book indicated a mind, not only not likely to be satisfied with literary occupations, of however high a cast, and however useful in their way, but one which would not stop short of an entire devotion to the highest subjects which can occupy an immortal intelligence. It was not, therefore, with surprise that we noticed (in the pages of a recent book of Travels,) the expression of his opinion, that "we must all come to theology at last."

This year, however, Manzoni has appeared again before the world, and *not* as a theologian. The little volume, containing the history of the "Column of Infamy at Milan," has come out, in fulfilment of a promise made many years ago, in "*I Promessi Sposi*," and in behalf of the cause of humanity and justice. The author has employed his vivid powers of description, and the calm dignity of irresistible argument against the system of torture employed in judicial trials; a system whose wretched effects were never shown with a more absurd mixture of folly and cruelty, than during the desolating plague which raged in Milan in the seventeenth century. When the plague was at its height, the populace suddenly became possessed with the notion that the disease was caused by a subtle poison with which the walls of the houses had been anointed by some malicious persons, banded together for the destruction of the city. In consequence of this suspicion, many innocent persons were taken up, and compelled, by cruel tortures, to inculpate themselves, and others equally innocent. The house in which the first of these unfortunate men who was seized, resided, was pulled down, and a column built on the spot in commemoration of his crime, which went ever after by the name of the "Column of Infamy." Of these trials this little book is a history and critical analysis. The aim of the author is to set forth the great moral guilt of such public iniquity. He would show that a people is responsible for its acts; that universal excitement, carried to such a pitch as to blind the judgment, is no excuse for injustice, but rather a part of the fault. He would warn the people of his own times against similar excitement on any subject. He had in view, too, we cannot doubt, to set before those in power the duty of maintaining careful considerate justice in their measures. This being his object, we cannot but admire the calm dignity which pervades his book, contrasted as it is with the very different character

of political discussions, whose immediate object is the events of the day. The remoteness of the events which he comments upon, allows him to treat of general principles with a self-possession which commands respect, as surely as the uncontrolled excitement of party-feeling destroys it; and with an evident absence of prejudice and private interest which predisposes the mind of the reader to the reception of his reasonings in their full force.

We have spoken of the high opinion of Manzoni's tragedies entertained by so great a judge as Goëthe, and of their widespread popularity in his own country. We cannot hope to convey to the English reader any adequate idea of the beauty of "*La Lingua che nell' anima si Sente*" [the language that is felt in the soul,] in Manzoni's hands; however, we will give a specimen or two.

The following scene is from "*Il Carmagnola*:" The count *Il Carmagnola* had been employed by the Venetians as commander-general of their forces, in a war against the duke of Milan, to whom *Il Carmagnola* had formerly done great service, which had been requited with ingratitude, shown in so determined a manner, that the duke's successful general had become his bitterest enemy. This war against the duke of Milan, *Il Carmagnola* had conducted at first with success; reverses followed, and he became suspected of infidelity to Venice. In consequence he was recalled, on pretence of a consultation of peace, but, in reality, that he might come into the power of the senate, at a distance from his army, and be got rid of as quietly as circumstances would allow. This design was successfully executed, to the everlasting shame of the then Venetian government. While his mock-trial was proceeding, the following dialogue took place between *Antoinetta*, his wife, and his daughter *Matilda*, who supposed him to have passed the night in amicable consultation upon future measures with the government:—

MATILDA.

The morning breaks, and yet my father comes not.

ANTOINETTA.

Ah! thou must learn to know by proof, my child,
Joys long expected slowly come, nor come
At all sometimes; quick only is misfortune;
Scarce seen, she is upon us. But the night
Is past, the painful hours of watch are o'er:
Few moments sped, the hour of joy will strike:
He cannot now be long:—from this delay
I augur well: the consultation lasts
So long, they must consult of peace,—and then
He will be ours—ours for a long, long time.

MATILDA.

O mother, so I, too, would hope; enough
Of nights in tears and days in sad suspense

We have endured. It now is time that we
 No more each hour, at every passing news,
 At every murmur of the crowd, should tremble :
 No more our downcast soul should thrill with fear,
Perhaps he whom we mourn is dead.

ANTOINETTA.

O thought
 Of fear! but now at least it is far off.
 My child, all joy compares itself with grief.
 Rememb'rest thou the day thy noble sire
 In triumph rode, by noble men surrounded,
 Bearing the ensigns of the enemy,
 To grace the holy church?

MATILDA.

Oh day!

ANTOINETTA.

All days
 Seem less than that; the air his name resounded,
 And we, divided from the crowd, meanwhile,
 Beheld this one on whom all eyes were fixt:—
 The inebriate heart repeated tremblingly
We, we are his.

MATILDA.

Moments of bliss!

ANTOINETTA.

And we,
 What have we done to merit this? To this
 Peculiar joy, kind Heaven has chosen us
 From thousands.—Thee it chose; and marked thy brow
 With that great name, which whoso bears walks proudly.
 Of how much envy is our lot the mark!
 And we must pay the debt with grief like this.

MATILDA.

Ah! it is at an end . . . listen, I hear
 The dash of oars . . . it grows on us . . . it ceases . . .
 The doors roll back . . . Ah! surely he is here!
 O mother! I beheld an armed man; 'tis he!

ANTOINETTA.

Who can it be if 'tis not he? . . . My spouse . . .

[Enter Gonzaga.

Gonzaga! . . . where, where is my spouse? . . . Have you
 No answer for me? Heavens! your look betrays
 Some dire misfortune.

GONZAGA.

Ah! too true it speaks!

MATILDA.

To whom misfortune?

GONZAGA.

Why, ladies, do you make

So cruel a request?

ANTOINETTA.

Alas! you try to spare,
 With pity moved:—your pity is most cruel.

Keep us not in suspense! in God's name speak!
Where is my spouse?

GONZAGA.

Heaven give you strength to hear.

The Count . . .

MATILDA.

Has to the field returned, perhaps

GONZAGA.

Ah! he no more returns: he has offended
The lords who rule, and he is seized.

ANTOINETTA.

Seized! why .

GONZAGA.

Accused of treason.

ANTOINETTA.

He a traitor!

MATILDA.

Oh!

My father!

ANTOINETTA.

Now proceed; we are prepared
For all. What will they do to him?

GONZAGA.

From me

You shall not hear.

ANTOINETTA.

What! is he slain?

GONZAGA.

He lives;

But sentence is pronounced.

ANTOINETTA.

He lives! weep not,

My child, this is the time for work; weep not.
Gonzaga, for the sake of gentle pity,
Leave us not in misfortune; Heaven confides
Us to your care, helpless and desolate,—
He was thy friend. Quick, let us go; be thou
Our guide unto his judges. Come with me,
Poor innocent: oh! come—pity on earth
Still dwells:—they, too, are husbands, they are fathers—
Sure, when they wrote his sentence, they forgot
That he was husband; that he had a daughter—
But when they see what grief one word of theirs
Has caused: they, too, will tremble. Ah! they *must*
Recall their word—the sight of grief to man
Is terrible.—Perhaps he, brave and proud,
Deigned not to justify himself; perhaps
He deigned not to remind them of his deeds
For them. We can recall his services.
Ah! well I know he would not beg: but we
Will beg.

GONZAGA.

[Going.

Oh heavens!—why cannot I one hope
 Leave to the desolate! There is no place
 For prayer; the judges here are deaf, implacable—
 Unknown: the lightning bolt is hurled;—on high
 The wielding hand is hidden in the clouds.
 One comfort yet remains, the sad relief
 Of seeing him, and I will take you there.
 But swift time hastes away; take heart; fearful
 The trial: but the God of the unhappy
 Will be with you.

MATILDA.

Is there no hope?

ANTOINETTA.

My child!

[Exeunt.

We cannot better describe the character of the count, than
 by giving part of the sad scene which follows:—

(ANTOINETTA, MATILDA, GONZAGA, AND THE COUNT.)

ANTOINETTA.

My husband! . . .

MATILDA.

Oh! my father!

ANTOINETTA.

And dost thou *thus* return? Is this the moment
 Desired so long? . . .

THE COUNT.

O most unhappy women!
 God knows, to me this hour is terrible
 For you alone. Familiar sight long time
 Is death to me,—expected long. For you
 Alone I stand in need of courage. Would
 You take it from me? surely not. When God
 Upon the good rains down misfortune, then
 He gives the heart to bear it. Be your hearts
 Equal to your hard fate! Taste we this sweet
 Embrace: it is the gift of Heaven—e'en this.
 My child, thou weepest! and thou, too, mine own?
 Ah! when I made thee mine, sweetly thy days
 Ran on in peace: I called on thee to share
 My hapless fate: this thought poisons the hour
 Of death. Why could not I foresee what thou
 For me wouldst suffer?

ANTOINETTA.

O mine own!—the light
 Of my young heart on festive days! Behold
 I die of grief: but yet I cannot wish
 To be not thine.

THE COUNT.

Too well I know how much
 I lose in losing thee. Oh! make me not
 Feel it too keenly!

MATILDA.

Oh! the murderers!

THE COUNT.

No, sweet Matilda, let not blighting cry
 Of rancorous vengeance fall from thy pure lips:
 Disturb not these last moments; they are sacred.
 Great is the wrong, but pardon it, and thou
 Shalt see one joy remains amid our griefs—
 'Tis death! The cruellest enemy can but speed
 The hour . . .

ACT V. *Scene 5th and last.*

We do not give any specimens from the "*Adelchi*," because we feel conscious that our attempts can convey but a feeble idea of the beauty of the original. Both the tragedies abound with fine passages, well suited to tempt the pen of an ambitious translator; but as the nature of the subjects was not of a kind to draw out the religious character of the author's mind, we will pass on to the "*Morale Cattolica*," a work which treats of topics that cannot fail to be peculiarly interesting in the present day.

The great contest between the Church and the world has been, we suppose, pretty much the same in all ages, and in all countries. Ever has it been the fate of the Church to be misunderstood, misinterpreted, and maligned, by worldly-hearted men; and ever has it pleased the Great Head of the Church to raise up bold and powerful defenders of His holy truth. We believe that this contest is now going on in this country, and becoming every day more openly a spectacle to men and angels. We are in the midst of the contest. It has thickened round us. It has spread far and wide, from city to town, from town to village, from village to the houses of those who dwell alone with nature. It has, at the same time, drawn its ranks more closely around each individual. Each is interested; each has chosen his part (each at least of the younger of us). We hope for the future, and we fear; nor do we know which emotion shall predominate. We hope, when we see so much earnestness, humility, and holiness, engaged on our side;—we hope, again, when we see so much bitterness and hatred against us;—we fear, when we remember what we deserve—when we think upon the awful guilt, individual and national, which lies at our door;—we fear, still more, if we think we can see evil passions, pride, anger, contempt, employed by those who would be defenders of the truth—if we see the children of the Church returning railing for railing. All that claims our reverence and our love, is involved in the issue of this contest. We cannot, then, look without interest on the same contest in another country. And in this little book of Manzoni's, there is much to encourage us in more ways than one. He is, in it, employed in the same task of

defending the Church, at whose breast he was nourished, against infidels and heretics, which has fallen to the lot of the best and wisest spirits of our own days and country, in behalf of *our* holy Mother; and it is remarkable, that, with some few exceptions, his defence is of the same tone and aspect as characterise our present writers in defence of Catholic truth against similar attacks, as well as their predecessors, the great divines of the seventeenth century. Catholic truth is necessarily the same in all ages, and in all true branches of the Church; and serious Catholic minds will naturally defend the deposit on like grounds. We do not mean to say that we would recommend the "*Morale Cattolica*" to young persons unversed in those unhappy controversies which have broken up the external unity of the Church. We do not mean to say that Manzoni does not undertake to defend some dogmas which we hold to be the inventions of man, unsupported by the word of God, and untaught by THE Church; we should be rebellious children to our own Mother if we did not. But we believe, that it is by no false process of argument that he upholds these errors: his argument is *like* that by which all Catholic truth is defended; but his premises are untrue. *He claims the same deference to one branch of the Church divided, which we believe due to the Church united.* We cannot believe that she, in whom our blessed Lord dwells, can be permitted to give up wholly any portion of His truth, or to teach universally anything as His truth, which is false: Manzoni requires us to receive as undoubted truth all that the Churches in communion with Rome have taught, because they have taught it. When he says, *The Church*, he means the Churches under Rome. Their absolute authority, of course, we do not allow, when they speak beyond or against the Church universal; but where their teaching agrees with the teaching of the Church as it was undivided, we allow the validity of his argument, because his premise includes ours. Hence it is, that while the tone of his argument is like that of Anglicans, the result is, in the great majority of cases, the same.

With this caution, to prevent misconception of our meaning, we return to what we said before, that there is much about this little book cheering and encouraging to those who are fearing for the result of the contest for Catholic truth in this country.

In the accusations brought against the moral teaching of the Church by Sismondi, which Manzoni undertakes in this work to refute, one recognises that self-satisfied matter-of-course assumption of the point in question, which seems at all times to have characterised the language of the world towards the Church. It has always been the lot of the followers of a despised Master to be despised by the world; but as he deigned, on many occasions, to silence the objections of the proud, and to put them to

shame, by the use of human arguments, which His enemies could neither gainsay nor resist, so it has pleased Him (carrying out the promise made to His immediate followers,) to enable the defenders of His truth so to speak that their enemies have been put to silence; finding neither how they may oppose the irresistible force of truth, nor how they may, without shame to themselves, cast back scorn and reproach upon those whose words have breathed of that spirit of gentleness and meekness which shows them to be faithful followers of One who would not strive nor cry.

Such a union of power and meekness in the common cause of our holy faith, is an encouragement to us, as far as we can recognise (and who can doubt that we may?) the same heavenly impress on the language of many of those who are now carrying on the contest for truth among us. It is at the same time a token of brotherhood, (not to be despised when visible tokens are few,) and a real bond of union between those who outwardly are divided. Where the evil passions and errors of men have separated congenial spirits, He on whom they both rely, imprints His mark upon each—a mark beheld and deciphered by the angels, though the earthly eyes of men cannot see it, or know not what it means.

The contempt and ill-treatment of the world are, as it were, pledges of success to the Church. Against the former, not sparingly expressed, Manzoni has had to contend. In the boldly-urged censures of one individual are contained a whole class of the modern world's objections against the entire system of the Gospel law. All that appeals to faith, all that requires obedience, is set aside with that business-like air which indicates perfect self-gratulation, which apparently would be quickly stirred up into bitter scorn if it met with the slightest opposition. With this he has had to contend, and has come off more than victorious. The defenders of truths dear to us must be prepared, it seems, for a more positive exhibition of the world's feelings towards truth than this. Already has persecution begun. One act of oppression has been responded to by a loud and wide-spread cry of triumph. This we take to be a pledge of success. Ever have the humbling doctrines of the gospel grown more vigorously and been rooted more deeply when trampled under foot in the person of their defenders. The infant Church, scattered abroad by persecution, went every where *preaching*. S. Athanasius defended the faith against an almost unanimous world, while he himself, an exile and a fugitive, was enduring his share of the trials described by the great Apostle as the lot of a wanderer. S. Anselm triumphed over the arbitrary will of earthly power by submissive bearing united with courageous firmness, and was then really strongest

when he seemed to have lost all. S. Thomas of Canterbury sealed his victory by death. Archbishop Laud had a like reward, and preserved the English Church from destruction. In all these instances (and we might multiply them almost indefinitely) the cause prevailed while its upholders suffered: nor is it wonderful that it should be so, when the instrument of His victory, who is the Captain of our salvation, was death. So we doubt not it will be, and perhaps on no lesser scale, if the leading defenders of truth should be called upon to suffer more in the cause than they have already.

But it is time that we allowed Manzoni to speak for himself. We choose a passage in which he speaks of *himself*; and allows us to see with what feelings he undertook the task of fault-finding, even where the object of his censure is himself a fault-finder.

"A weak but sincere apologist of a moral doctrine whose end is love; persuaded that the sentiment of benevolence which arises in the heart of the ordinary-minded, is more noble and more valuable than the ample and sublime conception which originates in the mind of a great thinker; persuaded that the finding in the opinions of another a disparity with our own, ought to put us upon cultivating sentiments of esteem and affection towards him, just because our corrupt inclinations might draw us unjustly the other way; if I have not observed in this little book the most scrupulous feelings towards the author I undertake to refute, that certainly has so happened against my intention. I hope it has not happened, and I reject, by anticipation, every less considerate interpretation of my words."—*Preface* vi.

We suppose that no one, except the author himself, could for a moment have imagined such a protest to be necessary.

The following passage nobly defends, while it puts in a very striking view the disciplinary nature of the Church system:—

"Persons frequently separate and find fault with two kinds of religious precepts, which ought rather to be united and admired in their mutual relation. Of the first kind, are continual prayers, regulation of sensual appetites, perpetual resistance against setting the heart on things of this world, reference of every thing to God, watchfulness against the beginnings of immoderate desires, and such like. Of these it is said that they are despicable observances; chains, which bind down the mind without producing any good result; employments for the cloister.

"Of the second kind are precepts, difficult to fulfil, but yet so evidently right, that men cannot deny their obligation. To obey these precepts, requires sacrifices against which the senses rebel; sacrifices which our soft and servile heart regards as heroic, but which reason declares to be no other than duties of strict rectitude. With regard to these, it is said that we must take men as they are, and not require perfection from a feeble nature. But religion, for this very reason, just because she knows the weakness of that nature on which she would operate, for this very reason, surrounds it with aiding power. For this very reason, that the combat is terrible, she would prepare man for it all his life. Just because we have a mind that a strong impression suffices to disturb, that the importance and urgency of a choice confound, while they require of it calmness; just because habit exercises a sort of rule over us, religion fills up every moment of our life to accustom us to self-command, to submission of passion to reason, to serenity of mind.

"Religion, from the time of the Apostles downwards, has been compared to a warfare. Following out this similitude, we may say, that, whoever cannot see and appreciate the unity of her maxims and discipline, acts like one who thinks it strange that soldiers should habituate themselves to the evolutions of warfare, and undergo fatigue and privation, when there are no enemies."—*Morale Catt.* cap. xiv. p. 158.

The objections here noticed are identical with that ordinary sort of declamation against the Church of Rome which one has been accustomed to hear from one's childhood; and very much like, also, to the objections lately brought up against the abstinence and stricter self-denial put forward by those who enter into the true spirit of our Church. But there is another and subtler form of objection to self-discipline which Manzoni does not mention, because the persons he has to deal with would, probably, be the last to make it. With us, however, it is a very common objection, and one which some persons think unanswerable. And minds of a different stamp there are, who, left to the wholesome instinct of a humble heart, would gladly submit themselves to such discipline; but (in great measure because of their humbleness,) they are frightened by the plausibility of the objection of which we speak. We mean the notion that the whole system of discipline, as a preparation for trial, is founded on some degree of self-dependence. Persons would say that Christians do not need such an artificial strength as is acquired by self-denial in matters indifferent, that, on the contrary, it is vain to expect strength in such a way, because we should thereby be looking to ourselves for strength. Such is the form the objection commonly takes among us; to which the answer is plain, that it has seldom pleased the Almighty to work anything in us without means; that we cannot expect to be strengthened by His might, except in the use of the means He has appointed; and that self-discipline, prayer, and the holy sacraments, are the means which we are taught by His Church to use thankfully and trustfully.

We cannot arrange our extracts in any very precise order; but, perhaps, the next will carry our thoughts a little further in the same direction as the preceding.

"It is a truth, as well known as it is humiliating, that the abuse of meats exercises a degrading influence on the mind. A series of thoughts, grave, well-regulated, magnanimous, benevolent, can be interrupted by a merry-making; and in the very seat of thought arises a sort of carnal enthusiasm, an exaltation of the senses, which renders persons indifferent to things of the greatest importance, which destroys or weakens their sense of the beautiful, and urges them towards sensuality and egotism. Sobriety preserves the faculties of the individual, as our illustrious author (Sismondi) justly observes; *but religion does not content herself with this effect*, nor with virtue such as this, known even to the Gentiles. Having revealed the profound evils of humanity, she has made it her duty to proportion the remedy to them. In the pleasures of the palate, which may be combined with sobriety, she sees a sensual tendency which turns man away from his true destiny; and,

in cases where the evil has not yet begun, she points out the danger. She commands abstinence as an indispensable precaution to one who must sustain a combat against the law of his members; she commands it as an expiation for the faults into which human weakness causes even the best to fall; she commands it, again, as an act of justice, of charity, that the privations of the faithful may serve to supply the wants of others; to distribute necessary subsistence in such a manner among men, that those two sad contradictories may disappear from society, profusion where there should be fasting, hunger where there is want of bread."—P. 178.

The following testimony to an interesting fact, from one well informed, and worthy of credence, is pleasing:—

"Abstinence from flesh is a means prescribed by the Church to facilitate the acquirement of penitence . . . If there are those who elude it, yet there are not wanting rich persons who obey sincerely, and in the spirit of penitence, the law of penitence; there are not wanting those among the poor who, forced to a sobriety which they render noble and voluntary by loving it, find means of treating the body with greater severity on those days in which a special humiliation is prescribed by the Church; these she considers as her richest ornament, her best-loved sons."—P. 184.

We think few serious-minded readers can peruse the very striking chapter "*Sulla dottrina della penitenza*," without a degree of sadness. Certainly one must feel more and more daily (and the parochial clergy will, perhaps, have felt this most strongly,) that those who would become penitents, and live the life of penitents, do stand in need of some external help; some visible act of the Church by which they, as what they are, may be recognised as among those for whom she has especial care: for whose case she has provided. Two things they want—two things which they have lost by the loss of discipline; they want encouragement, in the shape of some assurance, that they may claim something; they want, *i. e.* to be withheld awhile from the full portion of the upright, that they may have some *proper* ground of trust that *some* portion may be theirs. And, on the other hand, they want not seldom to be reminded that they are penitents; they want an external help to keep them in a penitent's condition. In default of the Church's living voice, they are thrown back (alas! too often on themselves alone! or) on such discipline as their individual spiritual guide may give them: and so a burden of responsibility is often laid upon him which he is little able to bear. Is not such a want as this acknowledged, in a manner, by the preaching and publishing of the Hebrew professor's late sermon, "*The Holy Eucharist a comfort to the Penitent*"? True and great benefit, we trust, will many a penitent derive from it; and we hail this cheering thought as a bright spot amid the dark waters of unholy and angry controversy which are rolling around that memorable discourse. A blessed comfort we think that it suggests; but its teaching does not supply *both* the wants which we have noted. We cannot say more at present on this point, but must refer such as

wish to see some deeply interesting thoughts on the subject, to the chapter itself, the 8th of the "Morale Cattolica."

We have one more quotation to make; it contains some acute distinctions on the moral sense. Speaking of Locke he says:—

"He has proved that men vary prodigiously in the application of the idea of justice, but he has not observed that they agree in having an universal persuasion that there are just and unjust things; actions becoming, or base. Those who, since his time, have established this truth, have, I do not say confuted a great error of his system, but certainly filled up a great void in it.

"But, comparing the truth discovered by Locke with this latter, there results a third consequence, and that is, the necessity of a Divine law as a holy and infallible rule of morality. The universal moral sense of mankind proves the aptitude of man to receive an universal rule, and to apply it. That Finger which wrote the law, had already formed the heart of man with a disposition to understand and recognise it."—P. 21, Note.

Certainly, the one little remark with which this begins, shows how utterly impotent, even an infinitely-extended induction on the system of Locke would be to disprove a moral sense; and the consequence drawn from the comparison of the result of Locke's induction with the true doctrine of the moral sense, suggests, as it were, a new link in the mysterious chain which unites nature with revelation.

Here we take leave of Manzoni. If, in remarking upon his character and writings we have been all but indefinitely excursive, we trust that the wide field over which we have had the liberty of expatiating—in which, too, bright flowers and rich fruits were ever tempting us in a new direction—will be our excuse, should such be demanded, for the character of our notice of this very remarkable writer.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Change for the American Notes; in Letters from London to New York. By an American Lady. London: Wiley and Putnam. 1843.

The Attaché, or Sam Slick in England. By the Author of the "Clockmaker," &c. 2 vols. London: Bentley. 1843.

WHAT, more pleadings in the great case of Old England versus America! How can any decision be expected, when, to adopt the terms of the ecclesiastical courts, both parties are daily amending their libels, and putting in new matter of evidence? In the two books at the head of this notice we have England sketched from America and her own colonies; the opinions of a genuine Yankee New Yorker, and of a Nova Scotia Judge under false colours. The one all sneering and bitterness, the other sharp, honest, and true; reading our legislators a lesson on colonial government under the

guise of a humorous story; converting the Yankee sport of goose-pulling into a hint for governor generals, and the Prince de Joinville's horse into a lesson on colonial protection. Some, peradventure, of our readers, when they see the comforting words, "Change for American Notes," duly advertised in long black letters on the first pages of the newspapers and reviews, may delude themselves into the idea that, at last, our transatlantic brethren have ceased not only "repudiating," but "non-paying," and returned to the prospects of honesty. Pleasing delusion!—delusive pleasure! It is but a savage growl on England, in return for Mr. Dickens's semi-savage snarl on America; an ill-natured "tu quoque" to his "American Notes."

The writer professes to be a lady of good station in society, and corresponds with her friend at New York. Of course we may not say her nay; but it must strike every one, that whilst sketches of ginshops, and specimens of the low slang of medical students, and such like tattle, intermixed with the witticisms of omnibus cads, are rather inconsistent with even her claims to respectability, there can be little doubt that the writer is much more at home in a sketch in St. Giles's, or in a Gravesend boat, than in the drawing-room, or the court. The one set of sketches seems from life, the other savours too much of the borrowed plumes.

Our American she-Mentor opens with sundry lines of pathos regarding widowhood in a large city, in which she philosophizes on the cause of first and second marriages, and the short duration of weeds, from a sensation of "one-sided (lop-sided?) loneliness," which, from experience in both states, she tells her friend, Miss Blank, pervades those classes of society. And then with the true spirit of a member of the Anti-marry-young-men-who-drink-gin-Sling-society, she lowers the beautiful saying of "the garden of herbs, where love is," to "better, the poor creature small beer, with the favour of a family about it, than imperial Tokay sipped from an unmated glass." Was there ever such a dangerous widow?

Our critic's sorrows, as she was on the look-out for them, did not fail to wait upon her at her very landing on the Custom-house wharf. The Custom-house officer would not leave others, to search her packages first, and so the lady was offended—O dear, no—*hurt* at the rudeness of all government officials. Then she could not believe that those who "poked glances under her bonnet," as she lounged up Regent-street, were not gentlemen; and she did believe that "the attentions ladies are taught to expect in society," are regarded by us "as a tax upon our time and speech, and like a tax, paid grudgingly, or not at all, if we can help it." Again, there are no reserved seats for ladies in railway carriages; and—horror of horrors—if you happen to run the time close, and have but a minute to get into the carriage, "you must climb and push your way to your place over gentlemen's knees as well as you can, and sit down feeling you are one crimson."

Is it possible "that a sedate looking sergeant, [?] in some horse regiment, stationed at Windsor, did not know where Runnymede was?" nor the young lady and gentleman whose courting was sorely broken in upon by our critic's renewed inquiries after the place of Magna Charta? Even so; and yet, says our lady, "I never had to inquire

more than once in the United States for any spot hallowed by the memory of a glorious deed." It is some centuries since our own isle has been the spot on which her sons have written their glorious deeds; they have preferred the land of their enemies. The age of America is but that of an infant. No one could tell our lady where Herne's oak was. Probably not. It is said that the park-keeper, in George the Third's time, cut it down.

We pass over the authoress's ill-natured sneer at the charity-schools of our metropolis, willing to set it against her right-thinking, but ill-written critique on the exhibitions at St. Paul's on the day of the Sons of the Clergy, and her just denunciation of so-called charity dinners.

As in this country no man ever yet spoke in parliament for more than five hours, and as, in her land, members go on for more than two days at a stretch, we hope her countrymen will profit by what is intended to be very severe on poor England.

"The length of some speeches in Parliament seems to me very impolitic; he cannot be an accomplished debater who requires more than an hour to deliver his sentiments or arguments. To go into a long historical or statistical detail is a poor compliment to the intelligence of the members, who ought not to need such information. I am always tempted to believe that a very long speech contains very thin matter."

Sam Slick hit the right nail on the head when he attributed all our long speeches and debates to the love of talking for "Bunkum;" but let him speak for himself; prefacing that the Attaché and his friend have just returned from a heavy debate in the house of commons.

"Then that English radical fellow, that spoke with a great voice and little sense, aint he a beauty without paint, that critter? He knowed he had to vote agin the bill, 'cause it was a government bill, and he knowed he had to speak for Bunkum. 'Bunkum,' I said, 'pray what is Bunkum?' 'Did you never hear of Bunkum?' 'No, never.' 'Well, if that don't pass. I thought every body knowed that word. I'll tell you then what Bunkum is. All over America every place like to hear of its members in Congress, and see their speeches; and if they don't, they send a piece to the paper, inquiring if their member died a natural death, or was skivered with a bowie knife, for they hante seen his speeches lately, and his friends are anxious to know his fate. Our free and enlightened citizyns don't approbate silent members: it don't seem as if Squashville, or Pumkenville, or Lumbertown, was right represented, unless Squashville, or Pumkenville, or Lumbertown, makes itself heard and known; ay, and feared too. So every fellow in bounden duty talks, and talks big too; and the smaller the state, the bigger, louder, and fiercer its members talk.

"Well, when a critter talks for talk sake, jist to have a speech in the paper to send home, and not for any airthly purpose but electioneering, our folks call it Bunkum. Now the state of Maine is a great place for Bunkum—its members for years threatened to run foul of England with all steam on, and sink her about the boundary line, voted a million of dollars, payable in pine logs and spruce boards, up to Bangor Mills—and called out an hundred thousand militia (only they never came) to capture a saw-mill at New Brunswick—that's Bunkum. All that flourish about right of sarch was Bunkum—all that brag about hanging your Canada sheriff was Bunkum.

"Well, they talk Bunkum here too, as well as there. Slavery speeches are all Bunkum; so are reform speeches too. Do you think them fellers that keep up such an everlasting gab about representation care one cent. about the extension of the franchise? Why no, not they; it's only to secure their seats—to gull their constituents, to get a name:—its Bunkum!"—Vol. II. pp. 137—139.

The American she-financier, who professes to give us hard cash for American Notes, ought to be indited for wholesale piracy, in selling out scraps from the pages of the *Sunday Times* and *Dispatch*, as her

remarks on English politics. Ignorant, as we happily are, of the majority of the radical mud troughs, yclept Sunday newspapers, we cannot hesitate to ascribe to Mr. Publicola, (the O as long as you can make it in the common tongue,) or Lucius Brutus, our American's Sentences on Education, Puseyism, (as she calls it,) Bishops, and Royal Stables. Accustomed, as the New York American lady doubtless has been, to the *Herald* and other disgraceful papers of her city, she could hardly fail to hail with delight the newspaper Sunday literature of our less favoured isle, and to recognise in the broadsheets of ribald falsehood with which they teem, the humble imitators of the leading journal of America.

We are not aware of any remark already passed by us on this work, which, by topping and tailing, may be converted into a general approval of the volume. Let us not despair. American ingenuity can effect much. And when we have seen the *respectable* publishers of this work convert the praise of one short sentence of the letters, afforded by a reviewer, into a general commendation of the book, we do not despair of seeing "CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCE" appended to a most eulogistic sentence in the next advertisement of the "Change for American Notes."

It is all very well for mammas and young ladies to run down clubs, and debate on the selfishness of these establishments. And perhaps the American widow was not far wrong in saying that "had these places existed in Thomson's day, their lazy luxury would have ensured honourable mention in the Castle of Indolence." But look at them, not as the lounge of those who would have lounged just as much without their club, but as the daily dining house of the members of every profession: the house where, instead of going to this or that dining house, and requesting the waiter to bring the meat and the dirt in separate plates, that he may mix according to his own, not their recipe, the member may have the comforts of home at the least expense, and may pass away a leisure evening in conversation and reading, instead of lounging at theatres, or frequenting the kind of clubs to which our ancestors were driven.

Oh, but, respond the ladies, the luxury of clubs renders young men unwilling to marry, and so has a bad effect on society; or, in other words, the comforts of clubs prevent many a young man from running headlong into an early marriage, without considering his resources or his prospects. Some persons would say, "So much the better."

"It is said of a reverend wit," says our authoress, "that when shown the magnificent drawing-room of the Reform Club, he expressed his admiration, but declared he would rather have their *room* than their company. The coffee-house life of Addison's and Steele's day, and the tavern life of a later period, seem unknown."

And thus, *ad libitum*, until the air of the Hall be redolent of sighs and tears. Mawkish sensibility always goes from home for its objects. The American is again right as to the modern cemeteries; "they are simply large flower-gardens, and many of the graves little flower-beds." We are not of those of whom the present laureate said—

"Who would crawl and botanize
Upon their mother's grave."

We do not admire these death gardens ; these would be lounges amid the tombs. But now for Sam Slick.

Through the mouth of Mr. Hopewell, whom the rebellion in America changed from parish minister of a small place in Connecticut to the pastor of a small congregation at Slickville, Sam Slick gives his opinion of the party that now holds the reins of government.

" 'What in natur are you, minister?' says Sam. 'A Tory.' 'A Tory! well, I thought that a Tory and a Conservative were, as the Indgians say, "all same one brudder." Where is the difference?' 'You will soon find that out, Sam; go and talk to a Conservative as a Tory, and you will find he is a Whig; go and talk to him again as a Whig, and you will find he is a Tory; they are for all the world like sturgeon. There is very good beef-steaks in sturgeon, and very good fish, too; and yet it aint either fish or flesh. I don't like taking a new name, it looks amazing like taking new principles, or, at all events, like loosening old ones; and I hante seed the creed of this here sect yet—I don't know what its tenets are, or where to look for 'em. It strikes me they don't accord with the Tories, and yet aint in tune with the Whigs; but are half a note lower than the one, and half a note higher than the other. Now changes in the body politic are always necessary, more or less, in order to meet the changes of the time, and the changes in the condition of mankind. Where they are necessary, make 'em, and a-done with 'em. Make 'em like men; not when you are forced to do so, and nobody thanks you; but when you see they are wanted and are proper, and don't alter your name.' 'Well, then, I ask, What is Conservatism? I am told that it means what it imports,—a conservation of things as they are. Where, then, is the difference? *If there is no difference, it is a mere juggle to change the name. If there is a difference, the name is worse than a juggle, for it don't import any.*'"—Vol. i. pp. 141-2, 152.

There is one chapter in the first volume which deserves being set out at full length; it is that on Cottages: in which the English clergy and the good specimens of our old rural population are staunchly defended; nor indeed can that which immediately follows it, "On stealing the hearts of the people," be rightly omitted in our praise. We must take a few extracts from both.

The old clergyman is in the poor man's cottage, has discovered how well the cotter's children have profited from the vicar's lessons, and thus he speaks:—

"Now look at this poor family; here is a clergyman provided for them, whom they do not, and are not even expected to pay; their spiritual wants are ministered to, faithfully and zealously, as we see by the instruction of this little child. Here is a friend on whom they can rely in their hour of trouble, as the bereaved mother did on Elisha. And when a long train of agitation, misgovernment, and ill-digested changes, have deranged this happy country, as has recently been the case, here is an indulgent landlord, disposed to lower his rent, or give further time for payment; or, if sickness invades any of these cottages, to seek out the sufferer, to afford the remedies, and, by his countenance, his kindness, and advice, to alleviate their troubles. Here it is a positive duty, arising from their relative situations of landlord and tenant. The tenants support the owner, the landlord protects the tenants, the duties are reciprocal."—Vol. i. p. 178.

One more extract from this chapter, and we have done with Mr. Hopewell for this time.

"But, Sam, the serpent is here, the serpent is here, beyond a doubt. It changes its shape, and alters its name, and takes a new colour; but still it is the serpent, and it ought to be crushed. Sometimes it calls itself liberal, then radical, then chartist, then agitator, then repealer, then political dissenter, then anti-corn law leaguer, and so on. Sometimes it stings the clergy, and coils round them, and almost strangles them; for it knows the Church is its greatest enemy, and it is furious against it.

Then it attacks the peers, and covers them with its froth and slaver, and then it bites the landlord. Then it changes form, and shoots at the queen or her ministers, and sets fire to buildings, and burns up corn, to increase distress; and when hunted away, it dives down into the collieries, or visits the manufactories, and maddens the people, and urges them to plunder and destruction. It is a melancholy thing to think of; but he is as of old, alive and active, seeking whom he can allure and deceive, and whoever listens is ruined for ever."—Vol. i. pp. 181, 182.

The following extract from the close of the ensuing chapter, winds up these reflections :—

"I do believe, on my soul, if religion was altogether left to the voluntary in this world, it would die a natural death; not that men wouldn't support it, but because it would be supported under false pretences. Truth can't be long upheld by falsehood. Hypocrisy would change its features, and intolerance its name; and religion would soon degenerate into a cold, intriguing, unprincipled, merciless superstition,—that's fact."—Vol. i. pp. 225, 226.

The Attaché seems unable to comprehend the very delicate compliment which we presume the leaders of the fashionable world intend to pay, when they ask a mob to their house, invite twice as many as can get into it, or into the columns of the monster *Times* on the following day, and call it *soirée musicale, dansante*, or some other Frenchified name. The learned Doctor Humbug's conversazione fares rather badly in the Attaché's hands.

"My first party to-night was a conversation one; that is, for them that could talk; as for me I couldn't talk a bit; and all I could think was how hot it is! I wish I could get out! It was a scientific party, a mob of men. Well, everybody expected somebody would be squashed to death, and so ladies went, for they always go to executions. 'Twas a conversation, warn't it? that's all. I couldn't understand a word I heard. Trap, Shale, Grey, Wacky; a petrified snail, the most important discovery of modern times. Bank governor's machine weighs sovereigns, light ones to the right, heavy ones to the left.

"'Stop,' says I, 'if you mean sovereign people here, there are none of them light. Right and left is both monstrous heavy; all over-weight, every one of 'em. I'm squeezed to death!' 'Very good, Mr. Slick, let me introduce you to—,' they are whipped off in the current, and I don't see 'em again no more. 'A beautiful show of flowers at the garden, Madam; they are all in full blow now. The rhododendron—had a tooth pulled out when she was asleep.' 'Please to let me pass, sir.' 'With all my heart, Miss, if I could; but I can't move; if I could, I would down on the carpet, and you should walk over me. Take care of your feet, Miss, I'm off mine. Bless me! what's this? it's half a frock hitched to my coat-button! Now I know what that scream meant.'

"'How do you do, Mr. Slick? When did you come?' 'Why I came——,' he's turned round and out of hearing. 'Xanthian marbles at the British Museum are quite wonderful; got into his throat; the doctor turned him upside down, stood him on his head, and out it came; his pinnet was too small.' 'Eddis's picture—capital painting,—fell out of a barge and was drowned.' 'Having been beat on the shilling duly, they will attack him on the fourpence, and thimble-rig him out of that.' 'They say Fugden's in town—hung in a bad light—at the Temple Church—who's that? Lady Fobus—paired off for the session—Brodie operated. Lady Francis—got the life-guards—there will be a division to-night. That's Sam Slick—made a capital speech in the House of Lords in answer to Brougham—Lobelia—voted for the bill—the Duchess is very fond of—Irish arms.'—Vol. ii. pp. 186—188.

And thus amid such pleasant disjointed talk did the Attaché get gradually squeezed into the entry, too glad to make his escape from a fashionable mob.

1. *A Letter to the Managers, Constituent Members, and Congregation of St. Paul's Chapel, Aberdeen.* By the Rev. SIR WILLIAM DUNBAR, S.C.L. *Presbyter of the Church of England.* Aberdeen: Wyllie. 1843.
2. *Answer to "A Letter," &c.* By one of the Congregation of St. Paul's, Aberdeen. Aberdeen: L. Smith. 1843.
3. *A Reply to "A Letter from one of the Congregation," &c.* By a Member of St. Paul's Congregation. Aberdeen: Wyllie. 1843.
4. *The Rev. Sir William Dunbar defended in a Reply to a recent Pamphlet, entitled "An Answer," &c.* Aberdeen: Wyllie. 1843.
5. *The Scottish Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Sir William Dunbar and his "Defenders," in reference to the Letter, &c.* Edinburgh: Grant. 1843.
6. *The Drummond and Dunbar Schism; being a reprint of an Article in the "Christian Remembrancer" for July, 1843.* Aberdeen: Brown. 1843.

ALTHOUGH in our last number we alluded to this most grievous affair, the present may be a fit occasion for adverting to the second, and, in some respects, improved edition of Mr. Drummond's withdrawal from the Church of Christ. The reviser and imitator of the Edinburgh Independent Teacher, is Sir William Dunbar, Bart. (of the Nova Scotia creation,) S.C.L. and formerly minister of the Floating Chapel on the river Thames. We mention these things, not because any one of them (though the S.C.L. has a suspicious look) is discreditable, but just as historical notes, to enrich the future ecclesiastical annals of Scotland.

The Reverend Baronet is a Scotchman, but was, we believe, ordained deacon and priest in England; and the Floating Chapel, we suppose, not answering, on the 16th of April, 1842, Sir William (we use his own words) "accepted from the managers, constituent members, and congregation of St. Paul's Chapel, Aberdeen, an invitation and call to become their minister," (Pamphlet No. 1, p. 5.) To be sure this has a strange smack and twang of "the Evangel," after the pattern of John Knox; but if the Scotch Church permits such phraseology, it is not our affair to set such things right.

Our readers have not now to learn of the existence, since the Hanoverian Persecution, of an anomalous body of Scotch laity, under pastors, English, Irish, or Scotch, who professed to be members of the Church of England, and who were not in communion with the Scotch bishops. This schism arose about the oaths to the house of Hanover, which were consistently refused by the Church of Scotland, although many "Episcopalians," *sit verbo venia*, did not partake in the political sentiments of the bishops. Unwilling to conform to the established religionism of the Kirk, and averse from the non-juring politics, they hit upon a third course, and obtained pastors, who, taking the government oaths, professed themselves Presbyters of the Church of England, though with the fatal inconsistency of being priests under no bishop. Gradually, by the prudence of the Scotch bishops, this awful schism

was healed, the so-called English congregations submitted to their bishops, and, at the present moment, saving Mr. Drummond's body of Independents, there are only two flocks, at Perth and Montrose, which have not conformed to their ghostly Fathers in God. But among the very last to conform, (we were in error last month in stating it to be "*the last*,"*) was the congregation of this St. Paul's Chapel, Aberdeen; however, they did, in 1841, unite themselves to the Church, and this in a Mr. Harris's incumbency. In 1842, Sir William Dunbar found, and accepted the charge of, this flock, in full communion with Bishop Skinner, and of consequence under the canons of that Church of which the Bishop of Aberdeen is *Primus*; but still, under a private deed of constituency, which, it is said, reserved to this one congregation of St. Paul's for ever a certain "distinctive character." This document (it is reprinted in No. 4) is certainly a very curious one; but we say this distinctly, if, as Sir William Dunbar argues, it contains any provision directly opposed to the letter of the canons, it is only waste paper. The bishop puts this very well; he says, (see No. 1, p. 9,) "he cannot acknowledge St. Paul's to have at one and the same time a distinctive and a united character;" *i. e.* it cannot be *both* Independent and Catholic, now church and now meeting. "Under *which* king, Bezonian?" this is the real question: it is of little use for the Reverend Baronet to argue that his "accepting the call" upon the force of the existence of the separate deed was equivalent to subscription to the canons under a reserve of the primary stringency of the deed: surely if the less is blessed of the greater, so must the less authority in the Church, should they clash, submit to the greater. The deed of union reserves certain *rights*, as they are termed, to the congregation of St. Paul's; these Bishop Skinner is said to have impugned. Let us see: and we accept Sir William's statement of his own case.

The deed requires the use of the English communion office, (the liturgy, that is,) in St. Paul's: the canons of the Church declare the Scotch liturgy to be "of primary authority," and to be used compulsorily on certain occasions, *permitting*, at the same time, the English liturgy, but sanctioning the Scotch. In the diocese of Aberdeen, it appears that most congregations, (see No. 5, p. 23,) among them, that of St. Andrew's, one of the Aberdeen churches, use the authorized form: the English is reserved to St. Paul's by the deed already alluded to.

Now, what does Bishop Skinner do? Does he compel Sir William and his flock to use the Scotch office? because this would have been to break the union deed: no such thing; but, at St. Andrew's, where it was regularly and customarily used, the bishop uses this Scotch office at an ordination, and Sir William is present, he having been, as a matter of compliment, asked to preach: he declines to receive the Eucharist, walks out of church after the sermon, "objects on scriptural grounds to administer or unite in the service," (No. 1, p. 7.)

* We admit, of course, the correction made in our July number, by our Scotch editor at Aberdeen; but, in justice to ourselves, we may quote Mr. Lawson's recent volume, who states distinctly that "the congregations at Perth and Montrose have conformed to the Union," (p. 352,) though he does not specify the date. It matters little; but if we were inaccurate, Mr. Lawson has misled us.

and it is not very clear how much of this was connived at by the bishop; for some part of his conduct, however, or for all, the minister of St. Paul's was reproved by his diocesan; and even the author of No. 2, (p. 8,) thinks that here Sir William had the best of it. We desire to say a few words on this.

We maintain that the provisions of the deed of union were untouched, and would have been, had Sir William, as he was *bound by the canon to do*, received the Eucharist at St. Andrew's; untouched also by the bishop's rebuke of his refractory Presbyter: the deed reserves the English office for St. Paul's: true; but does the deed say, that the minister of St. Paul's shall never communicate elsewhere? does it say one word about what is to be done at St. Andrew's? His "taking part in the Scotch service" at St. Paul's, would have been a breach of contract; how does this apply to his taking part in it elsewhere? It would be consistent in Sir William, as minister of St. Paul's, to say, "I prefer the English office, and I always intend to use it; first, because it is more scriptural, or what not, and next, because it is reserved for the use of my people by a special instrument;" and all this is quite consistent with Canon XXI., and this is all that the deed contemplated; but to say, as he does, that the Scotch office is popish and idolatrous, which he pretends was what he supposed the union deed to imply all along, is sheer nonsense. For it comes to this; the Church of Scotland accepts for one of her Presbyters a man who, at the same moment, subscribes two documents; one, the canons of the Church, which declare a certain liturgy of primary authority; and another, a private deed, which declares the very same liturgy unscriptural and Popish: which is absurd: therefore, this could *not be the sense of the deed*, which said not one word about the Scotch office; and, therefore, the Reverend Baronet incurred censure, and might have been suspended for violating both spirit and letter of Canon XXI. For, we ask, in what sense did Sir William sign this canon? Not only will he not admit the Scotch liturgy to be of "primary authority," but he says distinctly it is of none; it is therefore perfectly nugatory to talk about "reserve," and "limited conditions," and "equivalent to a protest;" when Sir William can show distinctly that, when he subscribed the canons, he drew his pen through No. XXI., he will have something to say on this head. Either the deed directly contradicts the canon, and if so, it is perfectly worthless; or it can be construed in harmony with the canon only by the course which we have pointed out, and which course Sir William did not pursue; and we make him a present of the dilemma.

We have been the rather particular on this head, (and for the other points upon which Sir William has disobeyed we must refer our readers to the pamphlets which we have named,) because it is that on which the authors of No. 2 and of No. 5, (Mr. Lawson we observe, by the initials,) and both defenders of the bishop against this strange schism, seem most doubtful, and, may we add? squeamish: they seem to think the Scotch Office and Canon XXI. rather a sore place; with this feeling, if it exists on their part, we have no sympathy whatever, but rather, with Bishop Horsley, we gladly admit the Scotch liturgy to be superior to our own—with the American Church, we would most thankfully accept a change in the English Office;—and, with good

Bishop Horne, doubtless alluding to this very privilege, we would answer inquiries as to the existence of Scotch bishops, as he did: "Yes, better than our own." The members of the Scotch Church are almost like the Israelites, in possession of a glorious privilege in this liturgy, and perhaps in other things, of which they hardly show their sense: when God is their King they ask for a less heavenly rule: we only wish that we were permitted entrance into that pleasant land, of which, we almost dread, they think scorn: they take for a spot what strangers deem their brightest star.

Another thought strikes us in connexion with the existence of this deed of union, from which our own Church might draw a useful lesson. It seems, at least to us, reviewing the transaction as strangers, and at a distance, that there must have been too much haste in comprehending this St. Paul's congregation into the Scotch Church in 1841. The private deed of reservation may bear a plausible interpretation; could it not be understood in at least a tolerable sense, and one consistent somehow with the constitution of the whole Church, it never could have been acceded to at all, we should think, by the Bishop of Aberdeen: but then, again, though no principle was actually surrendered by him, there was a vast deal too much pseudo-liberality towards the, real or imaginary, prejudices of the "managers and constituent members" of that most anomalous body, the congregation of St. Paul's. They were incorporated into the Church too soon: too much of the leaven of their old independency was connived at: the Church made as though she yielded something: there should have been no compromise, or even apparent compromise: the St. Paul's Independents should have not been treated with as a separate sovereign power: they who ask the blessings of an Episcopate should do it on their knees; it is a gift, not a bargain: "all or none" should have been the bishop's alternative. Which, of course, it is much easier to say *now* than it would have been to act upon in 1841: this we feel; but we allude to it because it may serve as a forcible warning to ourselves, to anticipate into what inextricable difficulties as a Church we shall stumble, if we enter into sudden relations with foreign un-episcopal bodies on terms of equality and mutual surrender; what *has* happened in Scotland, may teach us what is sure to happen from the Anglican-Lutheran-Comprehension scheme: the Dunbar schism is an index of the success of Bishop Alexander's Jerusalem Mission. In either case there was too much hurry.

Next, Sir William Dunbar chooses to think that the fact of the bishop requiring him to make a collection at St. Paul's, in obedience to Canon XL., was inconsistent with the clause in the union deed, which gave to "the managers the sole management of the funds;" which obviously is a regulation only of private arrangement, alluding to the way in which the chapel income and funds should be appropriated; and, as before, what we ask is this,—and we think it more important, because in Scotland it has not been urged with sufficient force: in what possible sense did Sir William subscribe the canons at all, if not in their obvious one? either then he subscribed them in this sense or in none; and if in none, he is bound to show his exceptions against them, made at the time formally and openly.

Again, when in the deed of union, the minister and congregation

of St. Paul's promised "to pay all spiritual obedience to the Right Reverend William Skinner and his successors," what did they mean by this? did this imply that their minister was to dictate to his bishop when, where, and how he was to confirm the young people of the flock? that their minister was to decide what canons of the Church he was to obey or what to disobey, or how long, or how often, he was to plead "his scriptural objections," and "his religious convictions" against his bishop's commands? that their minister might sign a paper one year, and twelvemonths after plead that he did it under a mental reservation which directly contradicted every word of it? and that by "electing their own minister," they denied to their own bishop the authority of placing over them their shepherd in the Lord? *

Of the folly, on Sir William's part, of supposing that he can still act "Presbyter of the Church of England," though he has renounced his Bishop, we have spoken so much at large in Mr. Drummond's parallel case, that we care not to repeat it. Mr. Lawson's (No. 5) pamphlet, though, perhaps, rather too pungent for our taste, contains some observations (pp. 9—11,) which it would puzzle Sir William to answer. We had marked them for extract, but we are compelled to pull up somewhat suddenly.

Of these pamphlets we can just afford space to remark, that Sir William's is beneath contempt in matter and style; and that No. 4, "Sir William Dunbar Defended," is the vilest rubbish we ever read; with No. 2 we concur heartily, excepting the point which we have criticised. Mr. Lawson's is the most able of the set, if he did not fall into railing; and No. 3 is remarkable only for its dulness.

We have only to add, that at the conclusion of the affair (we regret that it was not terminated by *excommunication*; perhaps, however, it is not yet over,) Sir William seemed much disposed to keep the temporalities of St. Paul's, which, in the "History of the Scottish Church since the Revolution," we find to be "perhaps the richest in Scotland," (p. 487,) although he had relinquished the spiritualties; but we are enabled to announce that "the managers, &c." have so far obeyed the Bishop's injunctions as to declare the charge vacant—whether they will present another clergyman yet remains to be seen.

POSTSCRIPT.

After the above notice of the Dunbar schism was in type, and partly worked off, we were favoured with a letter from Sir William Dunbar, requesting us, when we redeemed our last month's promise of noticing this business, to keep in view the conditions of the voluntary union. As the nature and provisions of this document are the *very grounds* upon which we have argued the case, it is remarkable enough that we and our opponent should have chosen the same lists for the controversy; when he dictates the conditions upon which we are to meet, he can complain of no

* "The Bishop's letter to me shows the following opinions to be entertained by his reverence:—

"First, That *he* committed to me the charge of St. Paul's.

"Secondly, That until he had done so, I had no authority to read the public prayers of the Church, to administer God's sacraments, and to preach His word. Now, in these sentiments, entertained by his reverence, I cannot concur," &c.—*Dunbar*, p. 17.

unfairness on our part; and to complete the case against him, we subjoin the terms quoted by the Rev. Baronet:—

"That all the present rights and privileges of the members of St. Paul's Chapel, (particularly as set forth in the constitution or decree arbitral, pronounced by the late George Moir, of Scotstown, Esq., and extension thereof,) shall remain entire and be secured in the union, more particularly the choice of the clergyman, the sole management of the funds, and the continued use and preservation to the chapel of the exclusive use of the Liturgy, including the Catechism of the Church of England; none of which rights and privileges shall be infringed upon without incurring the dissolution of the said voluntary union."

A Memorial, &c. The Doctrine of the Cross, exhibited in the Faith and Patience of a humble Follower of Christ. London: Burns. 1843.

THIS is a book which we should feel shame to take up as mere critics: it is far too holy and solemn. It is the biography of a female of very simple and childlike obedience, and of a most devout and saintly life, who was graciously led, and this, as far as we may learn, by God's especial grace to "know of the doctrine," by "doing His will." Educated a Quaker, she found that cold scantling of religionism too confined and narrow for even her antebaptismal depth of piety; the full system of the Church alone was sufficient for the perfect development of a rare and exalted holiness; and after passing through some very singular trials and difficulties, she settled down into the most careful and diligent walk in the Catholic faith and practice, at least as completely as her shortened life permitted; for she died before she arrived at "the perfect stature." If we are not mistaken in a conjecture supplied by a single passage, she was, on her incorporation into the Church, an attendant on the ministry of a clergyman of the extreme Calvinistic school: but the insufficiency of modern evangelicalism is forcibly and most practically evinced by her life; had we any confidence in one of the late Mr. Knox's distinctions, though in her case the "foundation" might be laid in the uncatholic modern doctrine of conversion, this biography proves that it was the Church alone which could build the "superstructure Christian." She ripened out of evangelicalism by a gradual and personal experience of its lack of depth and heavenliness: it realized to her neither the true idea of the Divine incorporation, nor the power of being conformed to His image. In her was set forth the true teaching of the Cross; being made perfect through much tribulation, she found her way to eternal joy by suffering here with Christ: her door to enter into eternal life was gladly to die with Christ; and if we required an evidence of the strength of the Catholic system to train saints for life or death, this touching "Memorial" would furnish it. It is rather for tears and humbled hearts than to be talked about; and we recommend it most heartily to those who think that our own Church has not sufficient life to produce a St. Elizabeth of Hungary, a St. Theresa or a Magdalen of Pazzi, as well as to those who say that Catholicism and formalism are convertible.

It appears that the "Memorial" is composed by a near friend—are

we wrong in conjecturing a medical attendant?—if so, such specimens of the “*Religio medici*” are as comforting to the Church, as, we fear, rare in the profession. It is scarcely credible how much of the Church’s work might be done by the doctor; in the ages of faith, the functions of priest and physician were ordinarily united; and “*Luke, the beloved physician*,” had those who followed him in either portion of his ministration. Adopting a very sober and reserved tone, we imagine that the author might, had he pleased, have said much more of the lovely character which he has drawn; but his object was, of course, not only to strengthen us, but to attract separatists to the Church from this exhibition of her divine and deeper gifts. We may add that the title-page is in the true ancient style: we have so long been annoyed with the various trumpery caricatures of illuminated pages, that it is consoling to find one severe and really correct like the present. It is by far the best which has appeared.

The Pageant: or Pleasure and its Price. A Tale for the Upper Ranks of Society. By FRANCIS E. PAGET, M.A. &c. &c. London: Burns, Rugeley; Walters. 1843.

ON receiving this volume, with at least two others of the same taking class, from Messrs. Neale and Bellairs, we resolved, as the phrase goes, to speak out, and to denounce emphatically, from whatever source, the continuance of this mode of inculcating high religious truths. It has long been a matter of suspicion to us, whether the spiritual fiction (really we do not know in what accredited division of literature to rank “*Tales of the Town*,” and “*Tales of the Village*,” “*Tales of the Manufacturing*,” and “*Tales of the Agricultural Interest*”) has not done its work, if it ever had a work to do. We do not intend the slightest disrespect towards Messrs. Gresley and Paget, who are exceedingly able men, and learned and high-minded men, but we deprecate a school formed of their followers; to think of their third-rate imitators is quite nauseating.

At the best, these little stories are rather one-sided; from the days of Plato, the conventional license of a dialogue gives an unfair advantage to our own side of the dispute; where an advocate is permitted not only to arrange his own but his opponent’s arguments, to give himself all the logic, and the other interlocutor all the nonsense, it is but a small triumph to come off victorious. And again, as far as we have yet read, the stock subjects of these light militia recur at very short periods—apostolical succession, baptismal regeneration, self-denial; and then self-denial, baptismal regeneration, and apostolical succession. Our readers have not to be told that, in this review, such subjects are always estimated at their most awful value; but we are alarmed lest, in a mere literary idle drawing-room way, young ladies and young gentlemen should, as far as words go, allow all this, and there stop. It will be of little use to knock up the Minerva Press, and to substitute a “*Catholic*” Minerva Press for it. It may be that “*Matilda de Rosanne*,” if there ever were such a novel, would be less hurtful than æsthetic, rose-coloured, vignetted, embossed, hot-pressed, rubricated

tales. The fact is, that the whole class is much too *nice*, much too readable, much too satisfying for us. Somehow or other, the very novelty of such a mode of helping a most serious controversy, or even of inculcating duties, however urgent or forgotten, makes us disposed to suspect its lawfulness. Surely the Church has, for eighteen centuries, had the same work to do, the same souls to win, the same varying shades of character and education with which to deal; and yet, till within a few years, she never thought of converting heretics by love-tales, or of forcing herself into the boudoir in a white chip hat, and marabout feathers. No: if we must have controversy, let it be stern in guise, repulsive in form, systematical and technical in language, as of old. We are sorely alarmed at the question of Church authority discussed in the pauses of a quadrille; and, of the two, we would rather hear him of the white gloves ask her of the pink slip, about the common-places of the season, the Cartoons, and the last marriage, than whether she has read "*Agnes de Tracy*," or what is supposed to be the subject of "*Mr. Paget's next*." The very fact that they are so popular, coupled with another fact which is not so pleasant, that so very little way is made, is at least ominous; for five hundred who read tales and tracts, is there one who acts? There is a limit, though it requires a wise head and steady hand to draw it, where popularizing truth should cease. If shallow science owes its existence to the Pinnocks and Marcets—if trumpery politics to the Martineaus, and flimsy education to the Edgeworths of a by-gone day, it may be that some who would most deprecate it, will have to answer for the abeyance of a masculine, deep, and earnest theology in the Church of England. Ringleted Catholicism and kid-gloved churchmanship we have an especial dread of.

All which sour surly thoughts we have long brooded over; when lo, "*The Pageant*!" a most excellent and lively, and well-intentioned tale, which is not at all controversial; and therefore most of what we have said is inapplicable to it. It embraces a subject which has occupied some of our own pages; and much of those terrible details of the devilish factory and mining systems, upon which we have commented, has been reproduced by Mr. Paget, although his chief aim in the present tale is to expose the atrocious wickedness of fashionable London life, as applied to the poor milliner girls. We can only say that we earnestly wish *this* book circulation in the very quarters about which we are most doubtful; the more smart Lady Gertrudes and Honourable Fannies we can get to read it the better; and the more cold, and worldly, and selfish they are, the more they stand in need of "*Uncle Wat's*" rough tongue. If ever we ask for a pulpit, it will be to be allowed, some first Sunday in June, to preach a sermon in St. Peter's, Pimlico, on Isaiah iii. 16—26.

While we are on the subject, we must just request the influence of Mr. Paget's excellent taste to prevent his printer from luxuriating in such childish caricatures of illuminated titles and headpieces, and stamped bindings, as "*The Pageant*" rejoices in; they are simply ridiculous.

The wished-for "Prize Essay towards the Conversion of learned and philosophical Hindus," (Rivingtons,) by Mr. J. B. Morris, Fellow of Exeter, has just appeared. It is far too important in subject, and learned and elaborate in execution, to admit of more than acknowledgment in this place. That must be no common book to which the wreath was awarded, which such a man as Mr. Sewell failed to win.

"Popular Tales and Legends," (Burns,) pleases us much; it goes upon the right principle to cultivate the habit of faith, by early exercising children "in the contemplation of the wild and the unearthly," and the religious teaching is suggested, rather than directly intruded. This is judicious: in our young days, a fable seemed hardly earned after swallowing the dry husk of moral at the end; children must be caught by guile: and it is about as wise to ask a wit to be funny, as to take a child to its "religious lesson." It is a healthy sign, too, that we are no longer ashamed of fairies and dwarfs: the "good people" left us out of spite for their bad usage.

"Notes on the Use of the Surplice, &c." (Rivington,) is an Appendix to an excellent pamphlet, entitled, "The Prayer for the Church Militant, and the Surplice: in reply to the Quarterly Review," and contains valuable documentary matter. The subject has obviously grown upon the author, and the more research is expended upon it, the more decisive is the evidence that the surplice is the *only* vestment authorized by the Anglican Church, in all parts of divine service. Remembering how deep a principle is at stake on this question, we cannot be too thankful for the care and labour bestowed upon what seems an unpromising inquiry.

"Squire Allworthy and Farmer Blunt," (Rivington,) is a dialogue on the Offertory, by Mr. Palin, of Stifford, of whose labours in this cause we have already spoken favourably. We doubt whether *much* good is done by this particular mode of inculcating duties; but probably the experience of a village clergyman is better than our own as to its usefulness. It is well intended certainly: but why was the tract so vilely printed, for it is not over cheap?

A most magnificent undertaking has just been commenced by Mr. Sunter, of York, "The Monastic Ruins of Yorkshire." The work is dedicated, by permission, to the Archbishop of York; nor could his grace have easily found one worthier of his patronage. It also boasts a most excellent Introduction, of which it is enough to say that it is by the Rev. E. Churton. No. I. which is all that we have yet seen, is very beautiful. We had no conception either that lithography could attain such consummate delicacy, or that a book so beautiful could have been got up in the provinces. The work, we believe, will be completed in about six numbers. We must also mention a Chart of Ecclesiastical Architecture, by the same publisher, as a well-executed and useful manual.

"Flee Fornication," (Burns,) is a tract which required a strong-minded man to write; it was of course much needed, for we have been, it is to be feared, faithless to our commission in suppressing from false delicacy all allusion to a certain class of sins. Fleshly lusts had not been so common, and so little thought of, had the Church spoken with scriptural boldness against them; however, it is a good sign that this sad matter is gaining attention in all quarters.

And while we are upon Tracts, it would be presumptuous to do more than announce from the same publisher a series of "Selections from the Works of Bishop Wilson." Two numbers, one on Confirmation, and one on the Lord's Supper, have appeared.

"A Word of Warning, connected with the alarming spread of Tractarianism, by the Rev. Hugh White, A.M.," (Dublin, Curry,) is not only unpleasant, but

dangerous to read in the dog-days. It is composed of such very inflammable materials, that the marvel is that it has not exploded by spontaneous combustion. Think of the choicest and fieriest combustibles of D'Aubigné, M'Neile, and Beamish, Mr. Marks and "his useful admonition," "that excellent little work, the Catechism of Puseyism," "Charlotte Elizabeth's powerful Strictures," and Mr. Bickersteth's "Divine Warning," all mixed up with strange fires, imported from Bishop M'Ilvaine and the Bishop of Calcutta! This is a theological hand-grenade, alive with detonating and fulminating powders, which calls for the police rather than the reviewers.

And while we are on this inexhaustible subject, we can heartily recommend to tract distributors, (and who, in these days, is not a tract reader, writer, or scatterer?) "Puseyism confronted with the Church of England, and its true character shown," (Edwards,) which is not exactly that which its title promises; and "Puseyism in London," (reprinted from the Morning Post.) The last is admirable in matter and interesting in composition.

"Bishop's College and its Missions," (Burns,) by Mr. S. C. Malan, formerly a tutor in that noble establishment, is an earnest plea in its behalf, to which we wish all success.

"A few Reasons for deprecating the Attempt of the Bishop of London to alter the Service of the Church,"—lying and insolent to a degree which beggars description, and feeble withal.

"Ayton Priory," and "Hierurgia Anglicana," are mentioned elsewhere.

Two volumes of the Anglo-Catholic Library are just out; a volume of Cosins' Sermons, hitherto MS., which is a great addition to our old divinity, and the 2d vol. of Beveridge; we are glad to find this excellent undertaking proceeding so satisfactorily: but we must again ask, where are Andrewes' Controversial Works?

"A Letter to the Rev. Philip Gell of Derby," (Mozley,) is very valuable, and bears out the view maintained in these pages of the sad character of the visitation sermon to which it alludes.

The Bishop of Madras's "Charge" has been published: in almost every conceivable particular, it is the opposite of the Bishop of Calcutta's; in tone, if we are obliged to draw comparisons, we should say that it harmonizes most closely with the theology of the Bishop of Salisbury.

"Lilian Arundel," (Burns,) under the form of a child's book, is in fact, (like a similar story published some time since, "Little Mary,") a parent's book, that is, it will help mothers in the great work of education. We like it much, and thought as we read that we recognised the "fine Italian hand" of the authoress of *The Fairy Bower*, whose character-drawing in so small a compass is really surprising. If we are wrong in our guess, we are at least paying a compliment to the writer, which we feel to be, in some respects, deserved.

Among single sermons, "The Holy Portion of the Land," by Mr. Churton, of Crayke; "On the Ordination Services," by the Dean of Chichester; "Acceptable Sacrifices," preached in St. John's Church, Cheltenham, by Mr. Gresley: Mr. Coleridge's, at the opening of St. Mark's College; and one by Mr. Sewell, to "Young Men," will engage attention from the reputation of their respective authors. To which may be added a useful address, "National Education, &c." by Mr. Nicholson, of Winchester; and a "Funeral Sermon on Mr. Blencowe," by Mr. F. M. Knollis, which is long, and written, we think, in very bad taste.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Summer Day's Pilgrimage. No. I.—St. Alban's Abbey.

THERE are perhaps few, hitherto unnoticed, circumstances which have more contributed to the loss of Church feeling, or rather to its abeyance, than the paucity of old Catholic churches in London. So much are we necessarily influenced, even in the way of devotion, by ancient association, to say nothing at present of the actual difference, in kind perhaps rather in degree, of religious feeling excited by Christian art, and its opposite, the adaptation of Pagan proportions and details to the requirements of the worship of the saints, that we can scarcely realize how much loss the Church of England—it is hardly too much to say to the lowering of positive doctrine and obviously of practice—has suffered by the great fire of 1666 and the consequent destruction of the older sacred edifices of the metropolis. We are not now going into the question of Wren's skill and genius, which we are disposed to rate very high, indeed it is surprising that with the intractable materials and the stiff conventionalisms of design, which are the characteristics of the so-called classic style, this great man produced such wonderful diversity in details, and so often such solemnity of general effect in his churches; but considering his relationship with the foremost of the Landian School, the great Wren, Bishop of Norwich, and his own intimate connexion with Oxford, it is not a little remarkable that he was led so entirely to discard the essentials, at least those distinctive features which had hitherto been deemed essentials, of a church, as well as that style which, under various degrees of development, had been coeval with the Gospel itself in these islands. To say that the old Christian architecture was worn out is nothing to the purpose: for Wren only assumed to be a reviver and not an inventor; to adapt and reconstruct was his aim; and had he chosen he might just as well have restored pointed as Roman buildings. And though there is something in the argument that the oldest churches were Basilicæ, yet we must remember that the peculiar charm in them was that they were the conquered strongholds of heathenism; the sacred Presence was introduced, and had cleansed them for ever; the very fact that they had been seats of pagan judicature, halls or what not of the idols, made them visible trophies of the actual victory of the Cross of Christ: rather than allow, with Middleton, "that, because by changing the name and consecrating the temple, the Pantheon serves as exactly for the purposes of the Papist as it did for the Pagan," therefore Christianity is paganized, we rather sympathize with Le Maistre, as quoted in Morus, "Tous les saints à la place de tous les Dieux! quel sujet intarissable de profondes méditations philosophiques et religieuses!" The Seed of the woman was openly in them displayed bruising the serpent's head; henceforth they were hallowed and consecrate to holiest uses; the lustration of faith had been

sprinkled on them. And this reason might have its sublime influence until the gospel were thoroughly furnished from its own un-earthly stores: to bear with pagan architecture up to a certain point, that is, until Christianity had something of its own, something which had never been defiled with gentile associations, something evolved from itself, were not only tolerable, but such as the circumstances of the case at least permitted if they did not require.

The writer, then, of the present paper (and it is as well to premise that it differs, in some respects, from views which have been taken by other writers in this Magazine) objects to the force of the argument alleged from the fact that the earliest churches were Roman, and those built by the successors of Constantine in various parts of Italy were Romanesque and Byzantine, and of kindred or resulting styles, to the propriety of continuing or reproducing such churches, especially in this country. We are far from saying that the old Italian churches are not Catholic churches; they are churches curious and valuable in every point of view, most interesting and most Catholic; this we own frankly and without hesitation, and to say that they are not the most primitive form would only display very great ignorance. We can bear then with Bingham's ichnographies, (which are extremely incorrect, be it remarked) or with Sir George Wheler's valuable though little-known account of the early churches, or with Mr. Gally Knight's beautiful volume, or with Mr. Coddington's fervid letters: we admit all the facts fully; but they are, one and all, nothing to the point: the question is not whether such things *were*, but whether they *are* to be again, or *ought to be again*.

And this must be argued upon a somewhat deeper principle than has yet been examined: it is a subject connected, and that in no slight degree, with a question which promises to swallow up all others, the true *idea of the Church's power of self-development*. We may admit the use of many externals, the rite of washing the feet of the brethren, for example, that of circumcising Jewish converts, to take an illustration which, being scriptural, we would apply reverently, and such others; but if it be held that the Church is the permanent presence of the Spirit, if it has intrinsic and innate powers and gifts to abolish and to supersede, and to displace such things, why may not a similar power be imagined as applied to christian art? To say that this or that is primitive, and *therefore* must be done now, would carry us further than, or make us stop very short of, what most of us would be prepared for at the present day. It proves too much or too little. Anyhow we shall soon be called upon—are we ready?—to choose in the dilemma, “Primitive, and *therefore* right;” “subsequent to the —,” (for the limits are not yet settled) “—th century, and *therefore* wrong;” Romish, papistical, modern, scoutable,” &c. &c.

The line, then, which we think most tenable is, that ecclesiastical buildings which had formerly belonged to heathen purposes had a peculiar propriety and dignity, which, from the nature of the case, was then, and must remain, inalienable—that the immediately subsequent stage of art purely christian being one of transition merely, whether it is to be traced in northern Italy, or in Normandy, or in our own Norman edifices, was at the best but a *tolerabilis ineptia*, but that it

would be about as wise now to write books in Norman French while we

" Speak the tongue
That Shakspeare spake,"

as to build Norman, if such be the name, churches while we have the churches of Lincolnshire of us and among us. Having once evolved her own peculiar and restricted architecture, the Church, it seems to us, by implication forbid her children to retrace their steps; we are not now speaking of what the Church ought to do under given circumstances, but we have first to produce a fact, and then, if we can, assign a reason for it. The *fact* then is, that christian architecture was always growing and uniform and complete in itself as far as it went. Because this is to us decisive: if it be a fact that the Church never did go back to a style which had been fused into something beyond it, we desire no stronger reason to conclude that it never ought to go back either, 1. to a transitional style, such as the Romanesque; or 2. to a style never her own, viz. the Pagan, either of Egypt, Greece, or Rome, or the Apostate,* such as Alhambra-Saracenic. There must be some deep reason for so remarkable a fact, that restorations, even in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, did not restore the discarded style: the Church, we repeat, never went back: decorated and perpendicular insertions were added to the Norman and early English churches: Wykeham remodelled the Winchester cathedral of the eleventh and twelfth centuries, when it was twice as easy, and much more graceful and uniform, as we view such things, to continue it in the original style, and to carry out the first design. How was this? why was this? but at least to show that Norman had had its day, and never was to be revived; and if not Norman, *à fortiori* not Roman.

Nor is it at all to the purpose to say that mediæval Christianity resulted in pointed churches, chancel nave and aisles, because its external development was processional rather than congregational; but that we want spacious halls, which are not pointed, because our worship is congregational, and because we have no processions: for facts are against such a theory both ways. Processions are compatible enough with churches of the Pagan class, witness St. Peter's; nay James II. then Duke of York, got the present plan of St. Paul's itself adopted and the aisles introduced with a view to use it just as it stands for the restored Roman ceremonial, when he could introduce Romanism: and on the other hand, a three hundred years' experience has shown that the churches of all others best suited to the due celebration of the reformed Anglican ritual are those spacious ancient fanes where "the chancels remain as they have done in times past:" besides, it is rather too much to assume that processions are incompatible with any "reformed" services.

The reformers, by their cautious and distinct avowal in this most noticeable rubric, one well-weighed and pondered after the first heady

* We mention this because there are rumours of churches to be built with minarets and domes and horse-shoe arches, for all the world like Grand Cairo, Bagdat and Damascus, and the Arabian Nights! Why not revive the Mexican temples? A pagoda would do well for a steeple—and a clever adaptation from the Burmese Taj-Mahal would make a modern church architect's fortune yet.

rush and tumult of turbulence and spoil had calmed down, meant much. It was a distinct identification of themselves with the Church of fifteen centuries: it was to say, "We are the same, *because* our churches are the same; all that is essential in them and in the rites there celebrated we must have; we retain them all because we mean to use them all." And so, although, not in England alone but throughout Christendom, in as well as out of the Roman obedience, the Church was deprived of the technical skill, and her Bezaleel had departed, yet in the ancient spirit and after the ancient proportions, and with the ancient fittings, Andrewes* and Laud built and adorned churches, and shall we deny their title as the best exponents of Anglicanism? They did not go back to the basilica or to the semi-circular arch or apse, and why should we? Even the ablest advocate of the Romanesque in these pages is inclined to think that what he calls "the Gothic of James I." was a style of itself, perhaps a legitimate result of perpendicular; and of which *we* desire to notice that, be that as it may, it was neither Romanesque nor Pagan; it was neither the revival of what had past, nor the production of something new.

All this Wren did not see: he brought into our English Church something quite as new to it as the creed of Calvin was to the Catholic body, and in its way, to us in England quite as great a solecism; and we are prepared for the charge of exaggeration when we say that we do not know how to estimate the damage which Sir Christopher Wren and his school have inflicted on the Church. Surely it must have been something like malice† in this great man to blow up with gunpowder the ponderous piers and columns of old St. Paul's: he did not rebuild it, not because he could not, but because he would not; at all hazards, he was resolved to build, not to restore. London is of course considered the model in all things for the whole kingdom: what received the metropolitan imprimatur would be imitated more or less throughout the country. Not only then would the literature and higher thought of England, whose home is the metropolis, be soon led to think that the revived pagan style was the proper one for temples of the reformed faith: not only would the dwellers in London, the leaders not of fashion only, but of national feeling, soon acquire complete ignorance but also contempt of the ancient churches: and the result was, that from having before their eyes two classes of ecclesiastical structures, the elder class was identified by the people at large with a worn-out superstition as well enough for days of Romish darkness, but totally unsuitable for the Protestantism of reformed England, which found its symbolism in Wren's Roman churches. So complete was this feeling, that in one of the classical essayists of the Augustan age of Queen Anne we met the other day with a kind and handsome

* There is yet extant the exact description of the chapel and altar furniture of Andrewes' palace chapel, which Laud copied, and where, among other startling things, occur "a canister for the wafers—a censer for the incense lighted at the reading of the lessons—a tricanale for the water of mixture in the eucharist, &c." It is just published in the first number of a valuable Miscellany "*Hierurgia Anglicana*," (Cambridge, Stevenson,) edited by members of the Camden Society.

† See Wren's *Parentalia*: though his work at St. Paul's and St. Dunstan's in the East, makes even his capacity questionable.

apology for York Minster! as well enough for the dark ages, but requiring a great effort of condescension to be tolerated by those who were privileged to read Vitruvius and Palladio! Something of the same sort occurs even in Berkeley.

Nor was this positive evil a mere defect of æsthetic taste. The line being thus firmly marked between the so-called Protestant and so-called Catholic material buildings in this country, what more natural than to draw the same distinction between the spiritual churches themselves? if the worship were so distinct as to require different edifices, surely the creeds themselves must be equally opposed: and, to our apprehension, nothing has so much and so fatally tended to the prevalence of the common error, that the church of Laud and Sancroft was other than the church of Augustine, Lanfranc and Wareham, as the rise and progress of the hateful blunder that we of the Reformation could not use and repeat, when need required, the churches of the fourteenth century. A very little thought should convince us that this dispute about the proper style of churches to be built now-a-days, is but a branch of a much deeper subject, or rather the application of a great principle. If we surrender pointed architecture to the Romanists, they will not be slow to apply this, though at first sight it seems illogical enough, to an implied foregoing of the faith of the universal Church. It is not, therefore, with any hankering after Rome that we demand the restoration of the ante-reformation churches; but a conviction, putting other grounds out of the question at present, such as intrinsic seemliness and beauty, that in this, as in other matters, if we wish to show ourselves true Anglicans, we must be Catholics, impels us to take this standing.

Now, it is past a controversy, that nobody knows or feels so little about church architecture as your thorough Londoner; how far this may account for the fact that he is heart and soul, in nine cases out of ten, a heretic at core, let the learned judge. Which is cause or which effect we are not going to inquire; whether he is anti-catholically disposed because he lounges in Wren's churches and "hears popular preachers," or whether, because he is of the modern Protestant movement, therefore he patronizes "spacious halls," is to us of little moment; the two things co-exist in the animal Cockney: and a pert, vulgar, self-sufficient animal, with disdainful nose and scornful eyes, full of lordly contempt of the mighty past, and ideas of the boundless enlightenment of its own Capnopolis Magna, it is. We hate the little wretch most heartily: and yet, considering the lamentable defects of its education in this matter of churches, it is rather to be pitied than abused. London is but a barren wilderness to the Catholic Churchman: it has very little of old association about it: mark after mark which ancient time had written on the banks of its proud river have been planed out: it is at once raw and dirty: full of pretension and full of emptiness: makes a great show and has nothing to show. There is scarcely a market-town in England which is not to us fuller of interest. Half a church in Southwark—the round church of the Temple—the White Tower and its Chapel—two or three churches of the later Henries, such as those of St. Bartholomew the Great and St. Andrew Undershaft, all miserably spoilt—and the desecrated church of the Augustinians—a scrap, and a poor one, at St. Sepulchre's—these are all the ancient

remains which London can boast, except the Abbey Church of St. Peter. No wonder that dissent flourishes, for this among other reasons, that there are no ties which bind the Londoner to the Everlasting: he cannot, without an effort, link himself to the great communion of the saints in a brick and stucco preaching-house: the gray reverence of time—the hoar beauty of what has been consecrated by the prayers of ancient saints—the roof and walls eloquent with the one unchanging creed, haunted by the holy memories of those who sleep in Christ, beautiful with the symbols of the one old faith—the tombs and cross-distinguished slabs of those whose names are unknown save to their Judge—how few of such things, and how healthy is their influence, exist for Londoners, meet and significant accompaniments all of faithful daily prayer!

It was with some such feelings, it was in some degree to recruit in us a right sense of religious feeling, that on a lovely day in June, we set off in good company for St. Alban's. Not without shame did we recall the history of England's first martyr St. Alban; not without shame that this noble church, almost his only memorial in the most populous and important diocese in England, should still remain other than a cathedral see. It were the least though late return that we could make the piety of some of our fathers; or it were only the long delayed atonement for the sacrilege of others, to restore in some sense the saintly line of God's servants who for eight hundred years served Him in this place with daily prayers and psalms. But we are anticipating.

St. Alban's is within a very accessible distance from London: try it, gentle reader, and our word for it you will return the morrow's morn a sadder as well as a wiser man: just twenty miles of that noble Holyhead road, now partly covered with grass, which was once the boast of our country. But the town itself is a more endurable spot now than it was: its prosperity, thanks to the railway, is fading away, it is clean, silent, dull, and unhappy-looking; not that we have much sympathy for its sorrows: if St. Alban's might be personated, we suspect that it has found the spirit of commerce a less gentle taskmaster than good Abbat Wheathamsted. In this the day of her humiliation may this town remember, that she had duties to God's Church, and not having discharged them, the day of her prosperity has departed! Gaining that chalky height aptly named the *Ridge*, the distant view of St. Alban's is very grand and striking;* the Abbey church queens it fairly over the subject country; fit emblem of our faith; it is as a city set upon a hill, though the same can scarcely be said of the town itself, which is new, and dotted with vulgarity and cheap pretence enough to delight a Methodist. The Verulamium, the chief city of the Romans, is only distinguishable by earth works, and fragments of walls, very plain along the left hand side of the Barnet road, and elsewhere worked into the hedges.

*The tower seems to be deficient in height, especially bearing in mind the enormous length of the nave, though this latter feature is ludicrously caricatured in Dugdale. But the embattled parapet of the tower is recent; and the angles were doubtless finished, or were intended to be finished with low pinnacles, like those of St. Peter's in the East, Oxford, of which the circular turrets remain.

We are not about to affront our readers by supposing them ignorant of the details of *St. Alban's* good confession; it is a beautiful history that of

"*Eng'land's first martyr, whom no threats could shake,
Self-offered victim for his friend who died,
And for the faith—nor shall his name forsake
That hill whose flowery platform seems to rise,
By nature decked for holiest sacrifice :*"

and rich has been the harvest of salvation from the soil watered by our protomartyr's blood, and most noble the monumental Abbey raised over his relics, and yet its whole aspect is forlorn and sad, even to bitter tears. If we have outgrown, as is most true, the use of this splendid church, we ask no more mournful evidence that the age of faith has melted away. More than a thousand years have passed since Mercian Offa, who endowed a monastery on this spot with many a rich manor, began this church; and there it stands still, a stern and startling memorial, in its present nakedness and desolation, that England is no longer the land of saints: it is alone a significant type of the history of the British Church.

Much of the rough material of the walls is the Roman tile-brick of the ancient city; and there still remain in its various parts, traces of every period of ecclesiastical art in England.—A christian church of the Roman material, like the cross crowning the Pantheon, or hallowing the Coliseum, speaks of the demon-gods—

"With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving—"

here, perhaps in a low passage below what was once the cloister, and more distinctly in the "long-and-short work," in the neighbouring church of *St. Michael* in the town, may be traced the Anglo-Saxon rude clumsy work, scarcely less graceful than the rough plastered piers and arches which remain of the "new church" of the fourteenth Abbat Paul, cotemporary with and, as it seems, a countryman of Norman Lanfranc, who as Matthew Paris tells us, began to rebuild the Abbey, about A.D. 1078. Whether the transepts and the upper half of the north aisle are exactly as he left it appears uncertain, since it is known that much of what is now the most ancient part of the church, probably the upper part of the tower, is of the date of Henry I.—the choir is of the time of the third Henry. The magnificent western arches of the nave, with the clerestory and triforia, were the pious work of Abbat Roger, in the reign of Edward I., though, as we may conjecture, the works never stood still throughout the whole period of Decorated art. William Wallingford, the thirty-sixth Abbat, the cotemporary of Caxton, (whose first press was set up in this place,) and the patron of the priceless "*Boke of St. Alban's*," dear to the Roxburghe Club, in 1480 built the high altar and its gorgeous reredos, though this is also attributed to the princely Wheathamsted; the great western window and doorway, are of late though noble Perpendicular; in short, *St. Alban's* is a perfect epitome of every period of christian art in England. From the time of Offa, till the fatal sixteenth century, the building scaffolds could never have been struck; probably there was not one of its matchless roll of mitred Abbats, who did not give nobly to God of its princely revenues: not one perhaps, save Wolsey himself, whose sordid

ambition was to plunder this abbey, and to suppress other religious houses, that he might make himself a name at Ipswich and Oxford; and the last recreant, who only took the abbacy to surrender it, like another Simon, that he might sell the revenues for his pension of 400 marks. But among these noble churchmen, preeminent in self-denial and liberality, must be recorded, besides those already mentioned, Thomas de la Mare, the thirtieth Abbat, who died in 1396, at the age of 88, after spending what would equal 40,000*l.* upon the fabric; John of Wheathamsted, the thirty-third, who was twice Abbat, having resigned his office and after twenty years resumed it, at the solicitation of his patron, Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, his friend in life, and companion in death, for they sleep together—but more of this anon—who built and furnished the library, rebuilt the cloister, and decorated the ceiling with its present beautiful painting; and Abbat Ramryge, who, like Wheathamsted, was also a great benefactor, not only to the Abbey but to its permanent endowment.

Such were the founders and guardians of St. Alban's Abbey; such were the lazy monks; such were the priestly drones; such were the Benedictine sluggards; such were the dark ages! Turn we now to the churchmen of the Reformation; let us see how they served God with their substance.

In Elizabeth's time, or in that of James I., the present altar-table was erected; and a very beautiful one it is for wood—curiously carved and paneled, altar-wise, with four niches, which formerly contained silver figures of the Evangelists, of which Cromwell's godly reformers know more than we do; and we chronicle it gladly, for, save a trumpety font, it is the only gift of the last three centuries.* About the same time, the Ladye chapel was turned into a free-school, and a public alley cut between it and St. Alban's shrine, breaking sheer through pier window and wall, which desecration, and the thoroughfare, still continues. A brief was procured in Charles II.'s time, to prevent the whole building from falling down, after the bestial sacrilege of Cromwell and his iniquitous fanatics. Pews and pens innumerable attest the Georgian era, with a comfortable gallery,† now happily removed, which once ran across one transept; and a frightful scaffolding for an organ, which still blocks up the other. In a word, robbery, sacrilege, confiscation, neglect, poverty—this is the Church of the Reformation. "Private men's halls were now hung with altar-cloths; their tables and beds covered with copes instead of carpets and coverlets." "It was a sorry house which had not somewhat of this furniture, though it were only a fair large cushion covered with such spoils, to adorn their windows, or make their chairs have something in them of a chair of state." "Chalices were

* There is another gift, an apt memorial of Protestantism; a vast pair of iron gates, for the porch of the western door, to show that a church is not always to be open for the prayers of the poor and homeless; and their iron bars, oddly enough marked with the name of a former rector, who robbed the Savings' Bank of 8000*l.* and absconded. Wheathamsted's paneled roof, and his gifts to the Most High, contrast strangely with Mr. Small, who locks up the church, and robs the poor. Thus far our gain is rather a loss.

† There were two galleries, one ranging westward, over St. Cuthbert's screen, as far as we can make out.

used for carousing cups; horses were watered in the stone coffins of the dead;" and Mrs. Whittingham, the wife of the first dean of Durham, steeped her bacon in the holy water stones of the abbey, that is, made a sink of them, and made a threshold of the tombstones. [See the contemporary Documents and the Antiquities of Durham Abbey.] Three episcopal houses, two churches, a chapel, a cloister, and a charnel-house, were pulled down for the site of Somerset's palace in the Strand—that Somerset, whom Burnet describes as "a person of great virtues, eminent for piety, humble and affable in his greatness, sincere and candid in all his transactions"—that Somerset, whose miserable fate, like the deaths of Rufus, Cromwell, Wolsey, Lord Audley, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and others, was always attributed to their sacrilegious plunder of the Church.

Let us illustrate this, in the case of St. Alban's Abbey, after the fashion of a contrast; at the head of one class of facts, desiring our readers to figure for themselves, (it is Dugdale's touching frontispiece to his *Monasticon*,) the picture of some royal saint, say gentle and meek King Henry VI. blessed in his many persecutions, kneeling at the altar, and humbly presenting a charter-deed of gift; motto, "✠ *Deo et Ecclesiæ*:" on the other side, let them suppose that swaggering miscreant, with arms a-kimbo, burly, bloated, coarse, and sensual, Henry VIII., bellowing out "*Sic Volo*;" the background of one shall be a stately abbey, rising "fair as the moon," on the other, shall be a church in flames, the mob pilfering the plate, and the Abbat of Glastonbury on the gallows.

At the suppression of the abbey of St. Alban's, (and impending troubles had decreased their numbers,) there were thirty-seven religious Benedictines serving God with fastings and prayers, night and day; for not a shadow of a pretence of "scandalous immorality" was urged. The revenues of the abbey then were 2,602*l.* 7*s.* 1*½d.*, according to Dugdale; 2,510*l.* according to Speed. Hume, speaking of this period, tells us that land was then ten times cheaper than at present. Taking, then, no allowance for the present improved state of cultivation, the revenues of St. Alban's Abbey at this day would be worth 25,000*l.* per annum.* Nobles and kings, knights and ecclesiastics, had voluntarily given this to Almighty God *for ever*, to say nothing of the sums spent upon the building, plate, vestments, library, &c. The abbat, the monks, the broad lands, the farms, the manors, the granges, the schools, the library, the seven services day and night, are swept away, and St. Alban's Abbey is, at the present day, served by a single clergyman, with service three times a week, and an income of 110*l.* per annum; and when the church falls down, down it must fall, unless my Lady Verulam will get up a fancy fair in the nave, for ought we know, or will write 10,000 cards, soliciting shilling subscriptions.

Behind the high altar was St. Alban's shrine, in a space (called

* If we were to quadruple this sum, we should not overrate it. Mr. Neale, (*Ayton Priory*, p. 129,) estimates, though without data, the income of this abbey, and those of Reading, St. Edmund's Bury, Glastonbury, Westminster, and York, at the present value of 150,000*l.* each.

the Presbytery) between the great reredos and the Ladye Chapel; here, in a very curious wooden loft, still remaining on the north side, formerly was a priest, watching night and day the shrine, glorious with gold and jewels. Matthew Paris thus describes St. Alban's shrine:—

"In form it resembled an altar-tomb, having a lofty canopy over it, supported by pillars; these were of plate gold, shaped like towers, and having apertures to represent windows; the under part of the canopy was inlaid with crystals. Within the tomb was a coffin, containing the relics of St. Alban, inclosed in another case, the sides of which were embossed with gold and silver figures in high relief, exhibiting the principal events of the martyr's history. At the head of the shrine, which was towards the east, was a representation of the Crucifixion, having the figures of St. Mary and St. John at the sides, and ornamented with a row of very brilliant jewels; at the foot of the shrine was an image of the Virgin, seated on a throne, with the infant Saviour in her arms; the work of, cast gold, highly embossed with precious stones."

On this very spot it is believed that St. Alban was martyred. At present this place is used for visitations and vestries; and on the day when we visited the abbey, "the parishioners in vestry assembled," some with their hats on—"Protestant dissenters," we suppose—were squabbling about the beadle's coat, or some such thing. The bell was ringing for this vestry as we entered the abbey. Upon inquiring at what hour the daily service was said, our answer was,—*"Daily service! this is a parish church;"* against which unexceptionable argument we had nothing to urge.

Whether it be right or wrong to burn tapers day and night before the relics of God's chosen martyrs and saints—whether it be right to enshrine them in Mosaic of precious stones, and golden tabernacle-work, we will not here inquire; if this were Romish superstition, we are not called upon to defend it: but, of the two, it is infinitely better than the disgusting irreverence of the Protestantism of 1843, of which we, to our grief, were witnesses. In this same "Presbytery," in a vault, discovered some years back, are the remains of the good Humphrey, duke of Gloucester, a great benefactor to this abbey, the friend and patron of noble John Wheathamsted; they were "lovely in their lives, and in death they were not divided." John Wheathamsted sleeps in peace in the "sure and certain hope:" but descend to duke Humphrey's solemn vault; it is a beautiful one. On the wall is painted the image of our dear Lord's Passion; from His sacred side the blood is depicted flowing into a chalice, which a kneeling priest reverently receives; and in a corner of this vault, lies, at this moment, an open coffin, the lid wrenched off; the lead irreverently torn and bent back; and there, open to all men, rattled about and handled by the sexton, held up to be stared at and joked upon, are the brown skull and bones—the actual bones of duke Humphrey. Now, we say nothing that this same duke Humphrey was of England's blood-royal; nothing that he was

"—— the thrice-famed duke"

of our greatest bard; nothing that he was one of the most important characters in English history; nothing that he was a good, a pious, and a great man; nothing that he chose this very place for his sepulchre; but, in the name of our common Christianity—in the name even of humanity, are the bones of those who sleep in Jesus, and which one

day will rush together at that dread trumpet's sound, to be treated like the bones of an ass, with coarse irreverence and ribald jest? Are they to be made a show of, and the sight of them to be paid for with shillings? Is it to be endured, that they are to be kicked about like counters—and this in a church a thousand years old? There is a bishop of the diocese; there is an archdeacon, who delivered his charge the other day three yards from this very spot; there is, at least, one clergyman, who has some authority in St. Alban's Abbey; there are, we presume, churchwardens—one and all, can they be ignorant of this disgraceful and scandalous profanation, and heathenish indecency?*

Attached to the abbey church was, of course, the monastery, and its spacious buildings, refectory, library, cells, cloister, bakehouses, &c.—all, all are swept away. The cloisters are destroyed, and the site turned into a banker's kitchen garden; it is not even reserved for the church: the remains of the holy men who were buried there, go to feed his cauliflowers and celery. What of the fair clustered shafts attached to the nave remain are excellent supports for this gentleman's pears and plums; his gardeners manure and delve where the stately Benedictines walked and mused; the incense of the one is followed by the tobacco of the other; and the only matins and vespers with which St. Alban's Abbey is vocal now, is the ribald song of the street, whistled by these same pruners and planters. Stay, we had forgotten! one relic of better days remains, the gate-house of the monastery, and an ancient tenement attached to the south wall of the nave, and part of the monastic buildings; but the gate-house is now a prison, and the dwelling is the gaoler's. A significant change! for when, by the suppression of the great religious houses, the well-spring of English charity was cut off—the poor man must either rob or starve; so that, now, when we have ceased to feed Christ's poor, we must perforce cage them; and the prisons, and the union workhouse, and the compulsory poor-law, stand cursed and cursing, where once the daily dole was distributed by the charitable monks, who since they had freely received, freely gave. Oh, bitter change!

We have spoken of the daily services of this noble abbey. Once, every aisle was vocal with sacred song; oh could we but recal the days, when the solemn Gregorian chant swelled from the full-toned choir, while rank after rank paced along the stalls and misereres down to St. Cuthbert's shrine,† and down those noble steps, and down that lofty nave, and through the long vistas of aisles, along the spacious

* On the dissolution of Sheen, the body of James of Scotland, the defeated hero of Flodden, was exhumed, and the workmen defiled the body, and hewed the head off; and our own times equal the profanity of our fathers. In 1825, when St. Catharine's Church was destroyed for the new docks, the tomb of John Duke of Exeter, uncle to Henry V., was violated, and the hero's scull appropriated by the surveyor; and the bones of *King Alfred* were disinterred at Winchester some years ago, when a prison was erected on the site of the abbey walls. In France the royal vaults of the English kings at Fontevrault have been frightfully desecrated, and the remains of *Cœur-de-Lion* stolen.


† The choir at St. Alban's extends partly down the nave, as at Westminster, and is terminated by a beautiful screen, two or three piers' breadth westward of the transepts.

church, 600 feet long; and the symbol of redemption was raised triumphantly, and still the psalms of heaven swept sweetly on, now plaintive, now jubilant, and lingered about the shafted recesses of the triforium, and repeated from the cloisters—

“And still the choir of echoes answers so”—

and the angel corbels seemed to join in the general harmony, and upward to that azure roof,* the emblem of heaven itself, alive and vocal with the sacred name, and thence rose up like incense with the prayers of the saints, not unacceptable to Him who sitteth on the throne! Such was St. Alban's psalmody—such were the precentor and his choir. Now, in every shop-window of the town, you may see (at least, we saw) a programme of “a concert, to be given in the town-hall, under distinguished patronage,” by “Mr. —, parish clerk of the Abbey Church, and Music Master. Tickets to be had at the Library, and the Peabens, price 3s. each.” Such was the way in which our fathers “praised God in psalms;” such is the fashion in which we sanctify our gifts and talents to His service.

And speaking of *affiches*, these posting-bills are no bad index of the religious change which the last three hundred years has wrought in the face of the country. Once, any unusual religious celebration might be traced by a long line of pilgrims, horse and man in peaceful array, with sumpter-mules, threading along those beautiful roads, say the Pilgrim's roads, which still exist in the beechen woods of Kent, to St. Thomas of Canterbury; or through the ancient Watling-street to St. Alban's shrine; or to distant Sempringham, or to Battel, or along the silver Thames to Reading. We know not, (for how can we judge?) of the earnestness which accompanied, or which instigated these pilgrimages: we are not poetical enough to deny that, perhaps, they might be misused; but being ourselves, at least once, pilgrims to this very St. Alban's Abbey; knowing that to men pent in populous cities, green trees and blue skies are healthful alike to body and soul; knowing that we ourselves, personally at least, can draw spiritual good from visiting God's ancient houses, where His presence and His angels have, beyond recorded time, dwelt, and His saints yet sleep; knowing that, to kneel where God has been long and piously honoured, subdues pride, softens sinful hearts, elevates devotion, kindles coldness, and animates us into imitation of the departed, and of Him whose grace made them what they were; knowing that old churches and cathedrals are an image of heaven, and their service a foretaste of its blessedness, an emblem of heaven both in their stately splendour and in their unearthliness, and in their changelessness, and in the beautiful thoughts which they inspire, we can, without violent effort, believe that pilgrimages might be a religious exercise; might teach that heaven was our proper home; might, even in their toils and dangers, image forth the great christian truth, that through much tribulation, through toil and trouble, heat and cold, hunger and watching, the Kingdom was to be attained. And if pilgrimages and processions

* The panels of the abbey roof are painted blue, with the sacred monogram, .

were the mark which religion then impressed upon society, we scarcely yet are reconciled to pica and posting-bills, which have usurped their place. What though the devotion were, as of course we must admit, questionable, which prompted men and women to brave weary days and rough roads, for the privilege of kneeling at Becket's shrine, of course *now* we are not allowed to hesitate as to the religious nature of "the Annual Meeting of the Protestant Association in the Town-hall, Hertford, the Most Noble the Marquis of Salisbury in the chair;" bills of which, a yard long, met us on every wall in the county, on "our summer-day's pilgrimage." How much we have gained by the change, which is palpable enough, *judicent peritiores*.

We have thus feebly and inadequately contrasted, in some particulars, the St. Alban's "tower and town" of three centuries back with its present miserable estate, and before we sum up, after the good old fashion of sermons, with a practical application of our notes, we will point out one or two other painful things about the present church which are sad evidences of the great decay of church feeling in those, few and impoverished though they be, who have any authority over this glorious Abbey. And we may as well here declare, that every circumstance connected with our pilgrimage is a plain unvarnished fact: we have used no colouring: truth is often stranger and stronger than fiction.

On entering the choir we were much pleased with a large board attached to the altar-rails desiring strangers not to enter within the sacred enclosure. "Well, this is quite right," we exclaimed to one of our companions; "this shows a proper and decent reverence for the chancel; it is very sad and humiliating that such a notice should be required; but anything is better than to permit careless, thoughtless people to go up to the altar and perhaps sit down upon it to get a better view of the church: very thoughtful and proper, indeed." "Don't be too sure of the motive," said one of our party, a cautious and caustic observer. "Pray, sexton, what does that board mean?" "Why, sir, you see that these steps," pointing to the raised floor of the chancel, "were worn out; we have not money enough to put down stone steps, so we got these; very neat, an't they? but they are only *deal sanded over to look like stone*, and if the visitors were to walk up and down they would be scratched to pieces presently; so we put up the board to keep the new steps from being worn out." Never was a pretty theory so remorselessly shattered. And so it has come to this; that a church which took eight hundred years to build up to its present, though impaired, magnificence, is too poor to procure three stone steps for its altar, which a five-pound note would buy; the nobles who are revelling on the broad lands of which their fathers have robbed God are too poor; the town of St. Alban's is too poor; the mayor and corporation are too poor; the archdeacon is too poor; nay, the banker who grows his cabbages on the consecrated ground is too poor; Protestant England is too poor;—to buy three stone steps; so St. Alban's Abbey must be content with "*sanded deal*."

On the south side of the choir is the splendid shrine and tomb of Abbat John Wheathamsted, which has been retouched; it is in beauti-

ful preservation; and can always be identified by his badge, the ears of wheat; but as though to confuse all history, the screenwork has been glazed, and the magnificent and perhaps unequalled brass of a previous abbat, John de la Mare, in full robes, 9 feet 3 inches long by 4 feet 4 inches, has been laid down in it.

On the north side of the choir is a similar though inferior shrine of Abbat Ramryge, which, to the consternation of all antiquaries, actually bears the date of 1678; nor was our perplexity decreased by observing certain strange frescoes in the interior, which by no means correspond with the date of the tomb; the fact is, that in the year 1678, by the collusion of the then rector, this chapel was actually stolen by one Anthony Farringdon, Esq., who coolly appropriated the abbot's grave, tomb and shrine for a burial place for his own family—and his own memorial is painted on it; so that De la Mare's brass lies on Wheat-hamsted's tomb, and Farringdon's epitaph is fastened to the door of Ramryge's shrine!

This fashion of stealing grave-stones seems to be popular among the St. Alban's people: one of them has appropriated the black massive marble slab of an altar, perhaps the high altar, which is still marked with the five crosses, commemorating the Sacred Wounds; and numerous stones of which the brasses are stolen are inscribed with epitaphs to divers grocers and publicans of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. About the floor may be seen coped and plain tombs, inscribed with various crosses, which have only been preserved because they save money in buying paving stones. Among the memorial inscriptions, the following, though late, is simple—

“ Pray for Mawde Harryes which lieth in this grave
Desire God hartelie her sowle for to save
Whiche deceased the ix day of Februarie
On whose sowle Almighty God have m'cye.

Anno Domini millesimo ccccc tricesimo septimo”—

though, from the mixture of English and Latin, it would find small favour in Mr. Paget's eyes.

And if our readers cannot, with this pilgrimage to the Abbey alone, loiter through a summer's day, they may view St. Michael's Church, which contains, as Rickman has noticed, some undoubted Saxon remains, as well as Lord Bacon's tomb; or the remains of Sopwell Nunnery, a mile south of the town, a large Benedictine house; or they may do as we did—breakfast at North Mimms, and walk afterwards through a pretty park and grounds to South Mimms, where there is a beautiful decorated church, in very good preservation and religiously kept; there is a good brass in it of a priest with the host and chalice, surrounded by apostles in tabernacle work; of which no notice occurs in Clutterbuck's county history, though all the insignificant tombs are chronicled.

In conclusion, may we say something 1. of the monastic life in general; and 2. of the sacrilege involved in the suppression of the religious houses at the Reformation? Upon either subject the appearance of Mr. Neale's useful and graceful little volume, “Ayton Priory,” has anticipated, and even compelled us to omit much that we had to remark. We prefer, therefore, in the present case, rather to draw

on the stores of a fellow-labourer in this cause, than to inflict our readers with more of our own.

1. "Here man more purely lives, less oft doth fall,
More promptly rises, walks with easier heed,
More softly rests, dies happier, and gains
A brighter crown."—

said saintly Bernard, as the sage poet* renders the old Cistercian boast; and without doubt it is not the least cheering sign of a better state of things, that in all classes of society a healthier estimate of the monastic life is superseding the conventional nonsense and blasphemy, which were all but axiomatic some years since. Let but a reader turn over the volumes of even a tolerably recent collection of travels; Coxe, Swinburne, Wraxall, Sir John Carr, Kotzebue, Brydone, and the rest; whenever, as is not seldom, incident fails, or narration flags, be it that breakfasts and dinners are but common-place, and bandits scarce, a jest at the monks is a *pièce de resistance* as unfailing as acceptable; a facetious wanderer could always have a safe fling at a convent where he is sure never to be contradicted, and a chapter of dulness was pardoned or even welcomed at the cheap investment of some well-seasoned reminiscence of "a lusty friar,"—no pleasant resource so gay, or so genteel in a liberal traveller. As often, and it was not seldom, as our courtly countrymen condescended to devour the hospitality of a foreign monastery, the superior's gentle urbanity was rewarded with a printed sneer, and the simplicity of the brethren, simple only in their civility to our rascal herd of bookmakers, was repaid by impertinent questionings on what the questioners could not understand, or a depreciation of a life which they were not able to estimate. How beautiful is the poet's description of the religious life:

"A hasty portion of prescribed sleep;
Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep,
And sing, and sigh, and work, and sleep again;
Still rolling a round sphere of still returning pain.
Hands full of hearty labours; pains that pay,
And prize themselves; do much, that more they may,
And work for work, not wages ———
A long and daily dying life, which breathes
A respiration of reviving deaths.
But neither are there those ignoble stings,
That nip the bosom of the world's best strings,
And lash earth-labouring souls;
No cruel guard of diligent cares, that keep
Crown'd woes awake, as things too wise for sleep;
But reverend discipline and religious fear,
And soft obedience, find sweet biding here;
Silence and sacred rest; peace and pure joys,
Kind loves, keep house, lie close, and make no noise,
And room enough for monarchs, while none swells
Beyond the kingdom of contentful cells.
The self-remembering soul sweetly recovers
Her kindred with the stars; not basely hovers
Below; but meditates her immortal way
Home to the original source of light, and intellectual day."

CRASHAW.

* Wordsworth.

But setting aside for the present all higher advantages of the monastic rule, how strange a testimony to its practical usefulness is borne by the awful caricatures of a religious house which the Socialist communities exhibit in the present day; if combined labour be the secret of success, the monks have succeeded where Harmonies have failed: the monks were as good political economists as Mr. Owen, and Adam Smith himself was anticipated in his doctrine of the division of labour, by a well-ordered community of lay brethren.

"Nunc lege, nunc ora, nunc cum fervore labora,
Sic erit hora brevis, sic labor ille levis."

This was the monkish day—prayer tempering labour, labour making a solace of religion,—and it was this union of the active and contemplative life, this practical solving of the philosopher's unsolved problem, which would form no slight recommendation of the revival of monasteries. Their religious use is unquestionable: but their services in civilising and cultivating a country, are scarcely less noticeable. There is a common error in supposing that, from a selfish and sensual feeling, the religious selected the richest and fairest spots for an abbey,* or a monastic house; *omne quod tetigit ornavit*, is literally true of the Church and its chief dwellings. The monastery was a centre of useful learning and of the arts of life of this world, as well as of the next, to a whole neighbourhood: the brotherhood, in which each member of the society had his own allotted duties according to his own especial gift: the common table, the common funds, the common dress, the economy and unity of purpose, the interchange of mutual duties, the life according to rule and system, what are these things but the avowed object of the Phalanges of M. Fourier, and the normal farms of Mr. Owen? It is the world vainly attempting to imitate, and thus strangely testifying to the value of, that wonderful monastic system, which, though the Church has been deprived of, she found in it the most valuable auxiliary of religion itself? Making an abatement for its total negation of Christianity, Owen's Hampshire farm, as described in the Morning Chronicle, is but a Brummagem imitation of Fountains, or Battlesden, or Cîteaux; and in these days, when the rage for association and centralization is at the flood, a Chartist church, an Owenite monastery, a Mormon creed, and a Socialist priesthood, are but signs of Antichrist; warnings that duties which the Church neglects, and offices which she has foregone, will be assumed by her enemies; and that where God is not honoured, the devil will have his service, and his own Church, and his worshippers instead. If man worships not the world's Saviour, he must worship Satan; religion of some sort or other is inseparable from human nature. But we are forgetting Mr. Neale.

"We may look at religious houses, in four distinct points of view; and in each their present advantages unattainable by any other system. In the first place, we may consider them as establishments for the propagation of the truth in parts of the country where from physical or moral circumstances the parochial system is not sufficient. How many tracts of land, for instance, are there, where five or six cottages are scattered here and there on some vast and savage common, nominally belonging to a parish of which the church is three or four miles off! Sometimes, a cottage will be

* One instance to the contrary occurs in the site of Croyland, in the midst of the Lincolnshire fens, which, melancholy enough at all times, must in winter have been one diurnal sea.

found a mile or two from any other habitation; and the poor inhabitants, in these cases, except that they have probably been baptized, and will probably be buried in their parish church, have no other connexion with it. Much of Cornwall is in this condition; but perhaps the most remarkable instance was to be seen in the Forest of Dean. Here there were churches; but marriages could not be solemnized in them, on account of their being, in reality, only chapels of ease. The consequence was, that sooner than take the trouble of going ten or twelve miles to a church where they could be married, most of the wretched inhabitants were content to settle down without any marriage at all. Now, in cases like these, of what inestimable benefit would a stationary body of priests, and deacons, and laymen qualified to act as readers, be found! The distant hovels, to visit one of which would occupy the parish priest the best part of the day, when perhaps he has already more labour than any single man can perform, would be known and carefully visited from the monastery. They would, in health, be warned to an attendance on the Church's ordinances, and in sickness, receive Her last consolations: as it is, they receive, too often, neither one nor the other."—*Ayton Priory*, Pp. 126, 127.

"Instead of the old system, we see meeting-houses springing up in every direction, and the poor crowding them, because they are near, instead of encountering a weary journey and tempestuous weather, in attending their church. But these difficulties are only physical: the monastick system is still better calculated to meet the moral destitution of large towns. And perhaps it is still more exactly suited to those manufacturing districts where a town springs up in the course of ten years. If, when the first large works in such a place were set on foot, a small cell were placed near it, as an offshoot to some larger house; then, as one house sprung up after another, and one row behind another, the priory church would be open to them. The brotherhood would attend them; and the Chartist, and Socialist, and Atheist would have less chance of spreading their deadly poison among them. The children, instead of the labour to which they are now, from infancy, exposed; labour which injures their minds as much as their bodies; might well be taught their duty to God and man, in the priory school; for the funds of the brethren would allow them to make good to the parents any deficiency which might result from the loss of their manual labour."

"That remedy," observed the Colonel, "is certainly new to me. But such machinery would be expensive."

"If," said Sir John, "we had the funds of our ancient abbeys, we should have enough to evangelize all our manufacturing districts. The funds, as seized by Henry VIII., amounted to just £143,000; the rental of the kingdom being then somewhat about three millions. Now, had we the twentieth part of its present rental; what wonders might the Church do! Why, the twenty millions which a late writer proposed as a proper grant from the state, actually sinks into insignificance before what has been done."

"You would also imagine the buildings, as they were, to be existing at the present day. It would be an incalculable accession of influence to the Church. But why put a manifestly impossible supposition?"

"Whatever good they would do now, that, so far as it was needed, they did when they existed. It is far easier for our imagination to bring them forward into our own time, than to carry ourselves back into theirs, when we would judge of their influence. Let us imagine, for example, the monasteries of S. Alban's, Reading, S. Edmund's Bury, Glastonbury, Westminster, and York, each with an annual income of about £150,000, to start up amongst us; why, the effect would be little short of miraculous! And you are to remember, that not only would the Church be enabled to erect and endow temples which should even overtake the increase of population, and to supply ministers to meet their necessities: this is not all. She would at once come forward as the instructor of the nation; boards of education would be no longer needed; training schools would at once be provided. There is not an art in which She is concerned, that She would not be able to teach: and the high and low would equally take their first lessons from Her lips. Then the poor, instead of the negligent or brutal attendance of some miserably paid parish doctor, would be under the skilful care of the infirmarer and his brethren: the sick-bed would be made softer by their kindness, and the mind of the sufferer be naturally drawn by earthly to heavenly things. None would be left to the tender mercies of the relieving officer: the needy would find food by applying at the abbey gate. The Union system, accursed of God, and intolerable to man, would vanish like a dream; in short, the Church would, wherever we turned, present the same aspect, that of the great benefactor to man's

soul and body. Hospitality, a virtue now almost forgotten, (for who ever entertains strangers as in the olden time?) would revive: and here, again, it would be the Church which practised the virtue it preached.'

"'You must allow,' said Col. Abberley, 'that the monasteries did not, in the time of their glory, do all this; and that they do not do it now in those countries where they still remain.'

"'Granted; but then there were other reasons for this, besides that of the corruption of the system. I do not mean, as I said before, to say that it was not corrupted. But the spiritual benefits of the religious houses were less visible; I do not say less real, for I shall have something to add on that point presently; because the parochial system was then so much more fully worked out. Take some instances: I will not pick them, but take them as they occur to me. Lewes, in Sussex, a town with some 8000 inhabitants, has now six churches; before the Reformation it had fifteen, and two monasteries. Thetford, in Norfolk, had then some six or eight, which have now perished. York, well provided as it seems, had lost about the same number. So it is with Durham; so with Exeter; so with Lincoln; so with Norwich; so, in short, with whatever city you examine. And as to the rural districts. We were considering the state of Cornwall. I speak within limits when I say, that not the third part of the churches which stood there before the Reformation, are standing there now. In its wildest parts, there were chapels, offshoots from the parish church, and probably served at intervals by the parish, or assistant, priest. And this leads to another reason why the monasteries exercised a less visible effect on the spiritual welfare of our poor at the time of their suppression than they would do now. I refer to the infinitely greater number of priests whom the Church then supported. In the first place, there were the chantry priests: and without wishing, or finding it necessary, to defend the corruptions of the system with which they were connected, they must have been, or at least, which is sufficient to my argument, they might have been, very important helps in a large parish. Again, almost every church had at least one, often two, deacons attached to it. We may see traces of them in the sedilia which appear on the south side of our old chancels: there is seldom only one; oftener there are two; oftener still, three. So that with a body of Clergy amply sufficient to take charge of the population, the services of the monks in that way were little needed, and therefore, comparatively speaking, little exerted. As to your objection on the state of the foreign monasteries at the present day, the same reason will apply to them: add to which, that (except in Italy) the religious houses are no where to be found in their original splendour and wealth. France owes their destruction to the revolution; Germany, to the position she occupies, being the great theatre of all European wars; Spain, to the late revolution; Portugal, to the Marquis de Pombal and the Constitution. However, I will acknowledge that in the country where they remained longest, Spain, they were indeed degenerated.'

"'But you said,' replied the Colonel, 'that you had other arguments in favour of the system.'

"'The second I would mention is this: that they acted in the same beneficial way as colleges now act amongst us; nay, that the influence they exercised was even more beneficial. It is evident that the active and laborious life of a parish priest does not allow him time, had he the means, of laying up much deep learning. He must be content with an influence over his immediate flock; for the Church at large, except in the ways of example and prayer, he can do little. He wants the extensive library which he may consult: and it is at the risk of injuring his parish, if he devotes much time to composition, other than for the use of his parish. I mean of course composition of works which will be, in other days, standard theology. If you run over the writings of our principal divines, you will see that the greatest of their works were written by those who were not, or at least not at that time, engaged in parish duty. Hooker's Polity, is a glorious exception. Now here, colleges and monasteries supplied just that void which I have noticed. They do not make good parish priests; they do not teach a man how to visit the sick or dying bed; how to comfort a penitent; to awaken a hardened sinner; nay, not even how to control a vestry, or to enforce a rate. And I fear that even the modern professorship of Pastoral Theology will not do much in this way. But when any new and dangerous heresy appears, when any great article of the faith is called in question, when the voice of the earliest and purest age of the Church is to be consulted on any given subject; when our own branch of the Church is to be defended against whatever enemy; then there would be, if we had our monasteries, a race of men ready at once to spring up the champions

of the Catholick Faith, trained, not by a few hours' study, but by the investigation of years, to unravel the most subtle heresies, and to penetrate, as deeply as man may do, into the depths of Theology. Monasteries are far more suited to the production of such a race than colleges, for many reasons. Firstly, profane literature and science, which must be studied in the latter, to a certain degree, for their own sakes, would in the former take their own natural position as the handmaids of theology. Then, the religious atmosphere of the one, the constant prayers, the constant Communion, the immediate dedication to God, contrast vividly with the attendance on college chapel, the mixture of worthier and higher pursuits with aspiration for worldly honours, and dissipation in worldly pleasures, and connexion in secular business. I am not aware that, with the single exception of Barrow's Sermons, any great work on Divinity has proceeded immediately from the walls of a college, from the revolution till within the last few years; let us hope the case will soon be widely different. But should colleges ever again become the strictly religious foundations which they were designed to be, they never could compete with our ancient monasteries as instruments for the propagation of truth, from a physical reason; the smallness of their funds. What religious houses have been enabled to do in this way, you may see in the glorious Benedictine editions of the Fathers' works, which no individual nor set of individuals could have undertaken, and the risk of which no bookseller could have borne; but which taken in hand by a band of religious men, acting under orders from their superiors, and published at the expense of the community, offer a noble example of one way in which monastick houses may contribute to the glory of God. And by whom is such a work likely to be carried on more successfully? Who is the more likely to enter into the spirit of the Fathers? The man, fresh from the lecture, or the examination, or the hall, or the combination-room, with the papers, good and bad, of twenty classical or mathematical examiners to look over when the appointed progress shall have been made in the work in hand; or he, who with the sweet notes of vespers yet ringing in his ears, looks forward to joining, in a few hours, in the solemn Compline, and perhaps, in a few hours after that, to leave his bed for the first Nocturn? Is there a question, even in a case like this? And how much more must the balance turn in favour of monasteries, when the work in hand is one of dogmatick, still more of practical theology? Who but the inhabitant of such a place could have written the *IMITATIO CHRISTI*? Who but one living on the same system, could have composed the Sermons and Prayers of Bishop Andrewes?"—*Ibid.* Pp. 127—135.

"My third argument would be that arising from a consideration of the benefits of intercession. Much of this is, I allow, applicable to the Daily Service as we actually have it: much more was applicable to it when the Hours were said six times, instead of twice, daily. But the beautiful system of nightly prayer, that can only find place in a monastick establishment. The Church then, not content with supplicating the blessing of God on Her children at all hours of the day, sends up her petitions for them at a time when they are more peculiarly exposed to danger, and when they are unconscious of the safeguard of Her prayers. And the fourth reason I should dwell on, is the asylum which such places afford to those who have no other home. The daughters, for example, of clergymen, who, when left orphans, must seek their livelihood by going out as governesses, or by some lower way of earning their bread; would they not bless God if they could have so holy and so comforting a habitation to which they might fly? There, in different ways, they might effectually serve Him; there, they would daily be consoled by the voice of the Church: there they might weekly, and why not oftener? receive the Holy Communion: instead of being tossed and buffeted about in this world; perhaps, without a home that they can call their own; exposed to all manner of hardships; without friends to cheer or comfort—and all this, not for some high and holy end, but to procure bare subsistence and shelter. So the aged, whose manhood had been taken up in the necessary pursuits of this world; but who had now outlived or settled their families, might they not well be thankful for a place where they might retire, before they died, from the noise and confusion of this world, and prepare themselves for their entrance on the next by deeper penitence, more uninterrupted prayer, and closer communion with God? Again; periodical retirement to such a house might be most salutary for one deeply engaged in business: an Advent or Lent so passed would be, as it were, a breathing time for the soul, an untwining the close poisonous embrace of weekly affairs; a strict lesson in setting the affections on things above. This is often practised in foreign Churches; why should it not be in our own?"

"But how is this to be done?" asked the Colonel. "If we are quite unequal now,

to the re-establishment of the monastick system, what does it advantage us to dwell on its beauties? If we are equal to it; how comes it to pass that it has never been tried? And why do we not find it alluded to with approbation in the works of our standard divines?"

" 'Its re-establishment,' replied Sir John, 'is far too long a subject for us to consider when just at our ride's end. But it has been partially tried: I of course refer to the Little Gidding establishment under Nicholas Ferrar. And commended it has been by such writers as Thorndike, Bramhall, and Jeremy Taylor. Nay, do you not know that Burnet (whom I would only quote to the opposers of the system, as an *argumentum ad hominem*) speaks of the re-establishment of nunneries as a work that would add honour to a queen's reign? And does not Bishop Andrewes express in the strongest manner his approval of the system, when he blesses God for the holiness of monks, and ascetics, and the beauty of virgins?'

" 'If, however,' returned Col. Abberley, 'monasteries were of such benefit as you appear to think, it does seem to me incomprehensible that their dissolution should have been submitted to so tamely, and that so few voices should have been raised in their defence.'"

" 'Why,' answered Sir John, 'there were many reasons for this; but the two principal causes are to be looked for in the corruptions—not of the practice, but of the principles—of the system. No one will now deny, for even Romanists, by their present acts, confess it, that religious houses must be under the controul of the bishop, in whose diocese they are situated. The heart-burnings and jealousies of which the contrary practice had been the source, had alienated the minds of the bishops from those whom, not without cause, they regarded as rivals. The mitred abbat of such a house as S. Alban's in exterior splendour and deportment was quite the equal of a prelate: he gave the blessing in the same way; he wore the same mitre, ring, gloves, and sandals: he carried the same pastoral staff; the only difference being that its crook was turned inwards instead of outwards, to denote that his jurisdiction related only to the internal management of his own house. It was really preposterous that the Easter offerings of the county of Hertford should be made at S. Alban's instead of at Lincoln. And not only does this system of rivalry render the regular clergy objects of jealousy to the bishops; but the means by which this rivalry was supported with success; namely, constant appeals to, and constant dependence on, Rome; rendered them objects of dislike to the people when the corruptions of Rome became too flagrant any longer to be hidden. Of course, it is only human nature that a slight fault should, in popular estimation, far outweigh the greatest benefit. So the abbey was, in a certain sense, isolated from the rest of the Church, and accordingly the rest of the Church (partly, perhaps, induced thereto by a promise of eighteen new bishopricks) were quiet spectators of their ruin. Another reason which helped their downfall was, the length to which the system of appropriation had gone among them. The abbey became, so to speak, rector: an ill paid vicar was set over the parish; and he, naturally enough, preferred the life of the religious house to the solitude and poverty of his village home. However, this was not the case everywhere, and some abbey set a very different example. Witness that of Glastonbury. Many of the most magnificent churches of the west owe their foundation to the liberality and skill of this house: and the parsonages, which, in many instances (though with some mutilations,) still remain, shew that the clergy presented to these cures were not non-residents. And the same thing may perhaps be said of S. Edmund's Bury. I know nothing more affecting than the petitions of some of the smaller houses against their dissolution: we have a notable example extant in that of Leyborn, in Leicestershire.'"—*Ibid.* Pp. 136—140.

2. We have left ourselves little space to speak as forcibly as we could desire on the great sacrilege and sin which the suppression of these sacred foundations involved. Sir R. Atkyns calculates, and this has never been disputed, that the 100,000 religious houses—ranging of course from Cathedrals to single cells—which existed in Henry VIII.'s time, were reduced at once to 10,000: this fact is perfectly horrifying. We are far from undervaluing the doctrinal benefits of the Reformation, but surely this sin was enough, more than enough, to blast the fairest and holiest work. It has often struck good men with surprise, that

the principles of the English Reformers being so sound, so little practical advantage has accrued to the nation (for mere temporal prosperity is no sign of God's favour, rather the contrary) from the great religious change of the sixteenth century. Is it too much to assume that as a kingdom we have been under a curse ever since? Even heathen* piety could trace to the third and fourth generation Divine Wrath punishing men for allowing the temples to fall by silent neglect; how much is a Christian nation bound to recognise in our present divisions and distresses, the avenging arm, not only for religious neglects, but for actual sacrilege and robbery? To pull down churches, forcibly to banish the Holy Angels from God's chosen dwelling places, to spend upon rioting and gluttony, upon the prodigal and the harlot, endowments which ancient piety had consecrated; to appropriate Abbey lands to court minions; to visit with the curse of desolation those sacred places where the Holy Mysteries had been daily celebrated for centuries, to say to them, "wild beasts of the desert shall lie there, and their houses shall be full of doleful creatures, and owls shall dwell there;" to summon

"The green lizard and the gilded newt"

to the shrines of the Most High; such sins have their accusing angel, and already His heavy judgment is upon us. Let no supposed difficulties, or what the world calls impossibilities, daunt us; as a people we have grievously sinned, as a people we must restore to God that of which our fathers have robbed Him. "We are cursed with a curse, for we have robbed Him, even this whole nation."

"In the first place," replied Sir John, "there is not any other crime which can implicate one generation after another as this does. In the second, you know that at the foundation of any Church or Religious House, a solemn curse was pronounced, with the most dreadful formalities, on its violators or destroyers. And with respect to the voice of the Church, verily, 'he whom She blesseth is blessed, and he whom She curseth is cursed.' And so it is in the present case. You see some family with broad lands and high honours; from age to age they struggle on through all the changes and chances of revolutions, and the vicissitudes of governments. Sometimes its existence depends on the life of a sickly child: the sickly child becomes a healthy man, and his children multiply. Sometimes the only male heir is exposed to all the dangers of war: and among them all he seems to bear a charmed life. He returns to a happy home, and in a few years the family seems more securely established than ever. While in its most flourishing condition, in an evil hour it acquires Church property. The curse descends at once: thenceforward strange accidents and losses occur: fire, and robbery, and sickness do their work; male heirs fail; jealousy springs up between man and wife; unnatural hatred between parents and children; a sickly season carries off one, a violent death, another; a third sails to a foreign land and is never more heard of. Whatever scheme is undertaken fails; wealth makes itself wings, and flies away; moth corrupts, and the thief destroys. And all this while, the curse, with its tearless eyes, seems to watch every motion of its victims; crosses them in their best laid plans; entraps them in an inextricable web; perplexes, and harasses, and impoverishes, and weakens, and ruins, and only leaves them when the last heir is laid in the family vault. Then the crime of sacrilege seems expiated."

"This is a fearful picture, Sir John. Is it not an overcharged one?"

"For that," replied Sir John Morley, "I will boldly appeal to English History; especially to family history. But look at the case *à priori*. What has ever been the

* And to convert to other purposes those edifices which had once been consecrated, they looked upon as sinful impiety. Lampridius relates, that the heathen Emperor Alexander Severus refused to grant a Christian oratory to an idolater, who applied to use it as a shop, adjudging it to the Bishop, and declaring, "that it was better that it should serve for any kind of worship, than for secular uses."

fate of sacrilege? Look at the Holy Scriptures: take Belshazzar's case. There you see an idolatrous and vicious prince, giving himself up to his own heart's lust—exceeding his predecessors in wickedness; selling himself to do evil—and yet spared. How often, in all likelihood, had he 'praised the idols of gold, and of silver, of brass, of iron, of wood, and of stone!' And yet he had time and space afforded him for repentance. At last, he sends for the Temple vessels, and prostitutes them to his idol worship. What follows? 'IN THAT NIGHT was Belshazzar, king of the Chaldeans, slain.' Look again at Pompey. An experienced general, strong in the affection of his country, relying on a prosperous army, engaged, on the whole, in a right cause, he entered into the holy of holies, and he never prospered again. And where does the infidel historian date the commencement of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire? With the reign of him who destroyed the temple at Jerusalem! Now look back to our Reformation. Is it not notorious that of the families enriched by the abbey spoils very few remain to the present day; and those, after having passed through severe losses, and fearful judgments? Is it not also certain that abbey lands very seldom continue more than two, or three generations at most in a family? Can any one deny that, where more grievous judgments have not befallen the occupiers, the failure of heirs male has been as singular as it is inexplicable? Is it not a fact, so deeply has sacrilege eaten into our families, that scarcely any are now in possession of the same estates which they held at the Reformation, while a period of five hundred years was, before that time, no unusual term of occupancy for one family? If any one denies these things, I would refer him, first, to Sir Henry Spelman's 'History of Sacrilege.' If he says that this is the production of a special pleader for restitution, then I would ask him to look at any county history. Examine, I would say, the list of the families, once of note in it, now extinct, and see if nine-tenths of these were not implicated in Church property. Then look at the history of the succession of families in abbey estates, and see if these do not change their owners ten times, for one change in other property, and if the decay of any family is not consequent on its touching Church possessions. I ask any candid person to examine the matter for himself; if facts ever proved any thing, they prove what I am saying. And do not imagine that I look on the Reformation as the only time in which sacrilege has polluted England: William the Conqueror and William Rufus are fearful instances of God's judgments against church violations. The first lays waste twenty villages to form a hunting forest. He dies by a strange disease, neglected, deserted, despised: his corpse becomes intolerable to those who would have attended it; it is at first denied hallowed ground; and at length hastily and dishonourably committed to its resting-place. The second, hunting in that same forest, is shot, under mysterious circumstances, by a hand unknown, with the name of the enemy of mankind in his mouth; is 'buried with the burial of an ass,' and leaves his name as a curse. Indeed, I know no more terrible illustration of the truth of what I have been saying than 'The last Hunt of William Rufus.' Again, I will not say that the death of Lord Brooke was, strictly speaking, supernatural; but the inveteracy of his hatred to the material fabric of the Church; his being given over to a strong delusion that he was doing God service; the arm by which he was shot; the distance at which the aim took effect; the circumstance that the bullet entered that eye with which he had hoped to see the destruction of all the cathedrals; all these things seem to say distinctly, This is the finger of God! No, no; it is of no use saying that by the analogy of earthly justice we are not compelled to restore Church property. He has taken the matter into His own hands. His servants, in founding their religious houses, denounced, with fearful solemnity, a solemn curse on those who should alienate them; He has fulfilled that curse; He is fulfilling it. May He open men's eyes to discern their danger.'"—*Ayton Priory*, pp. 87—92.

It has often been a matter of just surprise that the body of the English people submitted almost without a murmur to the suppression of the abbeys, the sources from which all the comfort and most of the prosperity of the common people flowed; but it must not be forgotten what fallacious hopes were held out to them. Schools, colleges, and an increased number of bishoprics were the lure to Churchmen which procured silence, if not consent on their part. And

Sir Benjamin Rudyard, in a speech preserved by Nalson, ii. 300, mentions it as the principal parliamentary motive for seizing the religious houses by Henry VIII. that they would so enrich the crown as that *the people should never be put to pay subsidies again*; and an army of 40,000 men for the defence of the kingdom should be maintained with the overplus. How did the matter turn out? Sir Benjamin tells us—"God's part, religion [that is, doctrine], by His blessing, has been tolerably well preserved; but it hath been saved *as by fire*; for the rest is consumed and vanished." The immediate saving to the state was, the compulsory poor-law—standing armies—and the balance of power, doctrines which, from embroiling us with foreign politics, have *saved us*—eight hundred millions of debt!

We must bear in mind, however, that Pope Clement set the example of confiscating church lands, and that while the English clergy, throughout James', and Elizabeth's, and even Edward's reigns, attributed much of the distress of the country and the little progress of the Reformation to Henry's confiscations, and constantly demanded the restoration of the sacred property, it was a Bull from Rome which confirmed their possessions to the lay robbers, and this issued with Pole's consent, even though Queen Mary—and among many painful memories of her reign, it is right to mention it—did what she could to restore the crown impropriations.

It would be perhaps bootless to inquire in whose possession the broad lands of St. Alban's are vested: some perhaps may think that a subsequent dedication of them to a religious purpose might veil or sanctify the original sin; to some extent this might be the case. Sir Thomas Pope was one of the commissioners who took the surrender of this particular foundation of St. Alban's,* and among the Oxford worthies, we find him as founder of Trinity College, described as "of Tittenhanger, Knight;" this Tittenhanger was the country residence of the Abbat of St. Alban's, and the commissioner, though he afterwards founded a college, thought no scorn to lick his fingers, while the sweet spoils of the Church of God passed through them: perhaps like another noble knight,

"— Sir Antonio Pallavacine,
Who robbed the Pope to pay the Queen,"

Sir Thomas robbed St. Alban's to pay Trinity, a noble example, which ecclesiastical commissioners have found it convenient to imitate even at this remote period. But we suspect that the casuists of Trinity will not from dutiful reverence to their founder, quite approve of the means by which he was enabled thus

"To die, and endow a college."

This society has one startling memorial of their founder's sin, and this presented to them for the most sacred occasion. The magnificent silver gilt chalice (which has been figured by Shaw, and lately again in "the Illustrations of Church Plate, &c.") belonging to Trinity College, Oxford, and presented by their founder, *was stolen from St. Alban's Abbey*, and we wish the President and Fellows all joy of the

* There is, however, a sort of tradition, though Warton mentions it doubtingly, that it was through Pope's influence that the Abbey was not demolished.

credit which its possession under such circumstances can afford them. If it be right to restore Church lands, it is right to restore Church plate, especially when, as in this case, the plundered church exists, however depressed and dismantled. Testimonies to this sin abound; we extract an unprejudiced one.

"The merciless destruction with which this violent transfer of property was accompanied, as it remains a lasting and ineffacable reproach upon those who partook the plunder, or permitted it; so would it be a stain upon the national character, if men when they break loose from restraint, were not everywhere the same. Who can call to mind without grief and indignation, how many magnificent edifices were overthrown in this undistinguishing havoc!—Malmsbury, Battle, Waltham, Malvern, Lantony, Rivaux, Fountains, Whally, Kirksdale, and so many others; the noblest works of architecture, and the most venerable monuments of antiquity: each the blessing of the surrounding country, and, collectively, the glory of this land!—Glastonbury, which was the most venerable of all, even less for its undoubted age, than for the circumstances connected with its history, and which in beauty and sublimity of structure was equalled by few, surpassed by none, was converted by Somerset, after it had been stript and dilapidated, into a manufactory, where refugee weavers, chiefly French and Walloons, were to set up their trade. The founders had denounced a perpetual curse upon any one who should usurp, diminish, or injure its possessions. The good old historian, William of Malmsbury, when he recorded this, observed, that the denunciation had always up to his time been manifestly fulfilled, seeing no person had ever thus trespassed against it, without coming to disgrace, without the judgment of God. By pious Protestants, as well as Papists, the Abbey lands were believed to carry with them the curse, which their first donors imprecated upon all who should divest them from their purpose to which they were consecrated; and in no instance was this opinion more accredited, than in that of the protector Somerset.

* * * * *

The persons into whose hands the Abbey lands had passed, used their new property as ill as they had acquired it. The tenants were compelled to surrender their writings by which they held estates, for two or three lives, at an easy rent, payable chiefly in produce; the rents were trebled and quadrupled, and the fines raised in even more enormous proportion—sometimes even twenty-fold. Nothing of the considerate superintendence which the Monks had exercised, nothing of their liberal hospitality, was experienced from these *Step-Lords*, as Latimer in his honest indignation denominated them. The same spirit which converted Glastonbury into a woollen-manufactory, depopulated whole domains for the purpose of converting them into sheep-farms; the tenants being turned out to beg, or rob, or starve. To such an extent was this inhuman system carried, that a manifest decrease of population appeared." *Book of the Church*, vol. ii.

Such, according to the unprejudiced testimony of Southey, was the immediate effect of the great sacrilege upon the comforts of the people; and who shall dare to doubt that the curse still lives for us in the dead founders of the English abbeys:

"An orphan's curse would drag to hell,
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that,
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!"

and that on us even of the third and fourth generation will be visited our fathers' sins.

It is with no dark and fanatical spirit that we pray, may God in His mercy remember those who retain the lands of His Church; it is with shame that we own that in our own times one alone, and he an apostate from our Communion, has in some degree began the work of restitution: we allude to Mr. Ambrose Phillips, of Grace Dieu, a foundation of Augustinian nuns; but Newstead, Studley, Furness, Holm-Cultram, Kenilworth, Axholm, Croxton, De-la-Prè, Sulby,

Repton, Worksop, Combe, Canonleigh, Buckland, Sherburne, Shaftsbury, Hales-Owen, Fountains, Alnewick, Tavistock, Woburn, Much-Wenlock, Reading, Battle, Rivaux, Waverley, Stoneleigh, Valle-Crucis, what sad thoughts do these simple names recall! what miserable histories! what distress, poverty, extinction, and it may be crime! We know not a service to the Church more needed than a re-publication of Spelman's "*History of Sacrilege*" continued to the present time; the ears of England's nobility and gentry must be made to tingle, and this for their own sakes, for unless we mistake the signs of the times, a wider and fiercer convulsion is all but at hand than the spoiler's wildest dream has conceived; the wrath of God is worse than the anger of man, and woe be to us, unless we make atonement and restitution for past sacrilege!

We will produce the family history of a single person, and a good and eminent one, and desire our readers to mark the horrible sins of his descendants and their final extinction: to connect this history with the unrighteous possession of Church lands is easy. Sir Thomas Pope was thrice married, and left only *one daughter*, Alice, who died very young. His third wife was Elizabeth, daughter of Walter Blount. Thomas Blount, the heir of her brother William, inherited Tittenhangers from his uncle Sir Thomas Pope, and called himself Pope-Blount. Of this family Sir Henry Blount was a "sceptic," and pulled down the house. His son, Charles Blount, "inherited his father's *philosophy*," and was the notorious infidel author of the "*Anima Mundi*," and "*Oracles of Reason*." After his wife's death, this wretched man *shot himself*, because he could not form an *incestuous marriage* with his wife's sister, which account Warton (life of Sir T. Pope) says, that he received from "the late Sir H. Pope-Blount, *the last of the family*." But to pursue the subject; and we have been at some little pains to trace the descent of other Churchlands in this immediate neighbourhood.

The site and buildings of Sopwell Nunnery, founded by Robert de Gorham, the sixteenth abbat, were granted by Henry VIII. to a Sir Richard Lee, as well as the monastic buildings of St. Alban's Abbey and the parish church of St. Andrew, all of which he pulled down: according to Newcome, he was indebted for this wicked grant to the charms of his wife, one Margaret Greenfield, "who was in no small favour with the king:" *he died without male issue*, and his lands passed into the Sadleir family. At the time of the Restoration, the *male line of the Sadleirs became extinct*, and the property passed to the Saunders' family; *the male line of which being extinct*, it was sold to the Grimston family, the present possessors.

Again; the hospital of St. Mary de Prè, near St. Alban's, was suppressed by Wolsey, who afterwards obtained a grant of these lands for his own use; *his fate is sufficiently notorious*; after his attainder, it was forfeited to the crown, and granted to Ralph Rowlat, Esq. on *the failure of whose male line*, it was purchased from a *female descendant*, by Sir Harbottle Grimston, the ancestor of the Earl of Verulam, the present possessor.

Again; Gorbambury, the seat of the Earl of Verulam, was originally part of the Abbey lands, and granted by Abbat Robert de

Gorham, to a relation of the same name, who erected a mansion on it, hence called Gorhambury: it was reannexed to the Abbey by Abbat De la Mare, and at the dissolution, was granted to the above Ralph Rowlat, Esq.; *on the failure of his heirs male*, his daughter conveyed it to—Maynard; *he sold it* to Lord Chancellor Bacon, *who died without issue*, and, as is well known, *the title and family of the Bacons became extinct*. Sir Thomas Meautys, Lord Bacon's private secretary, inherited Gorhambury as cousin and next heir; he died *heirless*, leaving an only daughter *who died unmarried*; Sir Thomas' elder brother succeeded him, who (or his representative) sold the estates to Sir Harbottle Grimston above mentioned.

Again, the Manor of Childwick, formerly belonging to the Abbey, was held by Thomas Rowse, in anno 4to Eliz. He died leaving one son, *who died without issue*.

Again, the manor of Newland Squillers, formerly belonging to the abbey, was granted to the Sir Richard Lee above named: on the extinction of his race it was conveyed to Richard Grace, *who died without male issue*.

Again, the manor of Aldenham belonged either to this abbey or to St. Peter's, Westminster; at the dissolution it was granted to Ralph Stepneth and his heirs for ever, *but he died without male issue*: from his collateral heirs it passed into the Cary family, the *last of whom*, the celebrated Lucius Lord Falkland, was killed in a particularly strange and awful manner at the battle of Newbury: it then passed into the Harby family, the *male line of which became extinct* in 1674: and from them to the Holles family, the *direct line of which became extinct* in 1711, by the death of the Duke of Newcastle, who left an *only daughter* who carried the property into the Pelham family.

We have only selected the seven first estates, formerly belonging to the Church, from a common county history, and here we find the families of Pope, Blount, Lee, Sadleir, Saunders, Wolsey, Rowlat, Bacon, Meautys, Rowse, Grace, Stepneth, Cary, Harby, Holles, *invariably failing in the male line*; fifteen families in succession possessed these abbey lands, and every one of them is extinct! Well indeed might the nobility and gentry of England prevent the publication of Spelman's History of Sacrilege. If among the 260 gentlemen who, in the reign of Henry VIII., shared the abbey lands among them, not sixty had even a son to inherit the estate—if such as we have noted are the remarkable calamities attendant upon so many noble houses who owned the lands of a single religious house, and all this in the circuit of a very few miles, though "we presume not to judge of the secret methods of God's providence, and only relate plain matters of fact, and leave every man to make his own application, yet it must be granted that these instances are so terrible in the event, and in the circumstances so surprising, that no considering person can well pass them over without serious reflection."* And it is for the sake of those who now hold what was originally obtained by scandalous and wicked sacrilege that we ask, "Did these men die the death of all men, or were they visited after the visitation of all men?"

"EVERY DEVOTED THING IS MOST HOLY UNTO THE LORD."

* Life of Sir H. Spelman.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ORDINATIONS APPOINTED.

BP. OF NORWICH, Aug. 13.
BP. OF EXETER, Sept. 24.
BP. OF SALISBURY, Sept. 24.
BP. OF LINCOLN, Sept. 24.

BP. OF HEREFORD, Sept. 24.
BP. OF PETERBOROUGH, Sept. 24.
BP. OF RIPON, Dec. 17.

ORDINATIONS.

By the LORD BISHOP OF RIPON, at Ripon, on
Sunday, June 25.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—J. D. Hilton, B.A. Univ. (i. d. Abp. of York).
Of Cambridge.—J. H. Mitchell, B.A. Christ's.
Of St. Bees.—G. L. Langdon.
Of Dublin.—J. J. Robinson, B.A. Trin.
Literate.—B. Stable.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—J. C. Bradley, B.A. Queen's; F. W. Vaux, B.A. Magd. H.; G. Lewthwaite, B.A. Univ.
Of Cambridge.—W. Balderston, B.A. St. John's; W. T. N. Billopp, B.A. Emm.; J. Buckham, B.A. St. John's; J. A. Beaumont, B.A. Trin.; J. Bickerdike, B.A. Trin.
Of St. Bees.—C. Thompson, R. Chadwick.
Of Church Missionary College, Islington.—H. Baker (i. d. Bp. of London).
Of Dublin.—J. T. Mackintosh, B.A., W. Kelly, B.A. Trin.
Literate.—W. Chamier.

By the LORD BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH, at
Peterborough, on Sunday, June 24.

DEACON.

Of Cambridge.—Hon. W. H. Lyttleton, M.A. (Hon. 1841), Trin.

By the LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, in
Farnham Castle Chapel, on Sunday, July 9,
1843.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—P. L. D. Acland, B.A. Ch. Ch. (i. d. Bp. of Worcester); W. Allen, B.A. Magd. H.; B. Belcher, B.A. Wad.; J. Campbell, B.A. St. Edm. H.; G. S. Hookey, B.A. Wad. (i. d. Bp. of Ripon); F. C. Scott, B.A. St. John's; F. Sotham, B.A. Magd. H.; F. F. Stalham, s.c.l. Magd. H.; A. T. Wilmhurst, B.A. Magd. H. (i. d. Bp. of Worcester).
Of Cambridge.—A. W. Cole, B.A. St. John's; H. Downton, M.A. Trin.; R. P. Hutchinson, B.A. Corp. Chris.; T. G. Postlethwaite, B.A. St. Peter's; F. A. Savile, B.A. Trin.
Of Lampeter.—E. Edwards, St. David's (i. d. Bp. of St. David's).

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—E. H. Burnett, B.A. Merton; C. F. Cook, B.A. Magd. H.; G. De Gruchy, B.A. Exet.; W. Giffard, M.A. Univ.; H. T. Harris, B.A. New Inn H. (i. d. Bp. of Llandaff); W. H. Joyce, B.A. Univ.; C. Kemble, B.A. Wad.; S. C. Malan, M.A. Balliol; T. C. Martelli, B.A. Balliol; J. Meyrick, M.A. Queen's; N. Midwinter, B.A. Magd. H.; W. Tancred, B.A. Ch. Ch.; W. Thomson, B.A. Queen's; S. H. Unwin, B.A. Worc.
Of Cambridge.—C. W. M. Boutflower, B.A. St. John's; C. H. G. Butson, B.A. Magd.; J. N. Harrison, B.A. Caius; C. Kingsley, B.A. Magd.; J. W. Reeves, M.A. Christ's.
Literate.—E. G. Rogers (i. d. Bp. of London, for her Majesty's Foreign Possessions).

By the LORD BISHOP OF CHESTER, at Chester,
on Sunday, July 16.

DEACONS.

Of Oxford.—J. Booth, B.A. Rrasen.; J. Gorton, B.A. Wad.; W. P. Addison, B.A. Wad.; E. Pedder, B.A. Rrasen.
Of Cambridge.—J. A. Burrowes, B.A. Corp. Chris.; J. Dodd, Queen's; T. N. Farthing, B.A. Cath. H.; J. Hollingworth, B.A. Cath. H.; J. B. Grant, B.A. Emm.; H. Jones, B.A. Cath. H.; W. Mulleneux, B.A. Emm.; G. Tatam, B.A. Cath. H.; J. Roys, B.A. Christ's; S. H. Sheppard, s.c.l. Christ's.
Of Dublin.—J. Cox, B.A., W. M. Collis, B.A., A. Hume, Trin.
Of St. Bees.—B. H. Browne, R. Cope, T. Eltherthorpe, H. P. Hughes, R. Kinder, W. H. Pochin, J. Watson.

PRIESTS.

Of Oxford.—J. Paul, s.c.l. Magd.; T. Hugo, B.A. Worc.; L. C. Wood, B.A. Jesus; F. Hinde, B.A. Linc.
Of Cambridge.—R. C. Swan, B.A. St. John's; H. D. Morice, B.A. Trin.; J. H. Sharples, B.A. St. John's.
Of Durham.—W. Messenger, M.A. Univ.
Of Dublin.—B. Arthur, B.A., G. G. Cashman, B.A., H. G. Price, B.A., W. Walker, M.A., G. Barton, M.A. Trin.
Of St. Bees.—E. T. Clarke, J. Dalton, G. Lancaster.

PREFERMENTS.

Name.	Preferment.	Diocese.	Patron.	Val.	Pop.
Adeney, J.	Ch. Ch., Enfield, P.C.	London	R. C. L. Bevan
Ainsworth, T.	Carbrooke, v.	Norwich	R. Dewing, Esq.	£108	789
Ashley, J.	Teversham, v.	Ely	Bishop of Ely	352	197
Babington, J.	Thrusington, v.	Peterboro'	Rev. C. B. Woolley	240	454
Bromley, T.	(St. James, Wolver- hampton, P.C.)	Lichfield	Trustees
Brown, F.	Stopham, v.	Chichester	G. Bartelot, Esq.	150	129
Coke, E. F.	Plymstock, P.C.	Exeter	D. & C. of Windsor	188	2972

PREFERENCES—Continued.

Name.	Preferment.	Diocese.	Patron.	Val.	Pop.
Courtney, —	St. Sidwell's, Exet., P.C.	Exeter	Vicar of Heavitree	£252	6602
Cumming, —	{ Feniton, a. (for three years) }	Exeter	{ Bp. of Exeter (vice Head, suspended) }	372	343
Dalton, W.	Little Burstead, R.	London	Bp. of London	280	204
Estcourt, E. H. B.	{ Eckington, w. Killamash, R. }	Lichfield	The Crown	1595	{ 3948 } { 774 }
Farrar, M. T.	Addington, V.	Winchester	Abp. of Canterbury	206	463
Fawcett, J. T. C.	Kildwick, V.	Ripon	Ch. Ch., Oxford	357	9826
Furnival, J.	Broadcliff, V.	Exeter	Sir T. D. Acland	407	2085
Harding, G. H.	Tong, P.C.	Lichfield	Geo. Durant, Esq.	83	510
Hatherell, Dr.	{ St. James, Westend, P.C. }	Winchester	
Herbert, J.	Leigh, P.C.	Winchester	Tr. late R. C. Dendy, Esq.	146	483
Hildyard, J. W.	St. James, Salt, P.C.	Lichfield	Earl Talbot
Hill, R.	{ St. Barnabas, King's-square, P.C. }	London	The Rev. T. Lovell	120	...
Howard, R. D.D.	Llanishaird, R.	Bangor	Bishop of Bangor
Jekyll, J.	{ Hawkridge-cum-Witby, P.C. }	B. & W.	Rev. G. Jekyll	405	{ 67 } { 212 }
Jem, A.	Rowington, V.	Worcester	Lord Chancellor	116	933
Jones, H.	Llandegvan, R.	Bangor	Sir R. B. W. Bulkeley	336	3235
Kidd, P. C.	Skipton, V.	Ripon	Ch. Ch., Oxford	185	6193
King, W. C.	{ St. Mary-le-Bow, n. Durham }	Durham	Archd. of Durham	111	...
Mashiter, W.	{ St. Barnabas, Open-shaw, Manch., P.C. }	Chester	Trustees
Morgan, D.	Ham, R.	Sarum	Bp. of Winchester	457	205
Nevins, W.	Miningsby, R.	Lincoln	Duchy of Lancaster	377	354
Radford, W. T. A.	Down, St. Mary, R.	Exeter	B. Radford, Esq.	233	407
Robinson, J.	St. Lawrence, York, V.	York	D. & C. of York	63	850
Roughton, W.	{ Gt. & Lit. Harrow-den, V. }	Peterboro'	Earl Fitzwilliam	322	148
Smith, E. H.	Killamash, P.C.	Lichfield	The Crown
Thomas, M.	{ St. Martin, Tuddenham, V. }	Norwich	Mrs. Lillingstone	133	400
Thurlow, J.	Hindringham, V.	Norwich	D. & C. of Norwich	136	784
Vernon, W.	Patcham, V.	Chichester	Lord Chancellor	110	490

APPOINTMENTS.

Braham, W. S. H.	Chap. to Earl Waldegrave.	Leeman, A.	{ Head Master of Foundation Gram. Sch., Aldingbourne.
Bonnin, T. S.	Vice-Princ. of Hull College.	Simpson, G. F.	{ Rector of the College at Montreal.
Chilcott, W.	Hon. Stall in Wells Cath.		
Lascelles, H.	Assistant Chaplain at Bangal.		

CLERGYMEN DECEASED.

Anguish, G., of Lowestoft.	Deacle, T., Rector of Uphill, Somerset.
Bedford, W. R., Rector of Sutton Coldfield.	Heelis, J., at Appleby Castle.
Blunt, H., Rector of Streatham.	Jones, D., Rector of Cilgerran.
Browne, G. A., Vice-Master and Senior Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge.	Lewis, T., Minor Canon of Llandaff.
Casberd, J. R., Rector of St. Athaw, Glamorganshire.	Mason, J., Missionary in New Zealand.
Dawson, J., P. C. of Witherslack.	Maude, F., Longridge.
	Poole, R., Ripon.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have received the following, in reference to a recent article, to which we do not hesitate to give instant insertion:—

"To the Editor of the CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCE.

"Burton Court, Hereford, July 21, 1843.

"SIR,—By mere accident, I yesterday opened a number of the CHRISTIAN REMEMBRANCE for this month, and, glancing over an article on Afghanistan, I was much disgusted at finding myself there represented as 'clinging' to the stirrup of Mahommed Akbar for protection against the Ghazees, on the 23d December, 1841. The writer of the paper cannot have gleaned that, if true, disgraceful fact from any published narrative of which I am aware, and I hereby distinctly deny it. I do not pretend to be more indifferent to life than other men; but it has always been my endeavour to abide by what, in the commencement of my military career I adopted for my motto, viz. 'Summum crede nefas animam præferre pudari, Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.'

"I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"C. MACKENZIE, Capt. 49th Regt. M. N. I."

ERRATUM IN JULY NUMBER.

By a singular oversight, a note in our article on Southey, which was only supplied at the very last, and of which the press was never corrected, has slipped into the text. It consists of a passage in p. 79, beginning with the words, "The story, too, considered in itself," &c. and relates to Roderick, not the Curse of Kehama.—For "Pereus," read "Nereus," and for "Tolgata," read "Folgaba."